

H. Albon Bailey

Historic Deeds OF Danger and Daring

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PREFACE

IN these days of dull materialism and prosaic money-making, a volume of romantic episodes and hair-breadth escapes should be welcome to the lovers of adventure. The boy who has revelled in the tales of the fairies, and pored over stories of fierce giants, and of gallant knights who battled with dragons and rescued beautiful maidens from enchanted castles, finds the world dolefully impoverished when he quits school and sits at his office desk. It would be beneath the dignity of the budding lawyer or merchant to believe in fairies and goblins, and to enthuse over the deeds of valiant champions, who dared unknown perils in the days of chivalry. But the qualities he admired in the heroes of his childhood days, have their personification in real men, whose daring exploits are the glory of the histories of many lands. To glean from the pages of history the stories of these illustrious men of real life, and to tell the narratives of their glorious achievements, has been the work of the editors of this book.

The old saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction" is certainly borne out in these remarkable biographies. We see the gallant Bayard, chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, careering victoriously across the battlefields of France and Spain; we sail with Hendrik Hudson up the then unknown river in quest of a new waterway to India; we stand on the Bridge of Sighs with Marino Faliero, the fallen Doge, whose treachery is the one dark blot on Venetian history; we gallop and charge with Rupert, the "dashing soldier of fortune"; we are

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spectators in the sublime tragedy of Masaniello's rise and fall; we are fascinated and thrilled by the almost magical escapades of Benyowsky, "King of Adventurers"; and we revel in the pioneering of Boone, the founder of States. Here are heroes—American, British, French, Polish, Italian—whose lives afford us every possible phase of comedy and tragedy, and the perusal of whose biographies, as here set forth, may encourage stragglers in other spheres.

Such records may do more than interest the reader and help to pass away an idle hour. They serve to stimulate the indomitable spirit, that is so large an element in heroic character. There are men in all walks of life, who in crises of their careers are confronted by difficulties apparently crushing. One man overwhelmed by the flood, succumbs and sinks into oblivion, or makes the coward's exit by suicide. The braver, more manly spirit, is braced by the peril to heroic effort; he struggles and resists, and like the men whose deeds are chronicled in this volume, rises triumphant over the sea of obstacles. It is the spirit in which men meet danger which shows of what metal they are made. Perhaps some story of strong endurance, of brilliant courage in these pages may inspire some reader, in his own time of crisis, to dare and do. As our own American poet has said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:
Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

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NOT alone in fighting and killing and devastating the face of the world is true greatness, including romance, to be found. The pages of history, while giving precedence to warriors on land and sea, contain the records of men of dauntless courage, whose peaceful enterprises and achievements have added to the world's knowledge and spread of civilization. Prominent among these is Henry Hudson, the navigator and discoverer. The first European to enter the Narrows and set foot on the land on which now stands the proud city of New York, to sail up the river which now bears his name, to brave the perils of the Arctic, and at last to give his life a sacrifice in the cause of science—in his career truly we may find the elements of romance.

It is singular that of a man of whom England and Holland and America have reason to be proud, so little is known. Were it not for the painstaking search of John Meredith Read, who has collected from old records incidental references to this eminent man, and has pieced them together with extraordinary labor and skill, we should have known scarcely anything of his family or of his early life. His biographers had been forced to begin their story of the man with his maturity, when he was setting out on his first voyage of discovery. Even now the early history of the man is a mere outline. Neither he nor his contemporaries had any idea of

the interest the world would one day take in the details of his boyhood and early years. A singularly modest man was Hudson, who had little to say of himself at any time, and even of his discoveries said only such things as he thought might be useful to future settlers. A man, too, of fine unselfishness, indifferent to personal gain, content that other men should grow rich on his achievements.

But Mr. Read's indefatigable and exhaustive research has not elicited all we would know of Hudson's early years. He says: "That Hudson was an Englishman, may, indeed, be readily and satisfactorily proved, but as to where and when he was born we have no evidence whatever. His birth, his home, his parentage, his boyhood, the early days of his manhood, and the influences under which the character and genius of the great discoverer were first developed, would be to all matters of deepest interest. Unfortunately, we are met at the very threshold of our investigations, by the fact that absolutely nothing is known of Hudson prior to April 19, 1607, when he suddenly appears upon the stage of action as a captain in the employ of the Muscovy Company, and after a brief period of five years of brilliant exploration in the service of the English and the Dutch, prematurely perishes by treachery amid the scenes of his triumph.

"The story of his wonderful discoveries, his hair-breadth escapes, his romantic voyages in wintry seas, are familiar as household words, and we are prepared to recognize in Hudson the man who, three centuries ago, braving untold dangers, reached a degree of northern latitude surpassed by few modern explorers, and there noting the singular amelioration of the climate, originated the great idea of an open Polar sea, a theory which later

investigators have adopted and fully confirmed. In England, we find that his memory is perpetuated in the title of a gigantic trading corporation, and in America, by common consent, his name is affixed to most of the great discoveries which he inaugurated and effected. From the Capes of the Delaware to the ice-bound shores of the Pole, our continent has associations connected with Hudson."

Hudson suddenly emerges on the world's stage in the following record: "Anno 1607, April 19, at St. Ethelburge in Bishops Gate Street [London] did communicate with the rest of the parishoners, these persons, seamen, purposing to goe to sea foure dayes after, for to discouer a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China. First, Henry Hudson, master. Secondly, William Collines, his mate. Thirdly, James Young. Fourthly, John Colman. Fifthly, John Cooke. Sixtly, James Beubery. Seventhly, James Skrutton. Eigtly, John Pleyce. Nintly, Thomas Baxter. Tenthly, Richard Day. Elevently, James Knight. Twelfthly, John Hudson, a boy." Small indeed for so hazardous an enterprise was this little party, who, with pious spirit, went to the old church to take the Lord's Supper before setting out on their voyage. One is glad to see the boy's name there, and to think that in that lonely journey Hudson had the comfort of his son's society. The good clergyman who administered the sacrament, doubtless supposed that every one would be familiar with the name and family of the great explorer, and did nothing to satisfy the curiosity of later generations.

Some clue to Hudson's family is obtained incidentally from the public record, that in 1555, fifty-two years before the good clergyman's notice, Queen Mary, of hateful memory, had granted a charter for the founding of the Muscovy Company, and had named Henry Hudson as one of the founders and

first assistants of the company. Reckoning the lapse of time between the two dates and the identity of name, we may guess that the Henry Hudson mentioned by Mary may have been the grandfather of our explorer. The family was indentified with the fortunes of the company, for later in its journals we find a Christopher Hudson and a Thomas Hudson mentioned among its chief officers. In still later records there is mention of a Heardson, a Hodson, and a Hodsdon, probably referring to the same persons, written by some clerk whose eccentricity of spelling may account for the orthographical variety. The company was organized to develop trade between England and Russia, and was the natural society to which Sebastian Cabot went with his idea of there being a northwest passage to China, as a society with energy and resources for an enterprise that would develop their own business. In a quaint book, published in 1553, there in this reference to the society as dealing with Cabot: "and after much speeche and conference together, it was at last concluded that three shippes should bee prepared and furnished out, for the serch and discouerie of the northern part of the world, to open a way and passage to our men for trauile to newe and unknownen kingdomes."

The Henry Hudson mentioned by Queen Mary was a man of great wealth and influence, a member of the Company of Skinners or Tanners, and an alderman of London. If he was the grandfather of our explorer, we may suppose that the boy would have the best education available at the time; and as the company took into its service promising boys as pupils or apprentices, he would be one of the number, and so be qualified to go out as captain or master in 1607. This Henry Hudson, alderman, died of a malignant fever in 1555, and on his tomb was the following quaint epitaph:

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"Here lyeth Henry Heardson his corps
Within this tomb of stone:
His soule (through Christ his death)
To God in Heaven is gone.
Whiles that he lived an Alderman
And Skinner was his state;
He had to wife one Barbara,
Which made this tombe you see:
By whom he had of issue store,
Eight sonnes and daughters three."

The man who quotes this epitaph, one Stow, elsewhere in his record spells the name Hudson. This man Stow, who wrote *A Survey of the City of London*, probably a kind of guide-book, mentions a son of the late Alderman Henry Heardson of the name of Henry, who was probably the father of our discoverer. There is another reference in a book by Abacuk (Habakkuk) Prickett to a Henry Hudson, a seaman, who had a house in London. Van Meteren, who knew the explorer well, refers to him as being a close friend of Captain John Smith, who is familiar in our schoolboy reading.

Hudson's first voyage, of which we have any record, the one on which he started four days after Purchas noted his being at the church, was made in the *Hopewell*, a little vessel of sixty tons burden. In her he reached the eastern coast of Greenland, and followed the ice-barrier around and up to latitude 82 degrees. Having reached the neighborhood of Spitzbergen without finding an outlet, he sought to penetrate Davis Strait, "by the north of Greenland, by Lumley's Inlet and the furious overfall." Again frustrated by the ice, he returned to London on September 15, 1607, having been absent about five months. He had attained a higher latitude than had ever been reached by any former explorer, and had laid the foundation of the English whale-fisheries in those waters.

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His second voyage, also for the Muscovy Company, commenced on April 22, 1608, and was directed to the discovery of the northeast passage over the Pole to China and Japan. He had with him again his son John. With him also was Robert Juet, who went as mate; a man whom we shall meet later in a deplorable capacity. He did, however, render important service in this and later voyages, by a diary which he kept, and which is still in existence. On June 3, 1608, Hudson was off the most northern point of Norway, and a week later had reached the 75th degree of latitude. Four days later he records a strange sight witnessed, he says, by several of the crew. "This morning," he writes, "one of our companie, looking overboard saw a mermaid, and calling up some others of the companie to see her, one more came up, and by that time shee was come close to the shipp's side, looking earnestly on the men; a little after, a sea came and overturned her; her back and breasts were like a woman's (as they say that saw her), her body as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long haire hanging downe behind of colour blacke; in her going downe they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a Porposse and speckled like a macrell. Their names that saw her, were Thomas Hilles, and Robert Raynor." So the sturdy, truth-loving captain clears his skirts of responsibility for the remarkable sight, and we have to form our own opinion of the character of Hilles and Raynor as reliable witnesses. Hudson endeavored to pass to the northeast of Nova Zembla, but "voide of hope of a northeast passage (except by the Vaygats, for which I was not fitted to trie or prove)," he resolved to use all means to sail to the northwest once more, hoping to pass by what Captain Davis named, "Lumley's Inlet and the furious overfall." But having made little headway,

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he returned to England, where he arrived August 26, 1608.

The fame of Hudson's courage and enterprise reached the ears of the Dutch East India Company, and struck consternation into their hearts. If Hudson found the new route, a heavy blow would be struck at the trade then beginning to be extremely profitable. So rich had been the results of the business, that the company had declared a dividend equal to three-fourths of the original investment, as the profits of a single year. Hudson's friend, Van Meteren, the Dutch Consul in London, was accordingly instructed to detach Hudson from the Muscovy Company, and invite him to go out under the auspices of the Dutch company on his next voyage. For some reason, Hudson had become doubtful of the Muscovy Company's intentions, or he fancied they had lost faith in his theories. He therefore listened to Van Meteren, and, intent only on making his discovery, was not concerned about the nationality of the company willing to send him out. In this he mortally offended the English company, but was not aware of it at the time. He went over to Holland and laid his plans before the Dutch company, and they were eager to avail themselves of his services. But the obligations of red tape must be observed. The council could not make any engagement without the consent of the committee of seventeen, the next meeting of which would not be held until too late to do anything that year. To the vexation of Hudson, the expedition would have to be postponed for a year. The facts were known to the French ambassador at the Hague, who immediately communicated with King Henry IV, who, seeing the value of the opportunity, directed his ambassador to make a contract with Hudson. The Dutch heard of the project, and, fearing the opportunity would slip from their grasp, secured the

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consent of the council of seventeen individually, and reopened negotiations with Hudson. They made him a formal offer to equip a ship, and agreed to pay him \$320 for his outfit, and in the event of his losing his life on the voyage, to pay to his family a further sum of \$80. So lightly did they estimate the value of a life worth millions to the world. Hudson promptly closed with the offer. Soon afterward, the French King accepted Hudson's terms, but found him already pledged to the Dutch. Otherwise New York, which was discovered on this voyage, would have been founded under the French flag instead of under the Dutch.

The contract was extremely rigid. Hudson was to sail around the north side of Nova Zembla. If he failed to find the long-sought passage by that route, he was to try no other, but return to Holland, and the company would then consider any other route he might suggest. Thus bound, Hudson sailed from Amsterdam on April 4, 1609, in the *Half Moon*, a yacht of eighty tons burden, with a motley crew of sixteen or eighteen men, partly English and partly Dutch. Robert Juet went with him again, this time as captain's clerk or secretary.

Hudson took with him memoranda that he had received from his friend, Jodocus Hondius, an engraver and mapmaker, who was deeply interested in Arctic exploration. The celebrated geographer, Rev. Peter Plancius, had also given him translations of Barentson's voyages in 1505, and of the treatise of Ivar Bardson Boty, and the log-books of George Waymouth. He also had obtained from his friend, Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, then in Virginia, a description of a great sea, said to exist in the far north, connecting with a western ocean. The fact that he took these documents with him, suggests the thought that he did not propose to abide literally by his contract with the Dutch.

company, to return to Holland if he was unable to find a passage around the north side of Nova Zembla.

On reaching Nova Zembla, Hudson found the channel so full of ice, that he immediately decided that an attempt to find the passage by that route was hopeless. According to his instructions, he should then have returned, but eager to make his discovery, and reluctant to return to Holland without any result, he determined to proceed to the American coast. Of course, he had no idea of the extent of the continent, and he hoped that he might find a channel through it to the north.

As he steered southward, and when off the coast of Maine, the *Half Moon* was nearly wrecked. A fierce gale sprang up, in which she lost her fore-mast. Repairs were made with what speed was possible, and preparations were nearly complete for a new start, when the *Half Moon* was suddenly surrounded by canoes of Indians, fully armed and evidently hostile. The captain and the little crew knew well what would be their fate should the red-skins climb up the sides of the little vessel. Hudson was a humane man, and more inclined to conciliate the Indians than to fight them, but, says Juet, "we were compelled to employ our two 'stone murderers,' to beat off the savages." We can imagine what must have been the effect on the light Indian canoes of the volley from the wide-mouthed culverins. They must have been annihilated by that hissing hail of stones, and the Indians, appalled by the havoc of the white man's thunder-weapons, swam away in terror.

Resuming his voyage southward, still looking for his channel in vain, he arrived opposite James River in Virginia. Then, turning about, he steered northward to examine the coast more carefully. On August 28, he entered the great bay now known as

Delaware Bay, where, after a fruitless quest for his channel to the Pole, he continued his voyage along the New Jersey coast, and on September 3 anchored outside Sandy Hook.

Hudson's journal of this momentous third voyage is lost, and we have to depend on the record kept by Juet, which we have reason to believe differed materially from Hudson's own account. The facts, however, disregarding motives and opinions, are doubtless identical. Juet says that on the following day (September 4, 1609), the boat was sent forward to sound, and reporting five fathoms, the *Half Moon* entered, and found it "a very good harbor." How many fleets of all nations, passing through the same channel in after years, have endorsed poor Juet's opinion! The vessel, however, drifted aground, and "we drove on shoare," but, says the pious rascal, "we tooke no hurt, thanked bee God! The people of the countrie came on boord of us, seeming very glad of our comming and brought us green tabacco and gave us of it for knives and beads." Little did the uncultured people of the "countrie" know what would be the results of that "comming," otherwise a very different reception would have met the Dutch secretary and his English master. "They goe in deerskins loose," continues the Dutchman, "and are well dressed. They desire cloathes and are very civill. The countrie is full of great and tall oake." On the following day the vessel floated with the tide, and after waiting four days and sounding, the *Half Moon* entered the river, afterward to be known as the Hudson, and found it seven fathoms. Slowly, and sending the boat forward at every stage to sound, the ship proceeded up the beautiful river. They found it "nearly a mile wide, with very high land on both sides."

It is interesting to learn what the Indians thought

of the visitors. In a conversation some years afterwards with the Rev. John Hockwelder, a Moravian missionary, an Indian, who in his youth witnessed Hudson's arrival in New York Bay, described the sensation it caused among the redskins. The first news was that there was a gigantic fish in the bay. Some more intelligent Indians were at once sent to see it and report. They took back word that the strange visitor was a huge canoe of several stories, in which there were living men of a new race. Their faces were white, and there was one of them clad in red (an English uniform). It was decided in solemn council that the visitors were an embassage from Manitto (the name of the Indian Supreme Being), that the man in red was Manitto himself and the others were his servants. It was resolved to receive them with all honor. The next day Hudson, the man in red, went on shore with several others, and his kind and friendly face disarmed the fears of the Indians. He drank something out of a cup, and gave the cup to his men, who drank too. They offered some to the Indians, and one of the chiefs drank it up. He was immediately seized with pain, staggered around, rolled on the ground, and at last fell asleep, and the Indians thought he was dead. But the same night he recovered and said he had suffered no hurt.

Hudson deemed it advisable to keep two of the Indians who came on board as hostages. They were as scared as captive birds when they found themselves detained, and first one and then the other contrived after a day or two to make their escape. Very few, however, were so timid. There is a tradition that when the *Half Moon* reached a point a little above the site where Yonkers now stands, and waited for the return of the boat that had been sent forward to sound, an old man came on board and courteously signified by gestures that

he wanted Hudson to go on shore. Few men would have been so bold as to accept an invitation which might have involved his being captured and held prisoner. But Hudson knew no fear, and willingly went with his host. He found him to be a chief, ruling over forty warriors. The chief conducted him to his abode, a circular house built of oak. There the forty men were assembled, with seventeen women. A repast was hurriedly prepared, and brought in red bowls made of wood. Mats were laid for the guests to sit on, and two warriors were sent out with bows and arrows to shoot game. They soon returned, having shot two pigeons and a fat dog. The latter was prepared for the oven, by being scraped with shells. Hudson and his men stayed while the cooking was being done, and afterwards partook of the repast with what appetite they could find. He was urged to stay all night, but declined. The Indians were evidently disappointed. They thought Hudson feared them. To convince him of their peaceful disposition, they brought in their arrows and broke them in his presence and threw them on the fire. But he hoped to sail farther in the morning, for a favorable wind was blowing, and he returned to his ship.

The next day the voyage was resumed, and reached a stage vaguely described in Juet's journal as "two leagues above the shoals." There the *Half Moon* waited, while the boat went forward to sound. The Indians again came on board, bringing grapes, tobacco, and a few beaver skins, and seemed perfectly satisfied with some beads, knives and scissors in payment.

On the twenty-second day, the *Half Moon* being then opposite where Albany now is, the boat returned, reporting the river "to bee at an end for shipping to goe in." So they turned about and sailed back toward the bay, being satisfied that this

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was not the channel to China. All through the voyage they had been kindly and courteously treated, and though they had not treated the Indians well, they had received nothing but hospitality. As they neared the northern end of Manhattan Island, there was a change in the demeanor of the Indians. The two men who had been held as hostages and escaped, had been highly incensed by their detention, and stirred up the Indians to attack the *Half Moon*. Knowing she must eventually come down the river, they lay in wait, and when she appeared greeted her with a flight of arrows. The reply was a volley from the muskets of the crew, and three Indians fell dead. A crowd of about a hundred Indians were watching the attack from the banks, and were furious when they saw their brethren killed. They seized canoes and raced after the ship. By that time the "stone murderers" had been got ready, and bellowed a thunderous peal with a hail of stones. The canoes were sunk or scattered, and many of the occupants were killed. The *Half Moon* continued her course, and on October 4, a month and a day after entering the Narrows, they spread the mainsail and entered the open sea; Hudson, during the voyage home, preparing for the Dutch company a glowing account of his discovery of "The Great River of the Mountains," which later generations call by his name.

They arrived at Dartmouth, England, Nov. 7, 1609, having little idea of the momentous results of the voyage. The Dutch company were notified, and ordered the vessel to proceed to Amsterdam. This, however, the English Government would not permit. Hudson and the Englishmen on board were forbidden to leave England, but "to serve their own country." Many persons, says the chronicler, thought it rather hard and unfair that these sailors should thus be prevented from laying their accounts

and reports before their employers, chiefly as the enterprise in which they had been engaged was such as to benefit navigation in general. But the English Government was obdurate. They did not know, but suspected, how much had been lost by the Dutch gaining the result of Hudson's genius, and they would not allow him in future to serve under any flag but the British. They had more reason than they then knew for their decision. They detained the *Half Moon* until the summer of the following year, and before it sailed, Hudson was again sent under British auspices to the frozen North.

On April 17, 1610, Henry Hudson sailed on his fourth and last voyage. The vessel was the *Discovery*, a ship of seventy tons, and his crew a reckless, insubordinate, and dissolute gang. Again his son John accompanied him, and Robert Juet was again his mate. On this voyage was a young man named Henry Green, who went as a guest of Hudson's. Hudson had found him naked and half-starved, had fed and clothed him. Finding him a young man of good education and some intelligence, he had taken an interest in him. Hudson offered to take him on his voyage if he could get an outfit. Green's mother was appealed to. She firmly refused to do anything for him, pronounced him an unmitigated rascal, without gratitude, principle or morals. Hudson should have been warned, for a man must be very bad before his mother will turn against him. But the great navigator was a guileless, generous man, and would not withdraw the promise he had made. Besides, taken away from London and its temptations, kept from liquor, which was his chief temptation, the young man might reform. Hudson sent a more urgent message to the mother, and she finally yielded so far as to advance five pounds toward an outfit, but strictly on the condition that it was not to be given to the

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young man, but expended for him by some honest person. With such a character Hudson could not secure him employment on the ship, but was allowed to take him as his guest, and he promised the young man to remunerate him out of his own pocket.

The object of the voyage was as before, the discovery of the northwest passage across the Polar Sea to India and China. He hoped, as before, to find it by way of Lumley's Inlet. Again he was shut out by the ice. In latitude 61, he turned his course along the western shore, looking for a channel. Finally, he entered "a great wide sea," which, though he knew it not, was merely the bay that now bears his name. He was full of hope and was about to proceed, when a mutiny broke out among his crew. Never was plight so pitiable. Believing himself on the verge of the discovery which he had sought so long, and thwarted by a miserable, discontented crowd of cowards, the great man, alone in that desolate sea, far from civilization, was at their mercy. He made a strong appeal to them. Calling all on deck, he spread his charts before them, explained his course, and tried to enlist their support and arouse their enthusiasm. It was all of no avail. They said the ship had been provisioned for eight months, and they had already been ten months away from home. The food was scarce and bad, they would return. Hudson begged and pleaded, and at last, with whispers and consultation, which should have put him on his guard, they agreed to go forward.

The apparent consent of the crew was a mere blind. Henry Green, the young man he had befriended, was to justify his mother's estimate of his character. Stealthily he went from one to another, urging them to save themselves, which, he said, could never be done while Hudson was in command. Gradually he won over the majority. One or

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two refused to yield, and denounced the scheme. But Green had sufficient supporters. One morning Hudson was seized as he came on deck, and his hands tied behind him. He was thrust on board the boat, and with him were sent his son John, all the sick, and the one or two who were faithful to him. The *Discovery*, under Green's command, spread sail, and left Hudson and his companions to their fate. Even at the last, when the boat was far off on the horizon, some of the crew relented, and pleaded with Green to wait and take the master back on board. He surlily answered that there was not food enough for those on the ship, and he would not wait for the best man on earth. He knew that when he got back to England he might be hanged for what he was doing, but he preferred to be hanged in England rather than to starve to death in the Arctic. In a few minutes the boat was left behind, and nothing was ever again seen of Henry Hudson, the bravest and noblest of British seamen.

On the way homeward, the vessel, under Green's unskilful guidance, ran ashore among hostile Indians, and Green and several others were killed. Juet, who had been an enemy and a leader of the mutiny, then took charge and brought the *Discovery* back to England. The crew were at once put in prison, while a vessel was hurriedly sent out to search for Hudson and his companions. It returned without success. They had either been drowned, captured by hostile Indians, or starved to death. So ended a life full of self-sacrificing labor, of courage undaunted, and of noble endurance in the cause of science.

B. J. F.

MASANIELLO

MASANIELLO was born at Amalfi in the year 1622. His father was a fisherman, and the child first saw the light among the nets and baskets of a little hut on the sea-coast. His birth was attended by an augury. It is said that an ancient monk, whose glittering eyes and snowy beard had gained for him among the village folk the reputation of a prophet, once visited the cottage, and having looked long upon the child as it lay asleep in its poor cradle, broke forth into a prediction that the boy would some day rise to more than kingly power, but that his empire would be brief and his fall sudden. The seer who uttered such a prophecy deserved his fame. The story of Masaniello—one of the most romantic in the history of mankind—fulfilled the oracle; with what exactness, and by what events, we propose to call to mind.

The boy was brought up to his father's trade. When he was about his twentieth year he left Amalfi and crossed the bay to Naples. There he took a garret in a house which overhung a corner of the great market square, and married a girl no richer than himself; and thenceforward every morning, as soon as the sun rose up behind the black peaks of Vesuvius, his boat was to be seen dancing over the blue waters of the bay.

The life of a fisherman is hard and poor. Masaniello went barefooted. His dress was the common dress of the fisherman of Naples—loose linen trousers, a blue blouse, and a red cap. But his

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figure, though not tall, was striking; his face was handsome; his eyes black, large, and glittering; and there was about him a peculiar air of self-reliance, the index of a bold, capable, and fiery mind.

For about four years he lived quietly, in poverty, yet not perhaps in discontent. But the Spanish Viceroys who ruled Naples, and who had long waxed fat upon the taxes, were yearly sucking deeper of the people's blood. A tax was set on fish, a tax on flour, a tax on poultry, wine, milk, cheese, salt. At last a tax on fruit, the fare on which the lower classes chiefly lived, brought the city to the brink of a revolt. Yet it is probable that, even then, without a leader, the popular excitement would have died away in empty threats and mutterings. At this crisis, the agents of the Government happened to fall foul of Masaniello. A basket of his fish which had not paid the tax was seized and carried to the castle. The same day his wife was stopped as she was carrying in her apron a small quantity of flour, was dragged to the receipt of custom, and being found to have no money, either to pay the duty or to bribe the agents, was locked up in a cell.

They had better have hanged a hundred lazzeroni on the gibbet in the market-place. Masaniello was stung to madness. From that moment his sole thought was of revenge.

The most tremendous weapon known to man was ready to his hand—a city on the verge of riot. His measures were soon taken. In appearance they were harmless, even trifling; but in truth they were most dexterously planned. He began by collecting in the market-place a knot of boys. To each of these he taught a phrase of words, and gave a little cane, bearing on the top a streamer of black linen, like a flag. Soon five hundred, and at last two thousand, of these volunteers were going up and

down the city. In the hovels of the lazzaroni, among the stalls of the fruit-sellers, before the gates of the toll-houses, under the windows of the Spanish nobles, everywhere their slender ensigns fluttered, and the pregnant words were heard: "God be with us, and the King of Spain! But down with the Government, the fruit-tax, and the devil!"

Masaniello's scholars made a vast sensation. A few of the spectators mocked and jeered; but the seed was scattered in no stony soil. It sprang up and flourished; and in three days it was ready to bear fruit.

It was Sunday, July 7, in the year 1647. The day was the festival of "The Lady of the Carmes," a day which had for centuries been held in celebration of an ancient victory achieved against the Moors. It was the custom on that day to erect in the market-place a wooden castle, which was defended by a company of boys, while another company, half-naked and painted red, with turbans on their heads, in imitation of the Moors, assailed its battlements with a storm of apples, melons, cucumbers, and figs. This spectacle, which usually ended in a free fight and uproar, was, as might have been expected, excessively popular among the lower classes; and that morning, at the hour at which the fruit-growers from the villages began, as usual, to pour into the city, the square was already thronged with thousands of spectators.

The performance had not yet begun; the crowd was waiting, idle and unemployed, ready to welcome any manner of excitement; when suddenly a startling cry was heard. One of the fruit-sellers had refused to pay the tax!

The man was Arpaja of Pozzuoli, Masaniello's cousin. The plot had been arranged between them. On being called upon to pay the duty, Arpaja flew into a rage. "God gives us plenty," he exclaimed

in a loud voice, "and our cursed Government a famine. The fruit is not worth selling; let it go!" And with the words he kicked over his baskets, and sent the gourds and oranges rolling on the ground.

At that instant, as the crowd stood breathless in excitement, a voice sent forth a cry of "No more taxes!" The voice was Masaniello's. The crowd caught up the words; they swelled into a thunder. In an instant the rebellion was afoot.

Andrea Anaclerio, the elect of the people, rushed out of his palace, and threatened Arpaja with the whip. But a storm of sticks and melons flew about his ears; a large stone struck him on the breast; and he was glad to fly for refuge.

Masaniello sprang upon a fruiterer's table. The crowd already recognized their leader. He began to speak: and he spoke with a certain rude and fiery oratory which moved his hearers more than eloquence. He bade them rejoice, for the hour of their deliverance was at hand. St. Peter, once a fisherman, had beaten down the pride of Satan and released the world from bondage; so likewise would he, Masaniello, another fisherman, strike off the bonds of the most Faithful People. Let them pay no more taxes; let them win back with fire and sword the ancient Privilege of Naples, the right of freedom from all taxes, which the Spaniards had infringed. His own life might fall; his head might ride aloft upon a pole. But to die in such a cause would be his glory.

There is no rhetoric which thrills its hearers like that which gives the echo to their passions. The crowd broke into a fierce shout, and turned with exultation to the work of ravage. The first object was the toll-house in the square. Faggots drenched with pitch were hurled in at the windows; a lighted torch was added; and the building in a few minutes was a pile of raging flames. Then there was a cry

for arms. A ponderous beam was brought and wielded by strong men, the gates of the Carmine Tower were beaten in, and the crowd rushed eagerly upon the pikes and halberds. Clubs, knives, and bars of iron were pressed into the service; and the mob, thus armed, preceded by the banner-boys of Masaniello, turned in their wild justice towards the palace of the Viceroy.

Their way lay past the prison of St. James. They halted there to burst the doors and to add the prisoners to their number.

At length they reached the palace. The guards who stood at arms before the gates were swept away. The Viceroy, Ponce de Leon, Duke of Arcos, and those about him, strove to secure themselves behind the inner doors. But the barricades were broken in. The Duke was hunted like a thief from room to room, and forced at last, at the peril of his life, to drop from a back window by a rope, and to fly in a close carriage to the castle of St. Elmo.

Then the palace was sacked from floor to roof. A great fire was kindled in the street. Rare and costly furniture, hangings, pictures, jewels, golden dishes, goblets stamped with the proud arms of Ponce de Leon, were hurled out of the windows, and piled into the flames. Yet in all this, and throughout the whole revolt, there was no private theft. These riches were held as things accursed, as treasures purchased by the people's blood, and worthy only to be sacrificed in the hour of their revenge.

And now the people, drunk with the giddy wine of vengeance, required no further rousing. The time had come for discipline, for order, and restraint; and Masaniello turned with all his vigor to the work. Then was seen the power of a commanding mind. In a marvellously short space of time, the mob became an army. Parties, each led

by its own captain, and missioned to its separate duty, began to go forth through the city; searching the armorer's shops for weapons; tearing down the Spanish standard from the Carmine Tower, and planting in its place the ancient flag of Naples; marching through the streets, with trumpets singing and drums rolling, collecting volunteers; bursting open the prisons of St. Maria and St. Archangel; dragging the cannon from the bastion of San Lorenzo, and setting the great bells pealing an alarm. As often as the Spanish soldiers met with a detachment of the rioters, a fierce fight arose; lives were lost on both sides; but the guards were always overpowered. All business became suspended. The shopkeepers shut up their shops, and joined the rebels. The nobles, and the farmers of the taxes, with beating hearts and faces white with terror, barred themselves inside their palaces. Only a train of monks, in stoles of white, with censers in their hands, ventured, about the hour of Vespers, to issue from the Convent of St. Paul, and to pass with prayers for peace along the streets.

When night fell, Masaniello was at the head of fifty thousand men. Nor did darkness check the course of his proceedings. Thousands of candles, torches, cressets, watch-fires blazing at every corner of the streets, made the city as bright as day. Recruits came streaming in without cessation. And all night the work went on.

As soon as day began to break, new swarms of volunteers, equipped with sickles, pitchforks, scythes, and even spits and pokers, came pouring in from all the country round. But the arms most used that day were links and torches. A platform was erected in the market-place; and there Masaniello sat, and gave his orders. The toll-house in the square was now in cinders; but in different quarters of the city there were several others. Masanielle

drew up a list of these, together with sixty of the proudest palaces in Naples, which their owners had enriched or built out of the produce of the taxes. All these were ordered to be burnt; and throughout that day, and far into the night, parties were going forth unceasingly with faggots, pitch, and torches. Women and children helped the work with sacks of straw and cans of oil. In every quarter of the city some haughty edifice, the home of a Mirabello or an Aquavana, was turned into a heap of smoking ruins. Treasures of all kinds, and of untold value, perished in the flames. Pictures of the Madonna and the saints were alone held sacred, were preserved, and hung up in the churches. Nothing was taken by the people. So strong on this point was the public feeling, that one of the rioters who ventured to pick up a silk scarf was instantly dragged into the market-place, and hanged by a fierce crowd.

Meanwhile, the Viceroy had stolen secretly from St. Elmo, and was now shut up in Castel Nuovo, which was kept by a strong guard. From the castle he sent out his orders. But the few bands of guards which he could spare were entirely useless; and in truth the Duke was in a desperate pass. He tried tactics, and he tried devotion. He sent out the Duke of Maddaloni and the Prior of Rocella with a piece of parchment, which he pretended was the Privilege of Naples. But the crowd immediately found out the trick; the Prior was hooted, and the Duke came near to being torn in pieces. He then bethought himself of St. Gennaro; and in the chapel of the great cathedral, the chapel in which, three times a year, the holy head, enshrined in silver, is still laid upon the altar, while the priest lifts up before a crowd of pilgrims the vials of sacred blood, the august relics were displayed. The saint, however, wrought no miracle; and the Viceroy passed the night in agonies of uncertainty and trepidation.

While the Duke was quaking in the castle, Masaniello's power was rising higher every hour. He was already, indeed, in everything but name, the governor of Naples. The proud and beautiful city was at his feet. The haughty cavaliers of Spain durst not wag their fingers; for the number of his followers was now at least a hundred thousand. His throne of timber in the market-place was surrounded by battalions of armed men, ready to carry out his slightest orders. Beside him, at a table, six clerks were constantly employed in writing out his edicts. One of these proclamations, which is recorded, shows that Masaniello possessed, like all born leaders, a falcon's eye for details. The nobility were ordered to walk out without their cloaks, monks to put off their cassocks, and ladies to wear no skirts that swept the ground; for in all such garments arms might be concealed. The Law Courts were shut up. Criminals of every rank and station were dragged before that strange tribunal at which Masanicllo was both judge and jury. In one corner of the market-place a gibbet was set up; and the course of justice was of the swift and ready kind.

So vast was the first change in Masaniello's fortune! Two days had sufficed to raise him from the task of mending nets and hawking mullets, to a throne as absolute as an emperor's.

The Viceroy was secure within the castle; but the castle was kept in a close state of siege. No provisions could pass in; and the Duke, and the scores of lords and ladies who had found refuge with him, were beginning to feel miserably in want of meat and poultry, fruit and wine and snow. A spy brought word that Masaniello was preparing a new list of palaces to be set in flames that night. The Duke's mind had been wavering; he saw no hope in holding out; these tidings turned the scale; and he gave way.

It was the afternoon of Tuesday; Masaniello was sitting on his bench of judgment; when a packet from the Viceroy was put into his hand. He tore it open before the crowd. It contained the true parchment of the Privilege; and in a letter which accompanied the parchment, the Duke expressed his willingness to grant, without reserve, the prayer of the most Faithful People.

The populace received the news with raptures of delight. It was rapidly arranged that the Viceroy, with the chief officers of state, should meet the people on the morrow in the Carmine Church, when the treaty should be ratified on oath, and a solemn service held in celebration. The insurgents were still kept under arms. But to all appearance the revolt was at an end. The remainder of the day passed quietly. All the city, in joyful anticipation, looked forward to the morrow.

But this spirit of contentment was destined to be roughly broken. Masaniello's chief subalterns were Genovino, a fierce old monk, and Perrone, the captain of a crew of bandits who had their dens among the gorges of Vesuvius. The latter, who had joined the cause in the confident belief that his five hundred desperadoes would enjoy a thieves' paradise among the treasures of the palaces, had been bitterly deceived, and was at heart a traitor. His opportunity was soon to come. That night he had an interview with the Duke of Maddaloni and his brother, Don Carafa. From that meeting the bandit carried off a heavy bag of gold. Nor was the treasure paid for nothing. Judas had received the price of blood. It was agreed that on the morrow, during the ceremony in the church, and in full view of the spectators, Masaniello should be shot dead.

The morrow came. At noon the great church of The Lady was crowded to the doors. Perrone's

bravos, to the number of three hundred, were scattered here and there among the crowd. A gorgeous canopy had been set up before the altar, above the crimson cushions of the Viceroy and the Bishop. Masaniello was standing on the altar-steps, a bare sword in his right hand, surrounded by a host of lords and cardinals, conspicuous, among robes of scarlet and tunics laced with silver, by his fisherman's shirt and his cap without a feather. The Viceroy had not yet arrived; but the music of his bugles could be heard approaching. This was the moment on which the conspirators had fixed. Perrone suddenly held up his hand; and from different parts of the church seven carbines were instantly fired point-blank at Masaniello. Two of these were so near him that the flash of the explosion singed his blouse. The others struck the altar at his side. Yet, wonderful to state, not one of the seven balls so much as grazed him.

The bandits had relied with confidence on the fall of Masaniello, and the confusion and dismay of his adherents. Their error cost them dear. When the smoke cleared off, and he was seen still standing on the altar-steps, their hearts misgave them. And they had good cause for terror. The crowd, raging with fury, turned upon them; and in a moment the church was ringing with the din of battle. The desperadoes, men whose whole lives had been passed in fighting, now fought like wild beasts brought to bay. But the contest was not equal, and they fought in vain. Soon, above the roar of voices and the clash of arms, were heard the yells of wretches being torn in pieces in front of the great altar. A part escaped into the adjoining convent; but these were quickly hunted out and butchered. A few got clear away into the mountains and plunged into the darkness of their dens. Perrone, who was seized alive, but covered with

wounds, was dragged into the square, and impelled by threats of torture to reveal the authors of the plot. He had just gasped out the names of Maddaloni and Carafa when he fell back dead.

Two hundred poles were set up in a circle about Masaniello's throne; the corpses of the traitors were beheaded; and soon the fierce head of a bandit grinned on every pole. Two poles, higher than the rest, were placed before the platform, and left vacant. One of these waited for the head of Maddaloni; the other, for the head of Don Carafa.

The Duke had taken refuge in the monastery of St. Efrem. A spy warned him that his hiding-place was discovered. He stole out of the convent in a monk's gown and cowl, mounted a swift horse, struck the spurs up to the rowels, and galloped for his life to Benevento. He was just in time. The crowd, failing to find him in the convent, burnt his palace to the ground, and turned in search of Don Carafa.

The Don was less lucky than his brother. A monk from the convent of Zoccolanti was seen stealing towards the gates of Castel Nuovo. He was seized, and a note found sewn into his sandal. It was from Carafa to the Viceroy; he was hiding in the convent; and he implored the Duke to send a guard, with cannon, to protect him. The convent was instantly attacked. Carafa, in a friar's frock, sprang out of a window, rushed into a cottage, and crawled under a bed. The woman of the cottage made a signal to the crowd; and in a moment Carafa was dragged out, and hacked to pieces. His head was borne in triumph to the market square and set up in its place; his right foot, enclosed in a kind of iron cage, was fixed beneath it; and under the ghastly effigy was written this inscription: "This is the head and foot of Don Carafa, traitor to the most Faithful People."

Seldom has a more terrific spectacle of warning made the blood of men run chill.

The plot had failed. Masaniello was stronger than ever. His escape was regarded by the people as a miracle. Henceforth he was regarded with a double honor, as the champion of the people and as the favorite of Heaven.

All thought of the Privilege had, for the time, been driven from men's minds. It was evening when the Viceroy, who had shut himself up again in Castel Nuovo, sent out a letter to disclaim all knowledge of the plot. He was probably sincere; for the Duke, had he conspired against an enemy, was more likely to have planted a stiletto in his back than to have shot him in the open. His protest was accepted. Masaniello returned word, that he proposed to ride next morning to the castle, and to have some private conference with his Grace about the public weal.

That day marked the height of Masaniello's power. As soon as it was known that he proposed to ride in public through the city the people prepared for an ovation. The houses were decked as for a day of festival. Garlands of flowers and myrtle-branches strewed the streets, and twined round every balcony and doorway. Gorgeous arras, tapestries, and banners of rich stuffs, hung out of all the windows; and every point of outlook, on window, roof and balcony, was alive with eager gazers. The procession started from the Carmine Church. First came a band of heralds, waving flags and blowing silver bugles; then troops of mounted soldiers, glittering in coats of mail; and then a company of boys and young girls, gaily dressed, with baskets in their hands, tossing a shower of flowers before the hero's horse. Masaniello had, that day, put off his humble garb; and the people with delight beheld their leader in a

suit of silver satin, a hat with a gay plume, and a sword bestarred with jewels, prancing upon a steed as white as snow equipped in gold and azure. Behind him came the carriage of the Cardinal, and the sedan of his chief counsellor; and the cavalcade moved slowly to the castle, with the splendor of the pageant of a king.

Masaniello was received at the castle gates by the Captain of the Duke's Guard. He alighted, and attended by the Cardinal ascended the steps towards the entrance. In front of the portico he turned, and in a loud voice charged his followers, that if he failed to reappear within an hour, they should burst with fire and sword into the castle, and demand the reason. At this hint of treachery the people shouted fiercely. Masaniello, as he turned away, drew out of his breast a scroll of writing. It was the parchment of the Privilege. And at that sight, more eloquent than words, the great crowd roared again.

Whatever treason Ponce de Leon might be hatching—and the suspicion did him no injustice—he received his visitor with the most gracious smiles. It was agreed without a word of cavil, not only that all taxes should be taken off, and that a free pardon should be granted to the rebels, but that Masaniello should maintain his men in arms until assent to the agreement could arrive from Spain. Finally, with many assurances of his esteem, the Viceroy pressed his enemy to accept the rank of Duke St. George, at the same time hanging round his neck, with his own hands, a chain of massive links of gold. Masaniello, having gained his ends, professed himself the Duke's most humble servant; and in this pleasant comedy the time slipped fast away. Presently a roar was heard outside the castle. The hour was over; and the people, mindful of their pledge, were preparing without more ado, to burst

in at the gates with fire and sword in accordance with the pledge they had given to Masaniello.

Masaniello, with the Duke beside him, came out into a balcony before the palace. At the sight of their leader safe and sound the people broke forth into loud and long huzzas. The sight was one which might have swelled with pride the heart of any king. Masaniello was not loath to show the Duke some token of his power. He called for cheers; and the vast sea of heads below them roared in succession at the names of the King, of the Duke of Arcos, of the Cardinal, and of the most Faithful People. When the shouting was at the loudest, Masaniello laid his finger on his lips; and in an instant there was the silence of the grave. Finally, he bade the crowd disperse; and forthwith, as if by miracle, the Largo was left empty. The Duke could hardly trust his eyes as he surveyed the scene.

The Cardinal had invited Masaniello to reside in his own palace; and, in the Cardinal's carriage, he drove thither from the castle. Throughout that night the bonfires blazed, the guns thundered, and the bells pealed merrily in all the steeples. And Masaniello's power was at its height.

At its height, during two days, it remained. His men were kept in arms; and he ruled the city like a conqueror. It had been arranged that the ceremony which Perrone's plot had broken off should be renewed on Saturday, the 15th of July; and on that day, amidst a scene of pomp and splendor, the Privilege was ratified on oath before the altar of the Great Cathedral.

And now the old monk's oracle was half fulfilled. Masaniello "had attained to kingly power." Was the latter half of the prediction now to come to pass?—was "his empire to be brief, and his fall sudden"? A strange and awful answer was at hand.

MASANIELLO

The Duke of Arcos was nursing in his brain a scheme of vengeance which, for ingenious and inhuman villainy, would have been heard with rapture by a crew of Dante's fiends. This scheme was now mature. That night, after the proceedings in the church, he arranged a splendid supper at the castle, at which Masaniello and his wife were the chief guests. There, either in a glas of wine, or as others say, in a ripe fig, Masaniello swallowed a strange poison, which had been compounded by the Duke's physician, Don Majella. This drug was not intended to take life; its effect was more terrific; it was of the nature of the "insane root, which takes the reason prisoner." The victim, when he sat down to the banquet-table, was a man of great and striking powers of mind, pre-eminently cool, wary, resolute and sagacious. When he rose up from it he was a madman!

The effect of this atrocious scheme was soon apparent. The supper ended; the guests departed; and nothing unusual was observed. But early the next morning the people in the streets were startled at the spectacle of Masaniello, in a ragged shirt, and with a stocking on one leg, running at full speed towards the castle. At the entrance, he demanded audience of the Viceroy: the guards, who knew him, durst not bar his passage; and he made his way into the Duke's presence, crying aloud that he was starving. The false and smiling Ponce de Leon looked upon his handiwork with glistening eyes. Food was brought; but the wretched man would now touch nothing. A new whim had seized him; they would go, the Duke and he together, to Posilippo, and spend the day in pleasure. The Duke eluded the proposal on the score of pressing business; and Masaniello sailed alone in the Duke's gondola. Forty boats of minstrels came behind him. Crowds of gazers, lost in wonder, watched

his progress from the shore. During the voyage he amused himself by flinging handfuls of gold coins into the water, and shouted with laughter, as the sailors dived to fetch them. At Posilippo, he ordered a rich feast to be set out; and it is said that before the boat's head turned at evening towards Naples, he had drunk twelve bottles of wine. Reeling with the effects of wine and poison, he was taken to his bed. The next morning he was raving. He called for a horse, and with a bare sword in his hand, rode furiously about the streets, slashing at all who ventured to oppose him. At length, he found his way to the sea-shore. At sight of the sea he threw himself from the saddle, and shrieking out that he was in flames, rushed, dressed as he was, into the waves. But all the waters of the ocean could not quench the fire that burnt him up. As soon as he emerged, he broke into fresh freaks of violence. He swore that he would fire the city; he hurled himself, sword in hand, upon the bystanders. His own friends were forced to seize and overpower him, to bind him with a chain, and to lead him to his house, where he was placed under a guard.

The plot had been most cunningly contrived. There was nothing to excite suspicion; for the madness of the victim was easily ascribed to overstrain of mind and body, to days of ceaseless vigilance, and nights without repose. Masaniello might now be murdered almost with impunity; not as a rebel to the state, but as a dangerous madman.

Four hired men were ready to put a finish to the work of treason. Their names were Michael Angelo Aidozzone, Andrea Rama, and Carlos and Salvator Cattaneo; the last two, brothers. Early on Sunday morning these four men repaired, with carbines in their hands, to Masaniello's house. They looked in at the door; but, to their surprise,

the object of their search was nowhere to be seen. His guards were asleep; his chain lay on the floor. The madman, by whatever means, had gained his liberty, and disappeared.

Several hours were spent in fruitless search. All traces of the fugitive had vanished. Nor was it till late in the afternoon that he was seen again.

It was about five o'clock; the service in the cathedral was drawing to a close; the Cardinal was preaching to a vast assembly; when a ghastly, ragged figure, with wild eyes and matted hair, was descried upon the steps of the great altar. The figure carried in its hand a crucifix, to which, at intervals, it muttered and gesticulated. It was some time before the ghost was recognized. But it was Masaniello.

The Cardinal went up to the intruder, and, with great tact and management, induced him to be led away into the adjoining convent. He went calmly; for his violent humor had given way to a strange apathy, and he was now as docile as a child. He had not many minutes left the church when the four assassins entered it together. They soon learnt what had occurred. Attended by a small band of their own party, they followed the track of their prey into the convent.

Masaniello had retired alone into a quiet quarter of the cloisters. He was leaning from a window, and looking out across the waters of the lovely bay, over which the wind of evening was now beginning to blow coolly. The sound of footsteps roused him. He turned round quickly, with the words, "Who wants me? I am here." Before he had time to speak again, or to make any movement of defense, the four assassins raised their pieces and fired upon him in a volley. All four shots took effect. He fell back, dying, against the stonework of the window, and sank thence to the ground, with the faint

cry, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!" Almost before the words were spoken, the rattle was in his throat. In another moment he was dead.

Salvator Cattaneo threw himself upon the body, and severed the head from the shoulders with a knife. A spear was brought, the head was fixed upon it, and the band of conspirators, bearing it aloft, rushed out into the streets.

Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the tremendous power which the dead man had wielded than the sensation which was excited by the tidings of his death. The news spread like wildfire through the city. His own followers seemed struck with stupor; his enemies went wild with fierce delight. One band rushed forth into the market-place, and took down from their place of infamy Carafa's head and foot. Another hastened to the convent, sought out the headless body of their enemy, and haled it by a rope out of the cloisters. The Viceroy left the castle and rode to the Cathedral, where doubtless he gave thanks to St. Gennaro for having blessed his plot. Soon all the horde of smaller tyrants and oppressors began to crawl in swarms out of their cellars, caves, and convent cells, to feast their eyes upon the sight of the head of the terrible fisherman going up and down the city on a pole, and to have a kick at his carcase as it was dragged along the kennels. At length the head was fixed upon a spike above the gateway of the Holy Spirit; and the body was hurled into a ditch near the Nolana gate.

Such was the fall of Masaniello. But it was his fate to illustrate, beyond example, the mutability of human things. And the last scene of the strange drama was not yet.

The great mass of the people still revered the name of their deliverer. The savage violence of his madness had troubled and estranged them. But

his death struck them with consternation; and in a few hours nothing was recollected but his greatness. Night had not come before tens of thousands were murmuring his name with blessings, and calling upon each other, with tears of shame and rage, to remember all they owed to Masaniello. The hearts of his enemies, which had been thrilling with delight, began to feel a chill; and soon their bands, which had been going up and down so gaily, vanished like mist before the gathering of the multitude. That night, preparations were set on foot for a burial worthy of a people's hero; and before morning all was ready.

The corpse was taken from the ditch into which it had been thrown. The head was brought down from the pinnacle above the gate, and fastened to the shoulders by a thread of silver. The body, washed and drenched with perfumes, was laid, clothed in a vestment of white linen, upon an open bier, and carried to the chapel, where it was placed in front of the great altar. A crown was fixed upon the head, and a sceptre set in the right hand; and thus, in pomp and splendor, as at the burial of a king, the corpse of Masaniello lay in state. For many hours the crowd continued to stream past the spot; a rain of flowers fell ceaselessly upon the body; and the tolling of the bell, and the mournful music of the organ, were mingled with the constant sound of weeping.

At length, when the sun was sinking, the bier was placed upon a lofty car, and drawn by coal-black horses through the streets. Five days before, along that very road, the hero of the hour had passed in triumph, amid the blaze of banners and the shouting of the crowd. Now, black hangings drooped from every window; faces dark with sorrow crowded both sides of the way. Before the hearse a thousand priests, in stoles of white, walked

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with censers in their hands and crosses lifted; behind it, muffled drums and trumpets played a solemn march. Then came a company of men-at-arms, with spears reversed and colors drooping; and then thousands, and tens of thousands, of the people.

The solemn pageant wound its way through all the quarters of the city. At length it turned again towards the church. The organ broke forth into the last majestic service of the dead. A stone was lifted in the marble pavement; and there, with more than royal splendor, amidst the blaze of torches and the strains of solemn music, the dark house closed for ever above the dust of Masaniello.



MYLES STANDISH

TO the younger reader, the name of Myles Standish is associated with the romance of his courtship, by proxy, of Priscilla, "the beautiful Puritan maiden," rather than with the deeds of daring that made him famous among the Pilgrims. We have to thank Longfellow for this change of perspective, that has given one incident of his life a prominence that eclipses all his battles and dangers. It is scarcely fair to the brave warrior, that we should picture him first and chiefly as the discomfited lover, forgetting on how many fields and in how many crises he won his title to the world's admiration.

If he had not been so distinguished, if his manly courage and valorous deeds had not been so conspicuous, it would never have occurred to him that he could win the loveliest girl in the colony. It was the glorious record behind him, the halo about the brows of "the great Captain of Plymouth," that were the charms which were to cause the gentle young girl to forget disparity of age and brusqueness of manner, and to accept with gratitude the position to which he could raise her. This humble girl, so pretty and so graceful, would no more dream of rejecting the famous captain, than of cutting off one of her dainty hands. Standish, according to the Longfellow legend, had assumed her consent as a thing assured. He had only to throw his royal handkerchief, and the humble maiden would pick it up and say, "be it unto me according to thy will," congratulating herself on

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the happy chance that had attracted the man of eminence and influence in her little world. Of course, there were formalities and pretty phrases that the girl would naturally consider were due from a lover. Marriage is a very important thing for a woman. They make more of the small compliments and personal pledges that are the lover's duty, than a busy man, who has the stern and weighty affairs of the colony on his shoulders, can afford to think of. But Alden knows what should be said on such occasions, and how it should be said. He will attend to those small matters, as a stately and dignified suitor leaves the matter of the settlements for his lawyer to arrange. It is a small matter beneath his consideration. So he will commission Alden to express the proper sentiments, and get that part of the thing done with. The Captain is quite satisfied that this is his wisest course, and proceeds to attend to public matters, on which the security of the whole colony depends.

Strange, that men of sense and experience so seldom understand a woman's nature. Women themselves are in part in fault. They vary so much, their minds and impulses differ so much, in women that look so much alike. If they would but always look at a matter in the same way, if one could learn from the attitude of one woman what would be the attitude of the remainder of her sex, how many mistakes would be avoided! Why do they differ? Why do some women perceive that some course will advance their own interests, and pursue it with common sense, while another woman cares nothing for her own interests, and refuses to marry a man if she does not like him, no matter how wealthy or distinguished he may be. And she has no reasons worthy of the name to give for her decision. She does not like him, and that is reason enough for her. So Priscilla declines Standish's

offer, and, with sweet, womanly charm, invites an offer from Alden, who is not half so important a figure in the world. Mysterious is the woman's way, and though men have been wooing and marrying for six thousand years, she is still a mystery. So the valiant Captain, brave, sagacious and influential, is humiliated, and goes down to history in the character of a discomfited lover.

The story is characteristic of the characters concerned. We can well imagine Standish and Priscilla and Alden, in such circumstances, acting as they are represented to have acted; but there are good reasons for doubting the facts, and better reasons for relegating the whole story to the realm of myth and legend. When Standish lost his wife, Rose, his thoughts turned to Rose's sister, who was in the old country. That he should have sent her the news of his wife's death, and that she should have arrived within three years of that event, to marry him, leaves not enough room for the captain's passion for Priscilla and his unsuccessful, indirect wooing of her. For that reason, and for certain anachronisms in the story, we may justly hold Longfellow guilty of something more than poetic license, while we treasure his gem and thank him for the sweet conceit.

How delightful it would be for us if, in the early part of the seventeenth century, there had been in some simple home in Leyden, and afterwards in one of the cabins of Plymouth, a sociable, gossiping, letter-writing, diary-keeping man or woman who had given us a picture of those old Puritan men and times. We would like to know something more of them than is revealed in the dry, methodical records of Bradford, Winslow, and their friends. Silent, modest, reserved men they were, who would not boast of their heroism. They leave us to fill up the outline of their lives, and to infer from the

record of facts the wonderful fortitude and endurance and courage that must have characterized them. It is only by incidental references that we get any idea of the appearance of the men and women of the little colony, and gain occasional glimpses into their homes. That they could be stern and inflexible in great crises, we know, but there must have been times when they unbent, and when there was a sober laugh over some ludicrous incident. Especially among the younger members of the community there must have been social gatherings, at which the "jesting which is not convenient" must have been carried on, in spite of the inconvenience. Not even the trials and anxieties of the colony could have entirely repressed the natural humor and merriment of the young folks. Gone now are their quips and jokes, their social pleasures, and nothing is left of the story but the grave, sombre record that probably gives us but an inadequate notion of their character.

Of Standish himself, we have the record left by one of the enemies with whom he measured himself in the grim tug of life and death, that he was a man of small stature, and that he had red hair. That he was strongly knit, robust of frame, and of great muscular strength, is evident from his deeds. When he landed at Plymouth, he was thirty-six years of age, a man in the prime of life, active and vigorous, prompt in action, and of dauntless courage; not the kind of man to be easily provoked, but not safe to meet when his spirit was aroused, or if he suspected treachery.

Why he was among the Pilgrims has never been clearly explained. He identified himself with them, and served them faithfully for thirty-six years; but he seems to have had little sympathy with the theology that was the centre and essence of their lives, and he evidently took no part in the regula-

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tion of church affairs. John Robinson, the pious and learned minister who knew them all, and had ministered to them in England and Holland, wrote to Bradford, when he heard that his people in the colony had found it necessary to kill some of the Indians, a word of kindly admonition and implied warning of Standish. He wished they had been able to convert some of the Indians before they killed any, and expressed the fear that the Captain had been led somewhat by a love of military glory, or a thirst for slaughter. Perhaps the good pastor had not found Standish, when he knew him in Holland, very attentive to his sermons, or very pronounced in his beliefs; and so was disposed, when he heard of the killing, to attribute it to the man of war among his little flock. The Pilgrims seem to have made the acquaintance of Standish in Holland, but there is no account of the circumstances that drew them together.

The business that took Standish to Holland was the war of the Dutch against Spain. He had reached the rank of lieutenant, when he was sent among the English troops to aid the Dutch in their struggle. That is all that we know of his military position in Europe. He had been commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, who is described in the dedication in our old Bibles as "that bright Occidental Star of most happy memory." We do not know even the date of his commission, but as he was not twenty years old when Elizabeth died, it must have been between 1600 and 1603 that he entered the English army. He remained in Holland until August, 1620, when he sailed with the Pilgrims for America.

The family to which Standish belonged was an ancient one. It is known that they were in Lancashire, England, soon after the Norman Conquest in 1066, and that they were then noted for their

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military exploits. The head of the family received knighthood in 1381 for service against Wat Tyler. The Standishes distinguished themselves in the war against France, at Agincourt, and in later wars, and others of them were knighted. They continued prominent in the army and in the learned professions until the reign of Henry VIII, when the family, like many others of that day, split into two branches, the one adopting the principles of the Reformation, and the other continuing in the Roman Catholic Church. The Protestant branch was known as the Standishes of Duxbury Hall, and it is believed that Myles Standish belonged to this part of the family, though in his will he describes himself as of the house of Standish of Standish, which was the title of the Roman Catholic branch. It may be, however, that he was referring to the family before the separation, as the particular ancestor that he mentions is his great grandfather. The fact that when he built his house in this country, he named it Duxbury, confirms the belief that he belonged to the Duxbury Standishes. He was born in the Parish of Chorley, which lies between Standish Hall and Duxbury Hall. The date of his birth is believed to have been 1584.

Of Standish's exploits in the Spanish-Dutch War, there is no record. It was war of a peculiarly fierce, unrelenting type, conducted with such savagery, as must have prepared the Captain for his experiences with the Indians. The Spaniards hated the Dutch, and the Dutch abhorred the Spaniards, with a personal malignity seldom seen in civilized warfare. Not only in battle, but in separate encounters, one combatant, if not both, must surely die. There was no surrender, no prisoners taken, nothing but death contented the foes. The soldier, clad in his cumbrous armor, with heavy helmet, breastplate and thigh-coverings over his leather leggings and jacket,

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was equipped not only with his sword, but with the clumsy firearms of the period, the harquebus which was fired by a match, and the snaphance with the flint-lock.

How early in the discussion of the projected settlement in New England Standish was taken into counsel, cannot now be learned. He appears to have been a silent man, as brave soldiers are apt to be, a man who, like our own U. S. Grant, could speak to the point, but used few words. Still, we can imagine his being an interested member of the council, as he was going to put his life into the venture. High principle was the moving force with the Pilgrims; they were expatriating themselves on religious grounds, and put their trust in the God whom they served. Standish never gave evidence of such implicit faith, and it is doubtful if he agreed with the Pilgrims on their most vital tenets. That he was a studious man there can be little doubt. He was certainly the most accomplished linguist in Plymouth Colony. In all probability he devoted some of the leisure he would have, while performing garrison duty in Leyden, to studying in the library of the University. There he would come in contact with John Robinson, the pastor of the little Pilgrim church, and the two Englishmen in the Dutch city would be likely to become acquainted. One of the biographers of Standish states it as a fact, but, so far as we have been able to find, without authority. He says that a cordial friendship arose between the two men, and that Robinson introduced Standish to Brewster, Bradford, and several others, and eventually he began to attend the meetings of the council.

The guiding hand of Providence in the selection of a site for their colony would, therefore, be a prominent topic of their meetings, while with Standish considerations of a mundane character would

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be more weighty. It was probably due to his advice that the first proposal of settling in Guiana was abandoned. The mild climate and fertile soil celebrated by Raleigh were attractions, but it was too near the Spanish dominions, and Standish understood by experience the danger of such propinquity. Finally, it was decided to secure, if possible, a site near Delaware Bay, which was reported to be a congenial climate, free from the severe cold of the Maine coast, which had already proved disastrous to one party of English settlers.

The Dutch offered them a site near Manhattan Island, and the Virginia Company were willing to give them a grant in their southern possessions, which included the Carolinas and Delaware. The company also held the coast north of the Dutch settlement as far north as the region now known as Eastport, Maine. The Pilgrims, in spite of the Dutch hospitality which they had so long enjoyed, desired to settle under the English flag, and accordingly the Virginia proposal was accepted. A joint stock company was organized to raise the \$35,000 required, and a small vessel—the *Speedwell*—was purchased, in which the Pilgrims set sail for Southampton, where the *Mayflower*, a larger vessel, which they had hired, was already being loaded for the voyage.

"They had naturally made numerous inquiries about the land in the far West," says the author previously quoted, and had heard of the adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh and others. "They found that the chief peril to colonists would arise from the hordes of savage Indians, who roamed over vast territories, and would not scruple to attack white men, scalp them, burn them, or otherwise make short work with the intruders. What was to be done by way of safeguard against these savages? The little company of Separatists were not fighting

men. They were not skilled in the use of arms, and would be in a quandary if they had to plan methods of attack or defence, and very soon be at the Indians' mercy." Considerations of this kind doubtless led to Standish being invited to cast in his lot with the Pilgrims.

At last, then, behold the two vessels sailing on August 15, 1620, out of Southampton harbor. The little *Speedwell*, with thirty of the pilgrims on board, and the *Mayflower* with ninety. But their trials in that hemisphere were not yet ended. It seemed as if Providence designed to sift them as Gideon's army was sifted. The *Speedwell's* captain discovered, while still in the English Channel, that his vessel was leaking, and put into Dartmouth harbor for repairs. The leak seems to have existed in the captain's imagination only, for, on examination, the little vessel was found to be in good condition. A new start was made, but when Land's End was sighted, the captain declared his ship unfit for the voyage. By this time the Pilgrims shrewdly suspected that it was the captain himself who was unfit for the voyage, and again the vessels turned eastward. No cowards or feeble-minded men were wanted on such an expedition. There was no time to get another captain and crew, for the season was every day becoming more dangerous. It was decided to dispense with the *Speedwell*, which must have been a welcome relief to the poor captain's mind, and proceed in the *Mayflower* alone. It could not accommodate the whole burden of thirty passengers, so there was a further opportunity for any who had misgivings to withdraw. Eighteen passengers were left at Plymouth, where the two ships had put in. What proportion of these were voluntary withdrawals, we are not told; but voluntary or involuntary, the separation had to be made. The other twelve went on board the already

crowded *Mayflower*, and for the third time course was bent eastward. The day is memorable, September 16, (N. S.) 1620. Who can think of that little vessel, with its hundred and two single-hearted passengers, setting out for its unknown destination, without wonder and admiration? What destinies, what momentous results, were involved in that voyage!

The little company, thrice winnowed, must have appeared to the world poor material for a colony. In other settlements men had come alone, but in this band there were women and children. Even among the men there were aged men, and among the women there were some who expected to become mothers before the voyage was ended. It was, in truth, a feeble company for so hazardous an enterprise, involving of a certainty many hardships and probably many dangers. Like the glorious company celebrated in Holy Writ, "They desired a better country, that is a heavenly, wherefore God was not ashamed to be called their God: for he had prepared for them a city."

Sixty-three long days and nights the little vessel, with its intrepid passengers, battled with the winds and waves of the Atlantic. Huddled in the comfortless deck-houses, or cooped up below, with only one fire, and that used for cooking, the voyagers must have suffered severely. Bradford refers to the winds by which "the ship was shrewdly shaken." Then he speaks of the grievous sea-sickness, and of the miseries that the sick had to bear. At one time it was feared that the deck would give way, but providentially there was "a great iron screw" on board, with which the beams were raised, and a wooden post inserted to serve as a pillar. Even the sailors derided the miserable, suffering, sick women as they lay on deck. One in particular Bradford mentions, who taunted them, and made the cheerful

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prediction that he "expected to throw half of them overboard before the end of the voyage." Bradford noted the inhuman sailor, and records that "It pleased God to smite this young man with a grievous disease, whereof he died, and so was the first to be thrown overboard." He did not exult over the young man's fate, but was evidently inclined to believe that Providence had something to do with his sudden end. Myles Standish is not mentioned in Bradford's brief story of the voyage—the only one that has survived—but we may imagine that the brave soldier, inured to privation, bore the journey well, and perhaps aided in cheering and encouraging the others.

All things have an end, and the hardships and afflictions of this voyage were no exception. On the morning of November 20, 1620, the eyes of the Pilgrims were gladdened by the sight of land. The captain announced that the land was Cape Cod, far north of the region to which they were bound, and far away from the place assigned to them in their charter. But it was land, and to the weary, sea-sick voyagers it was a welcome sight. They fell on their knees on the deck and gave thanks. A consultation was held, and the captain was urged to proceed southward toward the land covered by the charter. But whether he had been bribed by the Dutch to carry the Pilgrims away from the Hudson, or was really unable at that season, and with his heavily-laden ship, to make the voyage, he became entangled in "dangerous shoals and roaring breakers." It was a safe bay, so he returned within its welcoming arms and cast anchor.

A conference was held in the cabin of the ship to discuss the untoward situation. The difficulty, that their charter gave them no protection if they settled on the adjacent land, could not be ignored, but it would not be worth much if they were at the Hud-

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son or at Delaware Bay. It was not a choice between advantages, nor of avoidance of dangers, but of accepting the inevitable. The captain of the *Mayflower* would not adventure farther south, and was eager to return, lest his provision for the voyage should be exhausted. There was no resource but to settle on the land to which Providence had led them. That point being agreed upon, an agreement was drawn up for their government, pledging each one to obedience to laws enacted by the majority, and declaring themselves loyal subjects of King James. This instrument, the initial preparation for free and constitutional self-government, was signed by forty-one of the sixty-five male members of the company; the other twenty-four being minors, servants, or sick persons.

Reading down the names of the signers, we find, sixth on the list, the sturdy signature of Myles Standish, of whom nothing had been said in the history of the voyage. Henceforward he was to make a prominent figure in the colony, a man to be consulted in difficulties, and to be relied upon for prompt action.

The first necessity was that a party should go on shore and survey the coast. Fifteen men, well-armed, with Standish as leader, accordingly waded out in the shallow water, about three-quarters of a mile, and on Saturday, November 21, (N. S.) 1620, set foot on the New England shore. It needed some courage to venture; for tales of the treachery and cruelty of the Indians had been told them before sailing. But Standish was not a man to shrink from danger, and he and his followers marched boldly into the unknown land. They were gone all day, and saw no human being, and no evidence of occupation but the significant one of a grave. They reported the land much like that of Holland, but far better, as good rich earth lay at no great depth. The com-

pany longed to get on shore, and on Monday the small sailboat, or shallop, was brought out. But it was strained and "opened through the people's lying in her." The journal of the voyage had not told us of their hard bed in the shallop, but it is through such hints that we learn of their hardships. The carpenter was therefore set to work to repair the boat, and the coming of the people on shore was delayed.

Captain Standish, with his company of armed men, however, began another exploration, wading out as before. They had proceeded about a mile, when they saw six persons and a dog, who ran into the woods and were lost to view. The Pilgrim company continued their march until sunset, and then built a kind of fort or camp, and lay down to sleep, leaving three sentinels to watch. There was no alarm during the night, and at daybreak the march was resumed. They passed through a dense forest, the undergrowth of which tore their clothes, and caused no little fatigue. To their delight they found a spring of fresh water, at which they "drank with as much delight as we ever drank drink in our lives." Many wild fowl and deer were seen, and they found quantities of sassafras, which was an encouragement to them, as it could be sent to England and sold for medical purposes. They also found a grave-like mound, in which was a big round basket filled with corn. This they took, pledging themselves to pay for it at the first opportunity. At night, they slept under guard as before, and on the morrow made for the coast, and thence on board the ship.

The shallop was now ready, and Standish, with ten men, went on shore to make wider exploration. On that day they saw ten or twelve Indians, but came not nearer to them. But on the next day, as they were at breakfast, they were startled by a

flight of arrows. Standish fired his snaphance, but forbade the others shooting until they could aim. The arrows continued flying, but the Indians were behind trees, and none of the Pilgrims were hurt. Finally, the fire-arms were discharged, and the Indians fled. Returning to the shallop the search for a harbor was resumed. All day Saturday and Sunday was spent on Clark's Island, in Duxbury Bay, and on Monday, December 21, (N. S.) they landed on Plymouth Rock. Having sounded the harbor, and "found it fit for shipping," the site for the colony was virtually chosen, and the explorers returned to the *Mayflower*. Four days later, the *Mayflower* weighed anchor and made for Plymouth Harbor. "It rained and blew exceedingly," and none were able to go ashore, but on Monday, December 28, the men landed, and the choice of Standish and his party was ratified.

No time was lost in cutting timber for building. A fort was planned on the hill afterwards known as Burial Hill, plots were laid out for each family, and the general plan of the settlement arranged. Axes and other tools had been brought from England, but handles had been omitted to save space, and this deficiency had been the first remedied. Work went on apace, so that there should be shelter for the women and children when they could be brought ashore. The first building was a big Common House, twenty feet square. It was covered by a thatch, which caught fire, to the danger of the inmates, but was speedily replaced. When this was completed, the women and children, who had been cooped up on shipboard since leaving Holland in July, much to the detriment of their health, were brought ashore. The first to set foot on Plymouth Rock was Mary Chilton. Their first act, it being Sunday, was to proceed to the Common House, where divine service was held. This was on Jan-

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uary 31, by our reckoning, but the Pilgrims, who used the old style, recorded the landing as on January 21, 1621.

As smoke had been seen at some distance, there was a presumption that Indians were in the vicinity, and Standish went in the direction in which it had been seen, to try to get into communication with them. He found several huts, in shape like a beehive, but they were empty. During the work of building, there were several times alarms of Indians, and Standish, on more than one occasion, summoned his men, who put on their armor. But the Indians always retreated before they could be even spoken with. They were evidently in the woods near at hand, for, if axes or tools were left in the woods over night, they disappeared before morning. A formal meeting was held to consider this danger on Feburary 27, when Standish was chosen captain. Small cannon were also brought from the *Mayflower*, and planted on the hill.

Meanwhile, death had been busy in the camp. The poor fare on shipboard had diminished the vitality of the Pilgrims, and exposure in the rigorous climate, in the depth of winter, had done its fatal work. Before the end of the winter, twenty-one of the forty-one men who had signed the agreement, had died, and of the whole company of one hundred and two who had set sail in the *Mayflower*, only fifty-one survived. Of these, thirty-two were men, five were boys, twelve women, and two girls. Among the deaths was that of Rose, wife of Myles Standish. Bradford also lost his wife. At one time, says the historian, there were only seven men capable of work, and these tended the sick, washed the clothing and made themselves men of all work in the settlement. Of these, Standish was one. It is curious to think of this grim captain, with the sedate officers of the colony, standing washing at

the tubs and doing the house-work. Noble men they were, who could thus lay aside their dignity for the common good.

Fear of the Indians still oppressed the little colony. They dreaded lest the news of their diminished numbers should encourage the Indians to attack them. Lest the Indians should learn how numerous the losses were, the graves on Burial Hill were ploughed over, and the identity of those hallowed resting-places was lost for ever. It was necessary to form some plans for defence, in view of the paucity of the men, and a meeting was called for the purpose. What was their surprise when an Indian, clad only in his belt, walked through the settlement and entered the meeting! His first word was "Welcome;" he had picked up a little English from fishermen, who had come to fish, a year before, on the Maine coast, and was proud of his accomplishment. He introduced himself as Samoset, and told them he was a Sagamore. Standish told him of the missing tools and gave him a message demanding their return. They gave him some presents, and he departed, promising to return with other Indians.

From Samoset the Pilgrims learned how wisely Providence had directed their steps to this particular region. He told them that the land had formerly been in possession of warlike tribes, but they had been almost exterminated by a deadly plague which had utterly depopulated the country for miles around. Thus, the Pilgrims recognized a fresh proof of God's favor in bringing them, in spite of their own plans, to a region unclaimed by any race, where there was none to dispute possession with them.

A few days later Samoset returned, bringing the stolen tools, and with him four other Indians, one of whom, named Tisquantum, became a most val-

uable friend of the settlers. This man, who was dubbed Squanto, had formerly been stolen and sold into slavery. He had been taken to England, where he had lived for several years. Here he had made friends with an English captain, and ultimately had sailed in his ship for his native land. Squanto could speak English fluently, and was able to render inestimable service to the colony as an interpreter. His skill was soon brought into requisition, for the approach of Massasoit, the most powerful Indian chief of that region, was announced. Massasoit was attended by about sixty warriors, hideously painted and fully armed. With Squanto's assistance, he was informed that the white men were friendly, and desired to make a treaty of peace with him. He was conducted to the settlement, and Captain Standish, clad in his best armor, at the head of his little band, escorted him into the presence of Governor Carver. A friendly conversation ensued, Squanto translating the Governor's formal speeches and Massasoit's replies. A treaty of peace was then drawn up, whereby the settlers and Massasoit's tribe pledged themselves to friendly intercourse and mutual alliance in any just war.

This treaty with Massasoit was evidently no mere form in the eyes of the Pilgrims. They were not the kind of men to think lightly of their obligations, and they had unquestionably incurred serious obligations in pledging themselves to assist an Indian chief, of whom they know little or nothing, in his quarrels. They qualified their pledge by insisting that it must be a "just" war that should give him the right to call upon them; but there has never been a war yet that was not just, in the opinion of those who engaged in it. Massasoit was evidently pleased with his new friends, and with promises of help and good-will, he and his sixty braves departed.

The treaty, however, led to no relaxation of vigilance or of discipline. The duties and rights of Standish were not very clearly defined, but he clearly held a position of authority. An incident occurred shortly after the Indian's visit, which proved this. Standish gave some order to one John Billington, who refused to obey. His offence was aggravated by the terms of his refusal, for he roundly abused and denounced the sturdy little captain. Whereupon Standish had him arraigned before the whole company, and he was condemned to be "tied together neck and heels, and to lie thus in a public place." The sentence, however, was not executed, for the man, showing sincere contrition, and it being the first offence, he was pardoned, not without a warning.

In August, 1621, Captain Standish entered on his first expedition as military chief of the colony. Rumors reached the Pilgrims that Massasoit had become unpopular with certain chiefs of his tribe by his treaty with the white men. The leader of the disaffection was said to be a chief named Corbitant. Squanto and another friendly Indian were sent to find out the facts. Corbitant seized both men, but the friendly Indian escaped and reported that Squanto was in captivity and threatened with death. Instantly, Standish was commissioned to march with his army, consisting of the only ten men available, to rescue Sqaunto. Starting before dawn, the feeble force with the gallant little captain at the head reached the Indian village before night-fall, and promptly surrounded the hut in which Squanto was believed to be confined. With excellent generalship, Standish assigned men to their proper stations outside the house, and then boldly entered the hut and demanded to see Corbitant. Two men outside discharged their guns, at which the Indians were taken with sudden fear, and made

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a rush to escape, but were driven back by the guards. It appeared that Corbitant was not there, but Squanto was handed over unharmed. The Indians were compelled to lay down their bows and arrows and depart, while Standish and his men searched the hut. The house was held all night, and in the morning Standish went to the middle of the village, and through Squanto made a speech, warning the Indians that if Massasoit was attacked, the white men would inflict punishment on his assailants. Standish also expressed regret that, in the recent struggle in the hut, any Indian should have been hurt, and offering the wounded the service of the white men's physician. A man and woman accepted the offer, and returned with Squanto and the others to the colony, where their hurts were dressed. The boldness of the white men and their championship of Massasoit, had an excellent effect on the Indians, some of whom came from a distance to offer friendship.

Later in the year, the force of the colonists was increased by the arrival of about thirty settlers, who came over in the *Fortune*, a vessel chartered by the merchants who had advanced money for the founding of the colony. The vessel came to collect profits, and was sent back with a cargo of beaver skins, sassafras, and such other things as the Pilgrims had obtained. The thirty new immigrants were not all of the best type, and a still more serious matter was that they had brought no provisions. Thus, thirty mouths were added to the company, which was already running short of food.

The advantage of an accession of strength was, however, soon demonstrated. A new and dire peril suddenly developed. The Narragansetts, the most powerful of the Indian tribes, conceived an enmity to the new colony. The first intimation of the enmity came without preparation. An Indian arrived at

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the settlement and asked for Squanto. He was absent on some mission, so the Indian laid down a package which was to be delivered to him on his return. It consisted of a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. There was no need to wait for Squanto's return to explain the meaning of such a missive. Standish promptly accepted the challenge, by sending, as a reply, the skin of the rattlesnake stuffed with powder and ball. The Indians were alarmed at the answer, and it was sent from village to village, but none would receive it, and it was at last sent back to Plymouth. But there was no sign that the Indians had abandoned their hostile intentions, and the Pilgrims grimly prepared themselves for battle. Decisive measures were needed, and they were taken. A stockade was built of the trunks of trees around the settlement. It was flanked with bastions, and had gates to shut and lock. Rising above this stockade was the summit of the hill, on which the little cannon were placed. The genius of Standish, who had studied the fortifications at Ostend, showed itself in this rude protection. His administrative ability was displayed in the military organization of his little force. Bradford thus records the arrangements made in his record: "And ye Company was by ye Captaine devided into four squadrons, and every one had their quarter apoynted them, unto which they were to repaire upon any suddane alarme. And if there should be any crie of Fire, a company were apoynted for a gard, with muskets, while others quenchet the same, to prevent Indean treachery. This was accomplished very cheerfully, and ye towne impayled round be ye beginning of March."

About five weeks were occupied in this work. A further precaution of the Captain's, showing what a shrewd commander he was, consisted in his order

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for the Sunday services. It was likely that the Indians, knowing the Plymouth custom of assembling for worship on the Lord's Day, might choose that day for attacking the little colony. Standish, therefore, ordered his little army to assemble, fully armed, on Sunday morning at his house, and thence march in a body to meeting, carrying their muskets with them. The Captain took his place on the left of the preacher, where he could see the door, prepared at any moment to stop the service, marshall his men, and proceed to meet the foe.

No attack being made, Standish, pursuing his customary policy, determined to ascertain for himself the temper of the Indians, and accordingly made a visit to the tribes most suspected. It was learned afterwards that the brave man had incurred no slight peril of assassination on this trip. An Indian chief named Wituwamet, and another named Pecksuot, had plotted to murder him, and had sworn an oath that he should never return to the settlement alive. They accompanied him on his return journey, watching for an opportunity to slay him when he was off his guard. But, providentially, Standish was either suspicious of them or was wakeful from the cold. He was unable to sleep, and sat up all night, with his weapons in his belt and his eyes on the conspirators. Finally, he reached Plymouth in safety.

The colony was in a state of excitement. During his absence news came that Massasoit, the ally of the colony was dangerously ill. Winslow and another set out to visit him. They found him surrounded by the Indian doctors, with charms and incantations, making a hideous noise, according to their custom in cases of sickness. Winslow took charge of the case, administered some simple remedies, and had the gratification of seeing their friend and ally recover. His gratitude knew no bounds,

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and he gave immediate proof of it. He revealed all the details of the plot against the Colonists, led by Wituwamet and Pecksuot, in which he had been asked to join. He had given an indecisive answer, but since the Englishmen had saved his life, he would not hold his peace.

The party returned to the settlement, and reported Massasoit's tidings to the Governor. Standish had by that time returned, and a council was immediately called. The emergency was the worst the colony had yet encountered, and the peril was dire. Standish took the matter into his own hands and decided not to wait for the Indians to attack at their leisure, but to strike the first blow. Taking only eight men with him, he set out for the camp in which the two Indian conspirators would probably be found. Hobomok, a friendly Indian, accompanied as interpreter, Squanto being dead by this time. Never was there a more striking evidence of Standish's courage. His foes were numbered by thousands, and were crafty and cruel. Yet he was going into their camp with only eight companions. A more intrepid thing was never recorded in the annals of war.

On their way they halted at a village, under the pretence of trading, but really to find out all they could of the conspiracy. They found the Indians surly and suspicious. They therefore made all haste to their destination. On their arrival, there was no mistaking the temper of the Indians. Wituwamet openly exhibited his knife, which had a woman's face on the handle. He said he had in his tent another with a man's face on it. "By and bye, these two would marry," he said, "and they would eat and not speak." Pecksuot was still more insulting, standing before Standish, and, towering head and shoulders above the little captain, he said. "You may be a great captain, but you are a very little man. Though I

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am not a sachem, I am a man of great strength and courage." Standish bore the insults calmly, and invited the two men to come into the tent and talk the matter over. They complied, taking with them Wituwamet's brother and another fierce warrior. Standish took four of his men, leaving the other four outside to prevent a surprise.

The discussion led to nothing, Pecksuot still boasting and insulting Standish. At last, the sturdy captain lost patience, and bade Pecksuot cease his bragging and come outside and fight it out man to man. Instantly both men rose in anger. Standish leaped on his stalwart foe, and snatching the knife from his hand, stabbed him to the heart. The other colonists at the same time attacked Wituwamet, and killed him and the other warrior. Wituwamet's brother was seized and rushed to the door, where he was promptly hanged in the face of the whole tribe. The Indians fled in consternation. Though they followed Standish and his party on their way back, they kept under cover of the forest, and their arrows did no harm.

The Captain's return, bearing the heads of the two enemies, was greeted with thankfulness. The ghastly trophies were fixed on the fort as a terror to other hostile Indians. The tidings of the exploit flew from tribe to tribe, and the hostiles forsook the region or came humbly desiring peace. By the one valorous act, Standish had averted a long and tedious war, and had saved the colony from extermination. The news, however, was not welcome to the friends of the Pilgrims in Holland, who, living in peace there, could not understand the desperate plight of the little company surrounded by Indians. Pastor Robinson wrote, deplored that any Indians should have been killed before some had been converted, and warning the colony against placing too much reliance on the prowess and warlike spirit of

their Captain. The colonists, however, had more confidence than ever in him, and realized how great had been the service he had rendered them.

On his return, Standish was gratified at finding the good ship *Anne* had arrived from Leyden, bringing a hundred new colonists, and among them the lady Barbara, sister of his late wife, Rose, for whom he had written soon after his bereavement. She had come out to marry the sturdy Captain, having doubtless made his acquaintance, and formed a favorable opinion of him while he was courting her sister Rose. The marriage was duly celebrated, and appears to have been a thoroughly happy and congenial one. The union was blessed with several children. Incidentally, it may be noted that there is a record among the Pilgrim archives of a date a score or more years afterwards of the marriage of Alexander, son of Captain Myles Standish, to Sarah, daughter of John Alden. If, therefore, any unpleasantness ever arose between the two families, it must have been eventually removed.

The remainder of Captain Standish's career was uneventful. In 1625 he was deputed to go to England to buy out the interest of the merchants in the colony. But he was a man of war, not of affairs, and he was not successful. On his return, the number of colonists being by that time "grown exceedingly," Standish removed from Plymouth Colony to a hill on the north, thenceforth known as "Captain Hill," where he cultivated a farm. He retained his military leadership, by undertaking the training of the militia of the colony. He died October 3, 1656. He was buried with public honors, and the great monument on Captain's Hill was erected to his memory.

B. J. F.

PRINCE RUPERT

THE history of England contains few figures of a more peculiar interest than that of Rupert, Prince of Bohemia and General of the Cavaliers. The interest which belongs to his story is the interest of romance. The life of Rupert is an epic—as wild, as stirring, and as eventful as that of any of the heroes of Homer, of Mallory, or of Ariosto. In truth, with these old champions of the legends he had much in common. The interest which the details of his life excite resembles the interest excited by the exploits of Achilles, of Roland, or of Lancelot of the Lake. Like them, he moved in a constant whirl of wild adventure; like theirs, his fame is not the fame of a great general—of the brain that devises and the eye that foresees—it is the fame of the free hero who fights for his own lance. But no Homer, no Ariosto, has seized on Rupert's exploits and left them “married to immortal verse.”

He had no high ideals, but was rather a type of the dashing soldier of fortune. What may be called the first division of his life—it ended with the field of Naseby—is that part of it which bears conspicuously the color of romance. In its main events the story of that period is as follows:

Rupert was born at Prague in December, 1619. His race combined the splendors of two proud houses. His mother was the daughter of a king of England; his father, Frederic, King of Bohemia and Palatine of the Rhine, traced his grey line through Otho back to Charlemagne, and beyond

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him, through the dusk of ages, to the fierce Attila, who was called "the Scourge of God." Rupert's birth was celebrated at an hour of passing peace. But the fiery cloud of war, then wandering over Europe, was already drawing threateningly towards his father's kingdom. Soon the savage chime of arms began to be heard about his cradle. The banners of Maximilian was seen shining on the slopes of the White Mountain. The battle of Prague was fought—and lost. The beautiful city fell. Frederic and his queen were forced to flee; and when at last, after months of hardship, they again found refuge, it was to look no more upon the palaces, the gardens, the bazaars, the proud spires, and the wandering waters of one of the fairest cities in the world, but upon the dykes and fens of Holland. The royal exiles found asylum in a palace at the Hague; and there for many years they continued to reside.

Rupert and his elder brother were sent to the University of Leyden. Rupert hated the classics; but his passion for reading books on the science of war caused him to pick up French, Spanish, and Italian readily. In the feats of the gymnasium he was soon without a rival; while his aptitude for arms was such, that at fourteen he was judged capable of commanding a regiment. With the pistol he became an unerring shot—a curious proof of which is said to be existing at St. Mary's Church, at Stafford, England, where, many years later, on a wager with the King, he sent two bullets in succession through the weather-cock on the spire. Field sports of every kind were his delight. His mother had always been pre-eminently fond of hunting, and the boy, during his holidays, was sometimes allowed to join her parties. On one of these expeditions, Rupert and a favorite hound outstripped the rest of the party and became lost to sight. When the

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company reached the spot where they had vanished, nothing was to be seen but a pair of boots sticking out of a hole in the bank. The astonished hunters pulled at the boots, and presently pulled out the Prince, the Prince pulled out the hound, and the hound pulled out the fox. Nor were foxes' tails his only trophies. While he was still at Leyden, the Prince of Orange held a tournament for the knight-errants of his court. Rupert entered the lists, overthrew all his opponents, and was crowned at the close of the day, amidst the notes of trumpets and the shouts of thousands of spectators, by a fair lady, with a garland of flowers. He was then not fifteen years of age.

It was the succeeding year that Rupert came, for the first time, to England, on a visit to the court of his uncle Charles. That court, then at the height of its gay splendor, was regarded by every sovereign in Europe with envy and despair. A king of fine artistic taste, a beautiful and pleasure-loving queen, had combined to make of it a sparkling and amusing world. It was a world in which genius was the slave of beauty. Vandyke was painting there the beautiful and noble faces, and filling his canvas with the peaked beards, the flowing locks, the plumed hats, the scarves, the ruffs, the lace collars, and the rich armor, in which his art delighted. Ferabaseo was setting knights and ladies dancing all night long to the strains of his bright and joyous music. Inigo Jones was laying out his terraces. Ben Jonson was displaying his masques. It is true that even then, outside the palace walls, an angry sea was rising. But, hitherto, the sun continued shining, though the tempest muttered in its caves.

Into this world of pleasure, Charles received his nephew kindly, welcomed him to all the amusements of the court, and even promised to provide for him.

But it was not very easy to decide how this was to be done. Several plans were suggested. Archbishop Laud, with some insight both into Rupert's character and into the good of the Church, proposed to make him a bishop. Then, on Rupert's refusal to deck himself in lawn sleeves and a mitre, a plan was projected for sending him as Viceroy to Madagascar, with charge to send home every year to England an argosy of oranges, sugar, spices, turtle-shells, and gold. Why this scheme fell through does not appear. Rupert himself was eager to accept it; but, for whatever reason, the expedition never sailed. It was then resolved that Rupert must marry an heiress—and the daughter of the Duke of Rohan was the lady selected by the King. The match, however, came to nothing; and Rupert remained about the court, without any very settled prospects or position, hunting, dancing, sitting to Vandyke, and studying the fine arts, for over eighteen months.

In the meantime, affairs in Bohemia were changing. Frederic and his eldest son were now both dead. Charles Louis, the next in age, was heir to the kingdom of the Palatines, in which the decrepid old Duke of Bavaria now sat. Frederic had spent the last ten years of his life in futile efforts to regain his crown; and, at his death, that mission devolved upon his heir. But the Duke was shadowed by the banners of the Empire; and the army which, with infinite exertion, Louis had at last succeeded in collecting, did not, including a detachment of the Swedes, exceed four thousand men. With this array, however, such as it was, he resolved to fly at the throat of the old duke; and his plans for the attempt were now mature. Rupert flung himself eagerly into the enterprise. Bidding adieu to masques and hunting-parties, he crossed over to his brother's camp, and plunged at once into the

smoke of war. He was placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry; and presently found himself, under the flags of battle, marching against Lemgo.

The road lay past a grim and scowling fortress, the garrison of Rhennius. Rupert, burning for battle, and careless of his enemy, was unable to resist the sight. He determined to assault the fortress with his troop of horse. The cavalry of the garrison, in twice his numbers, rushed furiously out at his approach; and then, for the first time, the spectacle was seen—a spectacle afterwards to be witnessed with wonder and terror on many a famous field—of Rupert riding at the charge. The enemy was swept away like chaff. A few fled back over the drawbridge and rushed into the town. There was not much more of real resistance than a rabble of camp-followers might have offered to the charge of a Roman Legion.

Rupert, with colors flying and bugles singing, left the garrison to its meditations, and rejoined the cavalcade. The chief command of the expedition had been committed to Count Conigsmark; the Swedes were under a Scotchman of the name of King. Of these two officers, King was a traitor, who was only looking for an opportunity to forsake the cause; while the Count's sole thought in drawing up a battle was how to place himself most safely in the rear. It was under these auspicious leaders that the Palatines at length found themselves in sight of the spires of Lemgo, but cut off from that city by a large and dangerous body of Austrian horse.

The conduct of the two commanders, now that a battle was imminent, was exactly what might have been expected from their respective characters. King posted his infantry and artillery at a spot where they were likely to be useless, and refused to stir. Conigsmark selected a narrow defile, in which

he drew up his forces in four lines, his own being the rearguard and well within the shelter of the gorge. Hardly were his lines in order, when the Austrians, in close column, dashed upon him. Their onset broke the first line instantly; and its flying masses, hurled back upon the line behind it, wrecked that also. The third line, which now came into action, was thus exposed at once to the rush of fugitives from its own side, and to the charge of the enemy's horse. This line was Rupert's.

The shattered lines, instead of meeting the assailants with a charge as fiery as their own, had chosen to encounter the attack on their own ground. This was an error which Rupert was in little danger of committing. On seeing the ranks before him waver, he turned round in the saddle, and shook his drawn sword in the air. Instantly the spurs flew into the flanks of the horses of his five hundred. The charge that followed swept the enemy headlong out of the defile into the open plain.

The brilliancy of this exploit was extreme. It is half pitiful, half ludicrous, to relate the cause which made it unavailing. It had now become the duty of the rearguard to dart forward in support of Rupert's charge; and, had this been done, the chance of victory might have been recovered. But the disaster of the foremost lines had been enough for Conigsmark; and the Count, with a white face and a beating heart, was already retreating up the gorge at the top of his speed. Rupert was left alone and unsupported in the midst of tenfold odds. King looked on with unconcern; the enemy had time to rally; fresh troops were hurried up, and though fighting every foot of ground with desperate courage, Rupert's men were gradually forced back into the gorge. Soon parties of the enemy began to gather on the hills above them, and to steal downwards among the boulders in their rear.

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Nothing so much resembles the spectacle which followed as some wild story of the ancient legends. Rupert's position was desperate; his friends had forsaken him; he was caught in a trap. At the foot of the only standard which still reared above the tempest the colors of the Palatines, he fought till every man about him fell. Then, collecting his strength for a final effort, he burst through the swords of his assailants, and put his horse at a stone wall. The exhausted beast refused the leap, and fell back upon his haunches. Before he could recover himself a score of cuirassiers rushed up, and Rupert was a prisoner.

This first experience singularly resembles that of every field in which, in after years, he played a part. That day was fatal to his cause; but it covered his own name with glory. And such was to be Rupert's fate through life. He never charged an enemy whom he did not scatter to the winds. At Rhennius, at Lemgo, at Worcester, at Edgehill, at Marston Moor, at Naseby—it was everywhere the same. It was his singular destiny to fight for the falling flag on every field, and yet to emerge from every field with added glory.

He was now the captive of the Empire. His prison was appointed in the ancient Tower of Lintz—a rock-built, battlemented donjon, black with age, which looked gloomily upon the waters of the Danube. Except for the loss of liberty, however, he was put to no great hardship. It is true that Ferdinand, nettled at his abrupt refusal either to ask for pardon, to turn Catholic, or to fight under the Austrian banners, put him for a short time under guard; but generally he enjoyed the freedom of the castle and the castle gardens; and in course of time he even obtained leave of parole for three days together, during which he was free to pay visits in the neighborhood of the castle, to hunt the chamois

among the perilous crags which overhung the river, or to track, among the windings of the lower valleys, a fox, a wild boar, or a stag of ten. Nor was the ancient Tower a dungeon wholly given up to gloom. Count Kuffstein, the governor of the castle, was an old soldier, with whom it was no hardship for a younger to exchange a story, of a sociable disposition; while his daughter, Mademoiselle de Kuffstein, was a lovely girl, whose beauty and spirit had won the hearts of numberless adorers for ten miles up and down the Danube. Such society, even in a prison, makes time fly; and, moreover, Rupert, even when debarred from hunting, discovered several means of lightening the burden of captivity. He studied chemistry; he played tennis; he practised with a rifle; he tamed a hare, as a present to the Lady of the Tower; he improved, with the same object, a device of Albert Durer for drawing perspectives. He also spent much time and patience in training a magnificent white dog, of a very rare breed, whom he called Boy. This dog, who afterwards accompanied him in all his perils, became in time as well known in the field as his master, and almost as much dreaded; for when Rupert's name had grown to be a sound of terror in the ears of the Roundheads, his dog was regarded by the superstitious among them as a familiar spirit, who brought him unvarying success. Various extraordinary opinions arose respecting the dog's nature and power. Some declared that he could swallow the deadliest poison without injury. Some held that he was, in reality, a Lapland lady, who had been changed by enchantment into an animal. Some believed that he was a powerful wizard, and some that he was the devil. One thing, however, is certain—that no wizardry had rendered him immortal; for, to Rupert's infinite regret, he was killed at last in the battle of Marston Moor.

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The Prince had need of all his devices to kill time; for his captivity was long. Three years were wasted in negotiations for his release. At the end of that time he found himself at liberty, without other condition than his word of parole that he would not again take arms against the Empire.

Those years had covered England with a gloom that deepened. Charles had now advanced to the verge of war. The Queen was in Holland, employed in pledging the crown jewels, and endeavoring to raise supplies. Henrietta sent for Rupert, informed him that the King had appointed him General of the Horse, and was then expecting him in England. Rupert put hastily to sea in a small vessel called the *Lion*, which was driven back by a tempest and nearly wrecked. He again set sail, and landed at last at Tynemouth in the dusk of an evening which, though the month was August, was as cold as winter. Impatiently refusing to delay his journey for an instant, he threw himself on a horse and rode forward. In the midst of a dark and frozen road the horse slipped, his rider was thrown violently against a jagged edge of rock, and dislocated his shoulder. The limb was set by a surgeon who was luckily discovered within half a mile of the spot. But Rupert, to his great vexation, lost some hours.

At length, in spite of every misadventure, he came up with the King. The place was Leicester Abbey. The time was evening—the evening which preceded a momentous day. War had not yet been finally declared. But the next morning, upon a rising ground within the park at Nottingham, the King unfurled his standard. An omen attended the ceremony which would have appeared to a Roman soothsayer as full of warning as a sacred chicken which refused its food, or bullock found at the sacrifice to be without a heart. No sooner was the

standard raised than a fierce tempest blew it down. Again the heralds raised it; and again, as if the ancient elemental powers viewed with indignation the folly of man, the tempest bore the standard away. At last it was secured with strong cords to the flagstaff on the turret of the ancient castle, and the little blood-red flag of battle which streamed above it was seen shining afar out over the windy vale of Trent.

And now, in awful and splendid succession, the scenes of England's Civil War begin to pass before us. At those scenes we shall glance rapidly, beholding, as in the rolling pictures of a panorama, a few of the varied aspects of Rupert in the field.

The Royal Horse, to which he found himself appointed, consisted of a few ranks of ragged troopers, ill-equipped with corselets, casques, and even swords. At the head of these, Rupert rode out of Nottingham. For a month he scoured the country day and night: he stormed garrisons, taxed cities, despoiled the tormented Puritans of horses, saddles, swords, carbines, pistols, armor, doublets, plumes; and at the end of that time rode into Shrewsbury at the head of more than three thousand followers, all mounted on good horses, armed with good swords, glittering from head to foot in coats of mail, gay with crimson cloaks, gilt spurs, and dancing feathers, and burning for battle, with all the spirit of their chief.

With some five hundred of these troops he was resting, on an autumn afternoon, in some meadows outside Worcester. The day was sultry; the men were hot and wearied; and they were glad to take off their armor, which had become heated by the sun, and to lie down at full length in the deep grass, under the shadow of a clump of lime trees. No enemy was suspected to be at hand; no watch was kept; and the first signal of danger was given by a

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trooper who chanced to lift his head out of the deep herbage, and whose eye was caught by the sparkle of a coat of mail emerging from a narrow road which led towards the meadows. The alarm was just in time. A thousand horse, the picked troops of the enemy, clad in complete armor, had stolen upon them in the silence of the autumn day, and were on the point of sweeping down upon their drowsy groups. Rupert snatched a sword, leapt into a saddle, and dashed bare-headed upon their ranks. His men flew after him. Four hundred of the enemy were killed on the spot, or swept into the river and drowned. The rest flew back into Pershore in a panic of fear. While the sight of their white faces and bloody spurs was striking terror into the people of the town, Rupert, with six standards and a rich prize of horses, went leisurely back to pick up his armor under the lime trees. He had lost only five men.

Two days later he was riding out alone, for the purpose of reconnoitring the position of the enemy. Their camp was posted in Dunsmore Heath. On the road he came up with a country fellow, who was sitting on the shaft of an apple-cart, and flogging his horse in the direction of the camp. Rupert bribed the man with a guinea, put on his smock-frock and slouched hat, took his seat on the shaft, cracked his whip, and proclaiming in a loud voice that his apples were the finest and the cheapest in the world, drove coolly into the heart of the enemy's encampment. There he inspected their position at leisure, sold his apples to the troopers, and drove the cart back to its owner, who was holding his horse in the road. Then, taking off his disguise, and giving the man another guinea, he bade him drive in turn into the camp and inquire of the soldiers, "How they like the apples which Prince Rupert had sold them?"

A month later, the full force of the King's army met the full force of the Roundheads at the battle of Edgehill. Rupert's share in that great action may be summed up very briefly. He won one portion of the battle. His allies lost the other.

On the morning of that day, the royal troops were drawn up on the brow of the steep rising which looks down upon the Vale of the Red Horse. Below them, a wide plain stretched towards the town of Kineton; and from the streets of the town the Roundhead army came streaming forth into the open ground. First came Stapleton's cuirassiers, glittering in bright armor; then the troops of Denzil Holles, of Lord Brook, and of Lord Mandeville, in scarlet, in purple, and in blue. Rupert looked upon their hosts with glistening eyes. The day was Sunday; the time was the middle of the afternoon; the church bells were ringing among the elms on each side of the valley; and among the enemy the forms of the dark-robed preachers could be seen, moving with eager gestures between the armored ranks. On the King's side, the prayer of one brave man has been preserved for us: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!" Such was the simple and noble prayer of Lindsey.

Rupert, at the head of his cavalry, rode slowly down the steep. The rest of the King's army followed, and gathered in the plain. It is said that its plumed and glittering ranks were watched from the hills by a spectator, whose name is written on the scroll of fame in letters more lasting than their own. From the slopes above the valley Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is said to have watched, for many hours, the progress of the battle through a glass.

As the guns began to roar, Rupert, at the head of his brilliant troop, dashed forward at the charge.

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The ranks before him were swept back into the town in hopeless rout. Ramsey, their leader, drove the spurs into his horse and galloped towards St. Albans. Lord Wharton fled headlong into a saw-pit, from which he peeped out at intervals at the Cavaliers despoiling his baggage, and thanked heaven that he was safe. Rupert, while his men were engaged in completing the victory and collecting the spoil, rode back, with a few attendants, to the field. He expected, as was natural, that what his wild energy had found so easy his allies had not found impossible. But the event had proved far otherwise. When he reached the field, he found the remnants of the two armies still engaged in a bitter struggle. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying; the royal standard was taken; and only a few noblemen were left about the King.

Rupert had no men with whom to charge. Night was falling; and before either side could claim a victory, darkness parted the contending armies. Lord Wharton crept out of his saw-pit, and made off to his own party. There was no moon; a biting wind was blowing; and Rupert and the King sat all that night beside a fire of brushwood, which they kept burning on the hillside. When day dawned, the two broken armies, like two wounded wolves, lay glaring at each other, neither daring to renew the fight. When night again fell, Essex drew off his shattered forces, leaving the empty name of victory to the King. In reality, the only victor of that day was Rupert.

The King retired to Oxford; and gradually his court, which was now settled there, began to re-assume some likeness of its ancient splendor. Rupert had rooms in Christchurch; and thence was to be seen, for many months, darting out at intervals, over the ancient bridge at Magdalen, to skirmish with the enemy, or to head the storming parties at

the walls of towns and garrisons. At Brentford, which was the first to feel his power, his cavalry was stopped by redoubts of stones, and by barricades of carts, waggons, tables, chairs, and beds, through which poured a ceaseless fire of musketry. Rupert headed a troop of foot, tore the barricades in pieces, rushed into the breach at the head of his cavalry, and swept the enemy out of the streets. At Lichfield, for the first time in English warfare, he employed a powder-mine. The walls of the Cathedral close, within which the enemy was en-sconced, were too strong for his artillery. Rupert drained the moat, constructed a mine, and filled it with five barrels of powder. In the meantime the mine was ready. Rupert waited for the evening. The match was applied; a tremendous explosion was heard; a yawning gulf, filled with smoke, appeared in the walls; and the besiegers rushed in through the ruins. The enemy, in terror, instantly raised a white flag on the Cathedral, and surrendered. Rupert allowed them to march out under the honors of war.

On a Sunday morning in the middle of June his trumpets were heard ringing among the cloisters and quadrangles of the ancient city; and presently, amidst the cheering of the people, Rupert and his cavalry were seen riding out across the bridge and through the city gates. He first fell upon Lewknor, an outpost of the enemy, where he seized a great number of horses, arms, and prisoners. Thence he pushed on through Chinnor, where he stormed another outpost, and came up with the main body of the enemy at Chalgrove Field. There he drew up his cavalry in a wide cornfield bounded by a hedge; and in this position he waited, while the enemy, pouring down the slopes of Gelder's Hill, advanced on the other side of the dividing barrier. Presently their skirmishers began to fire their carbines

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between the roots of the low fence of thorn. That sound was Rupert's signal. He instantly rushed over the hedge at the head of his men and scattered their ranks to the winds.

It was in attempting to resist this charge that Hampden received the wound that caused his death. No reader of Macaulay will have forgotten his pathetic picture of the dying patriot, as "with his head drooping, and his hands resting on his horse's neck, he moved feebly out of the battle." Within six days he was a corpse.

In the meantime, Rupert rode back to Oxford. His troops were followed by a long train of prisoners, horses, captured standards, and baggage-wagons heaped with spoil. The huzzas of the townspeople and the smiles of the court ladies greeted his return. Within a space of forty-eight hours from the time he started he had ridden fifty miles, taken two outposts and many standards, fought and won a pitched battle, killed both the officers who opposed him, left a great number of the enemy dead on the field, and lost of his own party only five men.

Some time after this, Lord Essex, with a body of troops, was passing through the forests of Auborn Chase, eager to reach Newbury before the King. No enemy was suspected to be at hand, and the earl rode carelessly through the flowery glades. The turf was soft and spongy, and the fall of a horse's hoof awoke no sound. Suddenly a troop of riders, noiseless as a flight of phantoms, appeared among the distant beechen boles and came sweeping over the turf upon his ranks. The ghosts were Rupert and his cavaliers. A sharp encounter followed. Essex was beaten back to Hungerford, and the King reached Newbury before him.

At sunrise the next morning, the two armies marched out to the encounter. The strife was bit-

terly contested. All that day the fight went on. Night fell; the losses on both sides were deadly; yet the victory was undecided. The King, with the fragments of his army, retired into the town. The enemy, equally broken, prepared to snatch a few hours of rest, for the trumpets were to sound for retreat at break of day. But twelve hours of desperate fighting had not sated Rupert. In the silence of the night he stole about the sleeping town, and mustered, by the gleam of the watch-fires and the torches, a small band of men and horses. Moving out with these in the grey light of morning, he caught the enemy in a defile, as they toiled away beneath their baggage, cut down a great number of them, and would have killed or taken many more, but that his men were dropping out of their saddles with weariness, and their horses almost falling down at every step.

It is in such adventures, of which these are but specimens of events that happened daily, that Rupert is best seen. In the great battles of the English Civil War, though his personal achievements were not less, his glory was eclipsed by the disaster of his allies. It is not by these that we can judge him rightly. And yet we cannot bring ourselves to turn away without one glance at the two great English battle-fields which were to follow—the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby.

Marston Moor! No battle-scene in history is more impressive than that which is conjured up before the mind at the name of that famous field. We see the sun setting in angry splendor, dyeing all the clouds with blood; we see the fields of yellow rye in which the Puritans were drawn up, and the gorse-bushes and the broken ground which was the station of the King; we see the air dark with brooding storm; we hear the fierce hymn rolled from the ranks of the Puritans, mingled with the boom of

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thunder; we see Rupert, in his scarlet cloak, facing the grim battalions of the Scots; we see Cromwell, yet an unrisen meteor, praying at the head of his fierce host; then we see the wild charge of Rupert, and the ranks of the Tartans whirled away before him like the leaves of winter; and then, in the gloom of storm and darkness, the heart of the King's battle breaking before Cromwell. It was Rupert's constant fate—and it was so at Marston Moor—to find that while the enemy had been flying like deer before him, his companions had been flying before the enemy; and so it was to be again at Naseby. It has been often stated that in that last great contest of the Civil War, Rupert faced the forces of Cromwell, and was beaten back. This is an error. Rupert and Cromwell—the unconquered champions of their parties—never met. It is true that at Naseby Rupert eagerly sought Cromwell; but Cromwell had taken the right wing, while Rupert believed that he was stationed on the left. Rupert on that day, as ever, scattered his opponents to the winds. Then believing, as at Edgehill and at Marston Moor, that the victory was won, he rode carelessly back to the field, and reined his horse on the crest of the overlooking hill. He instantly discovered his mistake. There in the vale below him he saw Cromwell, at the head of his men, with his helmet knocked off, and the blood streaming down his face from a wound above the eye, driving the Cavaliers in wild disorder among the low bushes of a rabbit warren. He saw the King strive to rally his men for a last charge. He saw an attendant lay his hand on the King's bridle, and turn away his horse's head. Of what followed we are able, from descriptions which have come down to us, to form a singularly exact idea.

Rupert spurred his horse into the press, and fought his way to the King's side. They rode

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together from the field. On the crest of the rising ground which overlooked the plain, they drew rein for a moment, and cast a last glance at the scene below them. The Puritan soldiers, flushed with victory, covered the whole field with a raging flood of men and horses. Such of their own party as were not riding off the ground were either lying among the heaps of slain or huddled together in groups of guarded captives. Mingled with the sombre banners of the Puritans, in which five Bibles were displayed against a ground of black, there could now be seen shining above the hosts of the victorious enemy the crimson folds of the captured Royal Standard, and the snow-white silken ensign of the Queen. From that sight the two spectators turned away their eyes, and rode silently together into the falling night.

The war was over. Rupert had ridden his last charge in England.

The scenes at which we have been glancing, briefly and rapidly as they have passed before us, may have perhaps attained the purpose of denoting in what light the figure of Rupert ought to be regarded. He is usually dismissed by historians with the remark that his character lacked the essential qualities that make a general great—foresight, patience, tactics, discipline. But it is not as a great general that we think of Rupert. The interest which surrounds his figure is of a different kind. He is one of the seekers of adventure—a free lance, a soldier of fortune. His forerunners are the ancient heroes of romance: Achilles whirling in his chariot; Eviradnus darting into the cave of Hugo the eagle-headed; Roland, with his sword Durandal, defying the ten kings. Such are the fit comparisons of Rupert in the field—such are the companion pictures which arise before the eye of fancy, as it views his flag flying over conquered cities, or his white plume shining in the front of battle.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS

WILLIAM PHIPS, who was destined in his varied career to be a shepherd, ship-carpen-
ter, treasure-seeker, knight, governor, admiral, and general, was born February 2, 1651, in the town of Woolwich, Maine, near the mouth of the Kennebec River. His father was a gunsmith, one of the most useful occupations at that period of our colonial history, and had emigrated from the English town of Bristol during the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The Phips family was remarkable for its size, and no settlement that contained it could be truthfully called small. It numbered twenty-eight; there were twenty-six children, four daughters and twenty-one sons. The future knight was the youngest of this numerous progeny, and, as his father died soon after William's birth, he was brought up by his mother.

When but a lad, he was put to the work of tending sheep on the rocky hillsides near his home, and legends say that, young as he was, he chafed under the monotony of his existence, and that he looked with longing eyes at every sail that whitened itself for a moment in the sunlight against the blue horizon of the sea.

The district of Maine had become, in the very first days of colonial enterprise, a region noted for ship-building. Its deeply indented coast offered numerous safe harbors, and its navigable rivers gave access to the interior. The great forests provided every kind of timber necessary for the construction of vessels, its pines being of such

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value for masts that they were taken to England by the shipload. Many an English man-of-war, that upheld the claims of the proud mistress of the seas, spread its snowy sails on spars and masts from the Maine forests.

Young Phips, filled with the love of the sea and of ships, gave up the prosaic life of a shepherd, and apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter. He remained with him for four years, taking occasional cruises to Boston or along the New England coast. Having completed the time for which he was bound to the shipwright, his relatives were anxious to have him settle down near them, but, according to his biographer, Mather, he even then had visions of greatness, and wanted to go out into the great world, and see if it did not hold greater things for William Phips than a fisherman's cottage on the Pine Tree Coast.

In 1663 he went to Boston to live, and while working as a shipwright, spent all of his spare hours learning to read and write. He was a ruddy, strapping youth, and found favor in the eyes of a fair widow, who was well endowed by fortune. She was also of good social position, being a daughter of Captain Roger Spencer, who at one time was one of the most prominent men in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Phips married the widow, and with the financial backing of his wife's fortune, he embarked upon a large business venture. He made a contract with some Boston merchants to build them a trading ship on the shores of the Sheepscot River, a little to the east of the Kennebec. The ship was completed and launched successfully. Phips secured a cargo of lumber, and was preparing to sail his ship on its first voyage to Boston. The lumber, however, was not to reach its destination. The Eastern Indians suddenly broke from their forest fastnesses, bent on the destruction of all the

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English settlements in Maine. The frightened inhabitants took refuge on Phips' ship, and, leaving the lumber, Phips sailed off to Boston. The loss of the lumber caused him great financial embarrassment, but he went cheerily to work to redeem his fortunes. He consoled his wife, by telling her that some day he would tread the quarter-deck of a King's ship, and that he would make her the proud mistress of "a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston."

Phips worked steadily at shipbuilding, and made short trading voyages when good opportunities offered. In 1684, eleven years after his first arrival at the provincial capital, he saw his chance to win both fame and fortune. To many, his scheme would have appeared as a golden dream of the night, to be smiled over and forgotten with the day. He had heard about the docks and in the seaside taverns, numerous tales of pirates and of treasure-ships sailing the Spanish Main. For Phips these tales had a peculiar fascination, and he used to think them over as he laid the keel or set the ribs of some stout fishing or trading boat in his Boston shipyard. At last he heard a story that set his heart and brain on fire. An old salt told him that a Spanish ship, laden with bars of silver and ingots of gold, had struck a reef off the Bahama Islands some years before, and gone to the bottom. The water in which the wreck lay was not deep, and Phips determined to find it. Setting sail in a small ship of his own, he found the wreck. So far the seaman's tale was true. The great wealth she was said to contain was only part true. Phips managed to fish only enough silver from her hold to pay the expenses of his voyage. He was about to return home somewhat disappointed, when he heard that off Port de la Plata a great Spanish galleon, loaded from keel

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to deck with treasure, had sunk fifty years before, and he resolved to find it.

Phips' own means, however, were too small to carry out such a big project, and he went to England to induce the English Government to take part in the search. In 1684, he was made commander of the *Rose-Algiers* by the Admiralty, on whom he had made a great impression with his straightforward ways, and tales of hidden gold. They thought if he could find one valuable ship at the bottom of the sea, he could probably find another.

The *Rose-Algier* mounted eighteen guns, and carried a crew of ninety-five men. It is supposed that even the king must have been interested in the romantic adventure, otherwise it would seem odd that Phips should have been given such a valuable ship for such an enterprise. The crew, however, was as bad as the one that made the famous voyage to Treasure Island, in the thrilling romance of Stevenson. It was a "scratch crew," picked up from everywhere, and the appearance of its members was a sure warning of coming trouble.

The exact location of the treasure-ship off Port de la Plata was unknown, and many weeks were spent groping about in the depth of the sea with grappling irons. Sand, sea weed, and shells were all the treasure that came from the bottom, and the crew got tired of what they thought was a fool's errand. They began to murmur against the strict discipline and hard work. A committee of the forecastle waited on Phips, as he was pacing the quarter deck, and demanded that the ship be turned into a pirate craft, and sailed to attack the Spanish towns in the West Indies, where gold could be got in an easier way than by diving for it day after day. Phips, not a whit dismayed, ordered the men back to duty, but the trouble was

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not yet over. A little later they came back with pistols tucked up their sleeves, and went into the captain's quarters. Phips had laid aside his own weapons, but seeing the mutineers, he rushed on them and secured the ringleaders. Cowed by his boldness, the rest of the crew gave up.

The malcontents, however, were loth to give up their design; probably most of them had been pirates before. A more elaborate plot was now formed. The ship was lying at anchor off the coast of a small island, and had been slightly careened by Phips in order to land some stores and tents, for it was his intention to make the island the base of his operations in that vicinity. The vessel had been fastened by a large cable to a large rock, which jutted out from shore, and a bridge built from the ship to the rock. The crew, getting shore leave, went deep into the woods, and in a solemn council, bound themselves by the most desperate oaths to take the ship, and make the captain and the officers prisoners. The attempt was to be made at eight that evening, and Phips and his men, after being secured, were to be marooned on the island, while the mutineers were to hoist the black flag with the skull and cross-bones, and sail away for plunder in the South Sea.

It was necessary, however, for them to have the ship's carpenter. Getting him into the woods on some pretext, they informed him concerning their design, and threatened him with death if he betrayed them or refused to join. He asked for half an hour to consider their proposition, and also asked for permission to go back to the ship to get his tools. The conspirators consented to this, but sent there three of their number with him; they were to watch his every movement, and if he showed any signs of betraying them, he was to be instantly killed and thrown over board.

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No sooner was the carpenter on board, than he was taken violently ill, and he was permitted to go down the companion-way to the medicine chest. The illness was a ruse, and he made his way to Phips, and hurriedly told him the danger he was in. Phips told the carpenter to go back with the mutineers, and, while watching their movements, Phips would have time to prepare to meet them.

Phips found that all of the men left on board were loyal, and he at once put them at work. The guns that had been put on shore to defend the supplies, were at once disabled, and all the powder and shot brought back on board. The bridge was then raised, and the cannon on ship-board loaded and aimed toward the woods. Hardly had these preparations been completed, when the mutineers were seen coming out of the underbrush. Phips called to them to stay where they were or he would open fire. The bridge was again put down, and some of the crew went ashore to bring in the remainder of the supplies. Phips then told the mutineers that he understood that he and his officers were to be left to perish, but the tables had been turned, and that they were to be left to starve instead.

The mutineers at once threw down their arms and implored Phips to take them back, and told him that they had no cause for complaint, except his refusal to turn pirate.

Phips did not have half enough men to sail the ship with safety, much less fight her, if the need should arise, so he let them on board, but under a stout guard. Phips at once weighed anchor and sailed for Jamaica, where he sent the greater part of the crew ashore, and got other men in their places. Again setting sail, he put in to Hispaniola for further information in regard to the whereabouts of the sunken treasure-ship. He was for-

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tunate enough to find an old Spanish sailor who knew the story, and was able to point out the reef where the ship had gone down. Phips could not find the wreck, and his own ship was sadly in need of repair. He was compelled to sail for England, leaving the treasure undisturbed at the bottom of the sea.

The naval authorities, notwithstanding the ill-success of the venture, received Phips with considerable favor. He commanded their admiration, by the way in which he had subdued his mutinous crew and carried out the "secondary objects" of the cruise. They could not spare him another ship of war, and it would take many months to properly refit the *Rose-Algier*. Phips at once cast about for some way of securing a large merchant vessel. The Earl of Albermarle took up the scheme, and interested a few of his friends. They bought a ship and gave Phips the command. The King gave Albermarle the exclusive right to any wrecks the expedition might be fortunate enough to find.

Again the intrepid New Englander sailed for Port de la Plata. A tender was constructed under Phips' own supervision, that was to be anchored over the reef, while the large ship remained safe in port. After the tender had been moored, the men got into a small row boat, and the men began their explorations. Divers were sent down, while the crew hung over the gunwales, watching and directing them. The water was so clear, that every crevice of the rocks was distinctly visible. Time and again the divers plunged downward, only to come puffing to the surface with the report, "No signs."

The crew were about to give up the search for the day, when one of the men asked an Indian diver to get him a curious sea plant that had caught

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his eye as it swayed in the current far below. The Indian brought it up, and reported that near it he had seen several cannon. Instantly all was excitement. The divers all plunged at once, and one of them soon came to the surface, bearing a great bar of silver that was worth about three hundred pounds in English money, or \$1,500 in our own. A buoy was anchored to mark the spot, and the men rowed hurriedly to Phips. At first he would not believe their story; but when he saw the great silver bar, he exclaimed:

"Thanks be to God, we are all mad!"

Within a week, three hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold and silver was brought to the surface, and safely stored beneath the hatches of Phips' ship. The bars and ingots of gold and silver were taken first, and then the coin was discovered. It had been tied in bags and used for ballast. The bags had become overgrown with incrustations of shells, and when the covering was smashed with iron bars, the coins rushed out in a small and shimmering stream upon the deck. Here and there glittered diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones.

A small vessel came down from Rhode Island to carry home some of the precious cargo. Its commander, Adderly, had been with Phips when he discovered the other treasure-ship off the Bahama Islands. He loaded his little craft with silver to the amount of several thousand pounds, when prosperity was too much for him. He went insane, and died two years later in Bermuda.

Phips, on account of his stock of provisions running low, had to leave the wreck before all of the treasure had been secured. Twenty bars of silver were brought on board the last day of his stay at the reef. When Phips returned a year later, he found that the wreck had been completely

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cleared, some of Adderley's men having given away the secret of its location to some people in Bermuda. It is said that besides the scanty supply of provisions, there were other reasons for leaving Port de la Plata. The crew was of uncertain make-up, or rather Phips was certain that no crew of that day could be trusted with so much money on board, and he wished to get it safely to England with as little delay as possible.

The men were promised a certain per centage of the profits of the voyage, in addition to their regular wages, and, keeping careful watch over them, Phips set sail and reached England in 1687. He was afraid during the voyage that the crew might rise and murder the officers, so it was with a sense of relief that he was able to pay them off and turn over the ship and her cargo to the Duke of Albermarle and his associates. Phips' share of the enterprise was £16,000. Albermarle sent Phips' wife a gold cup, valued at \$5,000, and the King made William Phips a knight. He also asked him to remain in England, and offered him a place in the public service. Phips, however, loved New England, and he returned there shortly after, one of its richest and most honored citizens. It is interesting to know that his wife got the "fair brick house in the Green Lane" that her husband had promised her when the sun of prosperity did not shine so brightly as it did now.

During Sir William's absence, matters had been going badly with his neighbors in the good town of Boston. The Massachusetts Charter had been annulled and Sir Edmund Andros, he of the violent temper, was governor of the province. The governor made the laws, and no assembly was elected by the people. Taxes were levied, and judges and other officers removed or appointed at will. Packed juries settled important cases, unless

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the defendants compromised by paying large sums into the treasury. Phips wished to help his countrymen, and he was appointed by the Crown to the office of Sheriff of New England. This would allow him to select jurors, and otherwise aid his distressed neighbors in their legal battles with Sir Edmund Andros. The Governor saw to it that Sir William Phips' commission was rendered useless, through technicalities, of which he was master. Phips could do nothing in New England, and returned to the mother country to redress his wrongs and those of his province, if it were possible. This was in 1689. William of Orange was now on the throne, and Sir Edmund Andros, as the appointee of his predecessor, was without political influence. The people of Boston, when they heard of the change of government at London, rose in a body and made Andros a prisoner. The old Governor Bradstreet took his place, and the people began to carry on public business, the government under the old charter. They sent word to London of what they had done.

Sir William Phips now returned to New England, and on his arrival found the colony engaged in a desperate war with the Indians. He asked at once for a military command, although he had had but little military experience on shore. He was too patriotic and active a man to stay at home while others were risking their lives for the defence of the frontiers.

The French joined the Indians, and the war was carried on with great energy and skill by Count Frontenac, the Governor of New France (Canada). Fort Pemaquid, one of the strongest fortifications in New England, fell after a brief siege. Salmon Falls, in New Hampshire, and Schenectady, in New York, were taken and burned, and the people massacred. The colonists determined to strike a re-

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taliatory blow, and an expedition was planned against Port Royal, capital of the French province of Acadia. French privateers and Abenaki Indians made it a starting point for raids against the New England settlements. To destroy it would be to rid of the English of a hornet's nest.

The government had no money for the expedition, so a number of gentlemen in the colony were allowed to take it up as a private enterprise. The order was issued in January, 1690. Sir William tried to induce his friends to go into the scheme, but they would not venture. At last the colony saw that they must do it "at the public charge and with all speed," the reason being that several expeditions from Port Royal had harried the frontier once more.

A fleet of eight ships was assembled off Nantasket, near Boston. The troops, mostly volunteers, embarked, and, after receiving the final order from Governor Bradstreet, in the quaint language of the day, "to take care that the worship of God be maintained and duly observed on board all the vessels," Phips set sail.

On the 11th of May, as the French Governor, M. de Meneval, paced the bastions of the fort of Port Royal, a distant sail, just tipping the edge of the horizon, caught his eye. One from France, thought he; but as he gazed, one ship after another appeared in line, and from their peaks waved not the lilies of France, but the crimson cross of St. George of England.

The Governor was taken completely by surprise. He had no ships to meet the fleet, and the garrison of the fort was too small to stand a long siege. He resolved to hold out for a time, notwithstanding his difficult position, and refused the summons to surrender.

No sooner had his answer reached Sir William

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Phips, than a cloud of smoke burst from the side of the flagship, and the ripping and crashing of the palisades of the town told the Governor that the New England gunners had made their shot strike home. Under the steady fire of the fleet, the New Englanders landed on the beach with considerable pomp and display, and prepared to carry the works by storm. A desperate assault was made and repulsed, but the French Governor saw that if another was made with such good spirit, his fort would be at the mercy of the besiegers, with a chance, a likely chance, of his men being put to the sword for defending a weak position, the stern penalty of the laws of war.

De Meneval decided that nothing but surrender would save their lives, for he saw that there was no chance of relief arriving from Quebec. Sir William received his surrender, destroyed the fort, broke down the palisades of the town, and compelled the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England. One of his officers he made governor of the town, and left a small garrison in the place.

Sir William now sailed back to Boston in triumph, receiving the submission of the French seacoast towns on the way. The whole province of Acadia came under the authority of the English Crown, and remained so until the Peace of Ryswick gave it back to France six or seven years later. The booty from Port Royal paid for the expedition and left a considerable surplus. The French Governor and his troops were taken prisoners to Boston. After a while they were sent back, some to France, others to French possessions in the West Indies.

Elated with their victory, the colonists wished, under Sir William's leadership, to strike a mortal blow at the French power in America, and sweep

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the lilies forever from the American continent. The plan was made to send a fleet and army up the St. Lawrence and capture Quebec.

A fleet of forty-two ships was collected, and over two thousand men mustered for the expedition. They had no pilots who knew the St Lawrence, nor a sufficient supply of ammunition, but nevertheless the expedition set sail in high spirits. An army was also to go up Lake Champlain from Connecticut and New York, and attack Montreal in order to divide the attention of the French and keep reinforcements from Quebec. This latter expedition was a failure, and Sir William had to depend on his forces alone. The siege of Quebec was a picturesque affair, in which the troops showed the most distinguished bravery, but their ammunition ran short, and defeat was inevitable. Sir William had bombarded the city to no effect, the balls bounding back into the water from the thick stone walls of the houses of the "Lower Town."

The return trip was even "more disastrous than the voyage out." A great storm arose, and the fleet became separated. "One vessel was never heard of after the separation; another was wrecked, though the crew was saved; and the third, a fire ship, was burnt at sea. Four ships were blown so far from the coast that they did not reach Boston for five or six weeks after the arrival of Sir William, when they had been given up for lost."

After the failure of the expedition against Quebec, the finances of the Bay Colony were in a deplorable condition. Sir William, feeling that perhaps some blame for the failure might be laid at his door, gave liberally from his private fortune to sustain the public credit, but even then notes of the face value of a pound only passed in trade for a

few shillings. The people were still in a state of unrest, as their old charter had not been restored to them as they had hoped it would. In consequence, the government of the colony was unsettled, and the value of any notes or money issued was affected. The Indians to the eastward came in and asked for peace, and a treaty was signed. Phips now saw that there was no more chance at present to distinguish himself in the public service in that direction, and so he determined to go to England and interest the King in a new project to drive the French from Canada. He found the King too busy with his war in Holland to take much interest, and the plan had to be given up.

The famous Increase Mather was now in London, and he secured the interest of Sir William in his design for securing a new charter for their colony. The new charter was secured, but it was far from being the instrument the two petitioners had hoped for, Mather saying at one time he would rather die than accept it. Mather now recommended to the Council that Sir William Phips be appointed the new governor under the charter. After a short delay he was commissioned, with the title of Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, and also Captain-General of the colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The witchcraft delusion had been at its height while Sir William had been absent in England, and hundreds of innocent people were thrown into prison and a number executed. When Sir William arrived in Boston, he found the jails crowded with accused persons. The story is told by one writer that "in Sir William's absence, his lady, I suppose on account of her name's being Mary (the same as the Queen's) was solicited for a favor in behalf of a woman committed by one of the judges, on

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accusation of witchcraft, by a formal warrant under his hand and seal, and in close trial for the next assizes, then not far off. The good lady granted and signed a warrant for the said woman's discharge, which was obeyed by the keeper." Sir William issued an edict pardoning accused persons, and the delusion gradually subsided.

Sir William's career as governor was stormy even for that day. He had frequent quarrels with officers and people, but always maintained a certain amount of popularity. On a charge made by his enemies, he was ordered by the King to come to England and explain certain acts of his administration. Sir William triumphed, and received assurance of being restored to power, but this was never carried out.

Phips took up again the idea of treasure-hunting, and laid his plans for finding a ship that had been cast away in the West Indies, but he was prevented from sailing by a severe illness, and in February, 1695, he passed away. His body was interred with ceremony in the ancient church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, and one of the most active and picturesque figures in American colonial history was at rest.

R. S. B.



BENYOWSKY

O THELLO'S narrative sums up, with singular exactness, the story of the strange career which we are now about to trace. The history of the Count de Benyowsky is a tale

“of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery.”

It is a tale which, as it tells

“of his redemption thence,
And portance in his travel's history,”

whirls the reader round the globe, through every kind of peril and adventure, through scenes that change at every instant like the aspects of a dream. It is this swift succession of events, so varied and so striking, that imparts to Benyowsky's story its peculiar color of romance. He is the Candide and the Monte Christo of real life.

He was born in the year 1741 at Verbowa, the family estate in Hungary, was baptized by the names of Maurice Augustus, and, as the son of a magnate, was brought up at the court of Vienna. The fortunes of his early years were well adapted to call forth his character. His father was a general of the Emperor's Horse; and the boy, being destined for the same profession, received at fourteen the rank of lieutenant, marched against Prussia, and fought in four pitched battles before he was seventeen. While he was absent in Lithuania, his father died, and he became the Count de Benyow-

sky. But his brothers, during his absence, seized on his estate. He instantly flew home, raised and armed a party of his vassals, and drove off the birds of prey. But the interloping heirs had friends at court. He was accused as a rebel and a rioter. His castle and domains were taken from him by the State and given over to the clutch of the usurpers. In anger and disgust he turned his back upon his country, and having a desire to study seamanship, repaired to Amsterdam, and thence to Plymouth. There he found time to learn, not only how to sail a ship, but how to play a game of chess, and how to twang the harp.

He then resolved to see the world; but as he was about to step on board a vessel bound for the West Indies, the States of Poland sent him an appeal to join their confederation against Russia. His bold, restless, and adventurous spirit leaped at the proposal. He crossed to Warsaw, took the oaths, and held himself in instant readiness for action. But before he was required to draw his sword he chanced to fall into a fever, while staying at the house of a gentleman of Zips named Hensky, was nursed back into health by his host's three daughters, fell in love with one of them, and married her. The honeymoon was scarcely over when he was summoned by the States to Cracow, which a Russian force was marching to besiege. Without venturing to tell his bride where he was going, he rode away upon that strange enterprise which was destined to prove fruitful of so many strange vicissitudes.

Benyowsky was now twenty-seven; a soldier and a sailor, master of a handsome face and figure, a constitution of iron, a manner which, according to occasion, could sway the minds of men or steal away the hearts of women, a ready wit, a tongue which spoke six languages with equal ease, a spirit

to which peril and adventure were as the breath of life. Such a man was likely to turn out a dangerous enemy. And so the Russians were to find.

He arrived at Cracow just as Count Parrin, with the Russian force, appeared before the walls. He was at once appointed colonel-general of the cavalry; and speedily his troop of horse became a name of terror. Provisions from the first were scarce, and soon ran very low. Benyowsky dashed out of the town, stormed and took the fort of Landseron, and fought his way again into the city with thirty prisoners, a herd of oxen, and sixty baggage-wagons heaped with grain. The Russians, stung with rage, drew close their lines of siege. In vain. Benyowsky, with his troop, stole out at dead of night, swam across the Vistula, gained the open country, collected wagons in the villages, and loaded them with spoil. The point was then to lodge them in the town. It was three o'clock at night, and a dim moon was rising. Benyowsky placed the convoy with a party under Baron de Kluscusky, set himself at the head of the remainder, and dashed upon the camp. The Russians, as he expected, flew forth like angry hornets. His charge was beaten off, half his little band were killed or taken, and he himself was cut down from his saddle, wounded in two places, and secured. But meantime the Baron had slipped softly through the lines, and the wagons were all safe within the city.

Benyowsky was ransomed for a thousand pounds—a disastrous bargain for the Russians—and returned into the town. When next he issued forth, he was alone and in disguise; but six hundred troopers were prepared to join him at a given signal. He made his way to Lublau Castle, beguiled the governor with a glib pretext, and looked about him at his leisure. His plans for seizing on the fort were ready, his six hundred men were on the march,

when their commander let the secret slip within the hearing of a spy. The spy flew with the tidings to the governor. Benyowsky was instantly made captive, and sent in irons to the Russian general.

A band of his own troops released him on the road. At the head of these he set himself to scour the country, his ranks swelling as he went. The Russians, in reprisal, put a price upon his head, and sent out a party to secure him, dead or living. Benyowsky kept his scouts on the alert, concealed his infantry in a wood beside the road near Sokul, and himself lay watching with his troopers opposite, behind a little hill. All one day and half the night he lay in ambush. At length, in the grey light of morning, the scouts came rushing in. The enemy, three thousand men, were marching down the road. Benyowsky watched his moment, darted out of his retreat, and killed or captured the whole party.

At last a troop of Cossacks came upon him by surprise at Szuka. They had with them a howitzer, stuffed to the muzzle with old iron, stones, and rubbish. This piece was fired off in the skirmish, and Benyowsky was struck down by the hail of missles. Stunned, bruised and bleeding from no less than seventeen wounds, he was seized by the exultant enemy, and carried off in chains. And then began his tribulations.

Wounded as he was, no surgeon was allowed him. He was fed on bread and water; he was forced to march all day in heavy chains. His guards at first were bound for Kiov; but believing when they reached Polone that their prisoner was dying, they were obliged to leave him in the hospital. As soon as he began to mend his chains were once more fastened on him, and he was conducted to the dungeon of the city fortress.

The dungeon was a den, far underneath the

ground, where eighty captives were cooped up together. No ray of light could penetrate the darkness; sighs, groans, the noise of clanking chains alone disturbed the silence. The den was never cleaned; the foul air cherished pestilence; and in one corner stood a pile of corpses, which grew larger day by day. Within this fetid hole, Benyowsky wore away three weeks of living death.

On the twenty-second day of his captivity the survivors, leaving thirty-five dead bodies in the den, were led forth into the Place of Arms, where several hundred prisoners were assembled. These were chained in rows together, and started on the march to Kiov. The hardships of that journey were such as would have tasked a strong man in full health; and Benyowsky was half-famished, wounded, limping on a crutch. The roads were steep and rugged; but the prisoners were beaten forward by the guards like cattle. To increase their miseries, the commander of the guards turned out a greedy thief, who stole the prisoners' bread, sold it, and put the proceeds in his pocket. At nightfall, he accepted from the villagers, among whose huts the prisoners ought to have been quartered, petty bribes to leave them undisturbed; and Benyowsky and his fellow-captives were lodged on the bare ground and left to shiver in the snow and rain. The result was such as might have been expected. The road was strewn with dead and dying. Out of near nine hundred prisoners who left Polone, less than a hundred and fifty scarecrows crawled, half-alive, into the gates of Kiov.

Benyowsky, on arriving, fell into a fever, and for ten days was raving in delirium. The moment he began to mend he was sent forward to Cazan. There he was lodged in the house of a goldsmith named Vendischor, and found himself at liberty to move about the town, to pay visits and make friends.

A bold idea struck him; he would organize in secret all the exiles in the city, attack the governor and the garrison, and regain his freedom *vi et armis*. He went instantly to work. One by one conspirators were sworn; the design grew, and promised well; when one night two of the intriguers quarreled. One of them went straight to the governor, revealed the whole plot, and named Benyowsky as the leading spirit.

The next night, about eleven o'clock, as Benyowsky was just stepping into bed, a loud knocking was heard at the street-door. He lighted a candle, wrapped himself in a dressing-gown, went down-stairs, and opened the door. An officer with twenty soldiers stood without, who had been sent to take him. A curious freak of fortune saved him. The officer, who did not know his features, took him for a servant, and demanded whether the Count de Benyowsky were within; then, without waiting for an answer, he snatched the candle from his hand, and darted up the stairs to seize his prisoner. Benyowsky, left alone below, took in the situation at a glance. He drew his dressing-gown about him, and slipped away into the night.

He hastened to the house of Major Wynblath, one of the companions of his plot. The two resolved to risk their lives on a bold venture. They stole out of the town, procured horses at the nearest village, and the sentries believing they were officers with dispatches from the governor of Cazan, they got safely to St. Petersburg. There they found a skipper due to sail next day for Holland. They booked a passage with him for five hundred ducats, and arranged to meet at midnight on the bridge across the Neva.

Midnight came; the fugitives were at the bridge. The skipper was behind his time; but in a few minutes, they descried him coming. He appeared to

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be alone; but as he stepped up to Benyowsky, twenty soldiers started out of the darkness at his back, knocked them both down, and made them fast. The honest skipper had been seized with a suspicion, and had sold his passengers for a round sum to the police.

Benyowsky, separated from the Major, was conducted to the fortress and locked up in a solitary cell. The place might have been a dungeon in the Tower of Famine. For three days not a soul came near him. He had neither bread nor water. When at the close of the third day a jailer entered with a pitcher and a crust, he found a gaunt-eyed specter, weaker than a child.

Benyowsky was dragged before the Council, questioned, and again remanded to his cell. But his fate was apparently sealed. Ten days later, in the dead of night, an officer with seven soldiers opened the cell-door, clothed him in a dress of sheep-skins, loaded him again with chains, and led him forth. Outside the fort, a two-horsed sledge was waiting. Benyowsky was placed beside it, a soldier took the seat beside him, and the horses instantly flew forward into the darkness of the night. By the tinkling noise of sledge-bells on the road behind him, the Count judged that he was not alone; and when day dawned he discovered that the train was one of sixteen sledges, which were carrying six prisoners, under a guard of Cossacks, across the vast Siberian regions of eternal ice to lifelong exile in Kamchatka.

The distance from St. Petersburg to Kamchatka is, as the crow flies, full four thousand miles. The journey through that arctic wilderness was, at the best of times, a task of many months and of the bitterest privations. Sometimes the exiles were so happy as to pass a night among a nest of Tartar huts; but in general they encamped among the snow.

When provisions were in plenty, they broke their fast on fish or horse-flesh, with a pitcher of mare's milk; but more than once they were reduced to birch-bark sopped in water, while the horses fed on moss. At first their course lay over boundless level plains of snow, broken here and there by grim low hills and swept by icy whirlwinds, over which they passed in sledges, sometimes drawn by horses, sometimes flying at the heels of elks. Then the road ran through gigantic woods and over mountains where no sledge could travel, and where they tramped on foot, frozen with the cold and dropping with fatigue. On one such mountain-top two of the conductors sank down beside the way, and never rose again. Thence they moved through rugged passes where the sledges could be only drawn by dogs. To drive a team of dogs requires much practice; and so Benyowsky, who knew nothing of the art, discovered to his cost. More than once, sledge, team, and driver went rolling down a precipice together from a height of sixty feet. Luckily, the snow was soft and yielding; and man and beast were hoisted out again, scared, bruised, and shaken, but with no broken bones.

At last, in spite of every misadventure, they arrived at Okotsk on the coast, whence they were to cross by ship to the peninsula of Kamchatka. They embarked; the ship weighed anchor; but scarcely was she out of sight of land when the captain and the officers broached a brandy-cask, and speedily all were drunk. The mate was in the hold in irons; and in this position of affairs a storm sprang up, which raged with increasing fury every hour. The crew were helpless; no officer was capable of giving orders. In the middle of the night the mainmast sprung. The captain, roused by the uproar, came tumbling up the hatchway from his drunken sleep, was struck by the falling wreck of

spars, knocked down the steps, and broke his arm. The shock aroused him to a sense of danger; and, finding that the Count could navigate the ship, he gave him charge of her, and went below. All that night Benyowsky kept the ship before the wind. Next morning the gale slackened. A stay was stretched from the mast's stump to the bowsprit; a foresail was rigged up; and Benyowsky, finding the ship manageable, began to think of attempting to escape. He first endeavored, but in vain, to gain the crew. Then he placed a lump of iron on the binnacle, which magnetized the compass, so that the ship appeared to sail due east, when in reality she was sailing south. How this device might have succeeded is not known; for unluckily a gale of wind sprang up from the southwest, which drove the ship directly to Kamchatka, and into the harbor of the river Bolsha.

The prisoners were disembarked, and taken up the river in a boat to the town of Bolsoretskoy Ostrogg. Here they were conducted to the fortress, and the rules of their life in exile were explained to them. They would be set at liberty, supplied with a musket, a lance, powder, lead, an axe, knives, tools for building cabins, and provisions for three days, after which they were expected to maintain themselves by hunting, in the dreary wastes, ermines, wolverines, and sables. Every exile was compelled to report himself once daily to the guards; and disobedience to a guard was punished by starvation.

The little village of the exiles was situated at a league's distance from the town. It consisted of eight cabins, in which lived fifty men and women. Thither the Count and his companions were now led, and were received into the huts of their fellow-exiles until they should be able to build cabins for themselves. Benyowsky was quartered in the hut

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of M. Crustiew—a person of much influence among the exiles. That evening, as they sat before the fire, Benyowsky began to sound his new companion on the chances of escape. Crustiew had a few books in his cabin, among which was *Anson's Voyages*. It was natural that such a book should have suggested the sole project of escape which in truth was possible. To attempt to cross the awful wilderness through which they had come thither was quite hopeless. But Crustiew believed that it might be possible to seize a ship, and to escape by sea. Benyowsky listened; and from that moment the design was never absent from his mind.

Next day the governor, whose name was Nilow, sent for Benyowsky to the fort. An agreeable surprise awaited him. Nilow, hearing that the Count spoke several languages, desired to appoint him tutor to his family, which consisted of three daughters and a son; Benyowsky being still to occupy his cabin in the exile village, but to be exempted from the duties of his comrades, and to receive the pay and rations of a soldier.

The Count accepted the proposal with great willingness. But the scheme had a result which neither he nor Nilow had foreseen. Next day he met his pupils, gave them their first lesson, and afterwards amused them with an account of his adventures. The youngest girl, Aphanasia, a lovely damsel of sixteen, listened as Desdemona listened to Othello, and with a like result. Aphanasia fell in love with Benyowsky.

Chance, as it happened, was to throw them still more intimately together. Aphanasia's mother desired her to learn music, and Benyowsky undertook to be her music-master. Unfortunately, the Count could only play the harp; and no harp existed in the whole peninsula. Benyowsky, in this predicament, volunteered to make one. He formed

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the frame of wood, twisted strings of deers' gut, and produced an instrument which, although in his own phrase "not very lively," enchanted all the people at the fort, and Aphanasia most of all. She and her harp thenceforward were inseparable companions.

Nilow, a drunken, brutal despot, had betrothed his daughter to a rich Kuzina, as drunken and as brutal as himself. Benyowsky heard this story. He could not wed her himself, being already married, but he determined, if it were possible, to rescue her from the Kuzina, whom she detested.

Meantime, he chanced to make acquaintance with a Hetman of the Cossacks named Kolassow, who had lost large sums in playing chess for wagers. Discovering that Benyowsky was a skilful player, Kolassow matched the Count against two wealthy merchants, Casarinow and Csulosinkow. Benyowsky was to play a set of fifty games against whatever champions these two might choose to bring. The games were played; the stakes were heavy, and Benyowsky and his backer swept in several thousand roubles. But this gambling episode was one which very nearly cost the Count his life.

Csulosinkow took his losses badly. One night he lay in wait, together with his cousin, as Benyowsky was returning to his cabin. The pair sprang out upon him, armed with knives and bludgeons. Benyowsky had no weapon but a stick, and at the first onset he was badly wounded. With one blow he split the cousin's skull; and Csulosinkow thereupon fell on his knees and roared for mercy. Benyowsky let him go,—and himself crawled homeward to his cabin, where during the next ten days he lay in bed. The cousin died.

Casarinow took a stealthier method of revenge. On New Year's Day the prisoners arranged a humble festival among themselves. Casarinow sent

them, on the occasion, a present of some sugar, which the exiles put into their tea. The sugar had been poisoned; and in a few minutes the whole company were rolling on the ground in convulsions. Benyowsky, who had only sipped his cup, found himself quaking like a man with ague. Copious draughts of whale oil gave the sufferers relief. But one of them, who had drunk largely, died on the spot, while another recovered only from the jaws of death.

The sugar was suspected. A sample, wrapped up in a piece of fish, was tested on a dog and on a cat. The animals went into strong convulsions, and in ten minutes both were dead.

Next morning Benyowsky called upon the governor, and accused Casarinow of the crime. Nilow was at first incredulous; but Benyowsky hit upon a simple proof. Casarinow was invited to drink tea at the fort that afternoon. He came; the tea was brought, and Casarinow was about to put it to his lips when Nilow mentioned, with a careless air, that he had received his sugar from the exiles, who had passed it to him as a New Year's gift. Instantly Casarinow turned as white as ashes. "Why, Casarinow," said his host, "you look ill. But drink; the tea will cure you." The wretched man put down the cup, and turned away. His guilt was manifest. Nilow made a sign, the guards rushed in, and he was seized and dragged away to prison.

This adventure was well over. But another cause of trouble was at hand. One of Benyowsky's fellow-exiles, Hippolitus Stephanow, had caught a glimpse of Aphanasia, and had lost his heart. With envy, he saw the Count rise into favor. Thenceforth, to plot and cavil against Benyowsky became the business of his life. He began by insulting him among the exiles; then he challenged him to fight. The Count accepted. The assailants

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met with broadswords, and Stephanow was speedily disarmed. Benyowsky spared his life; and Stephanow broke into a flood of gratitude, which afterwards proved to be worth nothing.

While these events were passing, the Count's resolution to escape had never for an instant faltered. He had formed, in secret, a council of the exiles, of which he was himself the ruling spirit. He was waiting only for an opportunity to play a desperate game; and at last the chance arrived.

A captain of the name of Csurin was in harbor with his ship, with which he was engaged to sail to Okotsk. But he durst not sail to Okotsk, where a process was abroad against him on a charge of having mutinied two years before. In this predicament Benyowsky gained his ear. It was not difficult to persuade a desperate man to share the lot of men as desperate as himself. It was agreed to man the ship with Benyowsky's comrades, and to escape, if possible, together in the darkness of the night.

The risks of the attempt were great. And everything depended on success. If the attempt failed, the adventurers would wear away the remnant of their lives in chains and dungeons, and the last state of their captivity would be bitterer than the first. Yet a chance so golden could on no account be missed. Benyowsky resolved to get on board, if it were possible, without awakening suspicion—but, if he were discovered and opposed, to fight to his last man, and either reach the ship or perish.

Preparations for the attempt at once began. But before everything was ready an incident occurred which nearly ruined all. By some means, the governor's suspicions were aroused, and he was preparing to arrest the conspirators in a body. The Count heard of this and instantly made ready; the exiles were assembled, arms in hand, in Benyowsky's

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cabin. It was a desperate enterprise; and the hearts of the little band beat high within them, as they awaited the beginning of events which were to end in death or freedom.

The day—the 20th of April—was closing into dusk, when a corporal with four grenadiers was reported to be approaching from the town. The corporal came up to the cabin door and called on Benyowsky to attend him to the fortress. The Count thrust his head out of a window and in a pleasant voice invited the corporal to step in. The corporal loved a glass of wine. He entered. Instantly the door was shut, four pistols were presented, and he was bidden, on his life, to summon his soldiers one by one into the hut. As they entered, they were seized and bound; and in three minutes all five men were lying safely in the cellar.

Four hours passed; it was nine o'clock, and almost dark, when a strong body of soldiery, armed with a cannon, was announced to be approaching. A single cannon-shot would have sufficed to blow the hut and all within it into atoms. Benyowsky called upon his comrades. Filled with the fire of men whose lives were in their hands, they rushed forth upon the foe. The soldiers, panic-stricken at that furious onset, left the cannon and ran like hares into the neighboring woods.

Dragging the cannon with them, the conspirators stole forward to the fort. The sentinel, seeing in the dusky light a troop approaching with a cannon, imagined that his own companions were returning. He gave the challenge; but Benyowsky, with a pistol in his hand, bade a prisoner return the counterword. The man obeyed; the sentinel let fall the drawbridge; the exiles rushed across it, blew down the grating with a petard, and burst into the fort.

Then the fight was fierce and brief. Nilow, refusing to accept his life, was in the act of firing

his pistol at Benyowsky, when he was struck down. The guards, of whom twelve only had been left within, were killed or taken. And the fort was in the hands of the exiles.

By this time all the town was rising—at least three hundred Cossacks were in arms; and soon a storming-party, with Kolassow at its head, appeared before the gate. But the ramparts were alive with fiery eyes, the bridge was up, the castle-guns were roaring. Kolassow was compelled to change his tactics; he drew off beyond the reach of shot, to the heights which overlooked the castle, and prepared to starve them out.

But the Count was ready with a counter-scheme. No sooner was Kolassow gone, than he sent a band of men into the streets to gather the women and children together into the church. Nearly a thousand were soon mustered, and locked in. Chairs, tables, railings, doors, were broken up and piled at the four corners of the building. Three women and twelve girls were then despatched as envoys to Kolassow, announcing that unless the Cossacks instantly laid down their arms, the building would be set in flames and every soul within it perish.

Benyowsky, who had no real intention of perpetrating such an atrocity, had relied on the bare threat to prove effectual; but time passed, and still Kolassow gave no sign. Benyowsky bade a pile be kindled. In an instant, as the flames shot up, the heights became alive with handkerchiefs and white-fluttering flags of truce. Soon fifty Cossacks, fiery-hot with haste, came racing in advance, crying aloud that all the troops were following, and had laid down their arms. The aspect of the flames—mere idle menace as it was—had wrought like magic. The Count received into the fort as hostages fifty-two of the chief townsmen, and ordered the church-doors to be thrown open.

And now Benyowsky was master, not only of the castle, but of the town itself. He was able to complete at ease his preparations for the voyage. He had, during the assault, received a wound in the right leg; and he was forced to lie in idleness for several days.

It was the 11th of May, 1771, when the exiles, ninety-six in all, embarked on board of the *St. Peter and St. Paul*. Every other ship in the harbor, which might be used in the pursuit, was set in flames. The hostages were sent ashore, the flag of Poland ran up to the peak; and a salute of twenty cannon, thundering from the port-holes, proclaimed that the bold exiles had gained their freedom!

And then began "the moving accidents" of sea. The ship stood out of harbor among masses of rough ice, through which at times a way was only to be forced by firing cannon at the floes. At night, the deck was covered with a sheet of ice two inches thick; and huge fires, flaming round the masts, were required to thaw the sails, which froze as stiff as iron. In spite of all precautions the vessel, battered by the floating bergs, sprang a leak; the pumps had to be kept going day and night; and before the rift was stopped the crew were dropping with fatigue. Then the water-barrels froze and burst; Benyowsky was compelled to limit the supply; and thereon Stephanow, still ripe for mischief, stirred up certain of the crew to mutiny. These men, in search of water, tapped a brandy-barrel by mistake, drank themselves into a frenzy, and staved in every water-cask but two. When, next day, the mutineers grew sober and realized their folly they turned on Stephanow in fury, and would have hanged him from the yards. The Count, however, once more saved the life of his insidious enemy; and Stephanow was made a scullion.

But the mischief was achieved. The ship was

nearing warmer regions. No land was in sight; and food, as well as water, ran so low that a little bread made out of salted fish ground into powder was all that could be served out daily. Famine forced the crew to strange expedients. At one time beaver-skins, chopped into mince-meat, were stewing in whale oil; at another, twenty pairs of boots were boiling in the pot. On the 14th of July—nine weeks after their departure—the ship was still a fortnight from Japan; and the water was all gone.

And now, for the first time in his career, Benyowsky gave up everything for lost. Ill health, following on his wound, had shaken him; and he believed that he was dying. He resigned his office as commander, gave some last instructions, crawled into his hammock, and lay down to wait for death.

But in the middle of that night the Count's dog Nestor was seen standing on the forecastle, thrusting out his nose at the horizon, and barking like a dog gone frantic. Nestor was a prophet. When day dawned, a line of land was lying like a cloud on the horizon. It was a desert island, rich in fruit and game. In a few hours the crew were shooting goats and boars, breaking open cocoa-nuts, and eating delicious fruits.

The water-casks were filled; the ship's larder was replenished; and the sails were once more given to the wind. A fortnight later the ship sailed safely into Usilpatchar Bay; and the voyagers found themselves surrounded by almond eyes and yellow faces, gaudy fluttering dresses and twirling parasols. Benyowsky waited on the king. He found that potentate seated on a yellow sofa in a rich saloon, apparellled in a robe of blue and green, and girdled with a yellow girdle. The king received the Count with great hospitality. The visitor was invited to a royal feast; and Benyowsky tried,

but tried in vain, to eat a bird's nest with a pair of chop-sticks. In return, he taught the monarch how to use a musket, with which his majesty, to his infinite delight, killed a horse at the first shot. The king presented Benyowsky with a jeweled sabre, a string of pearls, and a box of gold and gems.

The ship revictualed; and the voyagers stood away for China. Twelve days later they touched in passing at the island of Usmay Ligon. Benyowsky put to land the ship's boat. A high sea was running; the boat was swamped, and the crew were swept into the surf. The Count was dashed upon a rock, and was with difficulty dragged by his companions to the shore, where for some time he lay senseless, and to all appearance dead. But at length his eyes opened, and he returned to life.

The natives of the island had been civilized to some extent by a Jesuit missionary named Ignatio Salis, who had lived long among them. Ignatio was now dead; but his memory was still held in the profoundest reverence. His breviary, borne upon a carpet, was regarded as a talisman; his ashes rested in an earthen urn upon the altar of the nation's savage temple. The present chieftain was a captain of Tonquin who had been Ignatio's fellow-worker. This man, whose name was Nicolo, received the voyagers with great kindness, placed huts at their disposal while the ship was undergoing some repairs, and did his best, indeed, to persuade Benyowsky to settle with him on the island. But for his wife at home Benyowsky might have yielded. He replied, in fact, that he must first see Europe, but that very probably he might then return.

Again the ship set sail. Two days afterwards she touched Formosa. An exploring party landed, and came across a tribe of natives, headed by a Spaniard, Don Hieronimo Pacheco, whose appear-

ance must have strikingly resembled Robinson Crusoe's in his dress of skins. This man's history was itself a dark and strange romance. He had been a Grandee of Manila, had committed a crime, had fled in a small vessel manned by six of his own slaves, had landed at Formosa, and during the last seven years had been a savage chief. Don Hieronimo came on board the ship, and welcomed Benyowsky with great friendship. But meantime a party of the crew on land had come across a hostile tribe; and presently the ship's boat was seen returning from the shore with several of the crew stuck full of arrows, and three men dead or dying at the bottom.

Benyowsky had not meant to tarry at the island. But the slaughter of their comrades roused the crew to fury. The Count and Don Hieronimo put their men together, descended on the hostile tribe, slew a vast number of them, and burnt their village to the ground.

Prince Huapo, one of the greatest chieftains of the country, seeing this achievement, offered Benyowsky a rich prize to march against his enemy, Prince Hapuasingo. The Count accepted this proposal, marched with forty men upon the nest of wigwams which Hapuasingo called his city, seized him as he was hiding, like Achilles, in his tent, and brought him back a captive. Huapo, in his gratitude, presented Benyowsky with silver, gold, and jewels. This barbaric treasure the Count shared among his followers. "A generous gift"—as he remarks in point—"is worth a thousand speeches, of whatever eloquence."

Once more the sails were spread; and thence the ship made way without adventure. A few days later, on the morning of the 22d of September, she sailed safely into the harbor of Mecao. The escape was finally accomplished; the voyage was at an end.

Benyowsky claimed protection from the flag of France, and at once obtained a passage on the *Dauphin*. But before the exiles separated a misfortune fell upon him. Stephanow, who had taken service with the Dutch Company, broke open the Count's chest, robbed him of all the presents and mementos which he had gathered on the voyage, sold them for a trifle to a Jew, and disappeared.

Benyowsky now sailed for France. He landed, waited on Duc d'Aiguillon, and was at once invited to enter the French service. The Count accepted the proposal, and sent off an equerry to bring his wife from Zips. Through all his perils and adventures—in the battle against Russia, in the den at Cazan, with the snow-surrounded sledges, among the exiles' cabins, in the lands of savage tribes—her form had ever been a pole-star, cheering, guiding, glittering before his inner eye. She came with all the speed that could be urged; and what that meeting was must be imagined.

The Duc d'Aiguillon, at the King's desire, proposed that Benyowsky should proceed to Madagascar, with the design of planting on the island a French settlement. No proposal could have better suited his adventurous spirit. A ship was fitted out; three hundred men were sent on board; and on the 22d of March, 1773, the Count, together with his wife, set sail from Europe. It was the last and strangest venture of his life.

The ship first anchored at the Isle of France. The Count was armed with letters to the governor, who was charged to aid the expedition with all requisite supplies. But Benyowsky, on handing in his papers, found himself received with howls of rage. The merchants of the Isle looked jealously on the projected settlement, which threatened to interfere with their own trade. Impediments of

every kind were brought against him; and at length he was compelled to sail for Madagascar, without the stores he had expected, and with faint prospect of receiving more.

He landed at Louisburg in Antimaroa. And his calamities at once began. That night, the native chieftains, twenty-eight in number, came, attended by two thousand black retainers, to listen to his scheme. To this assembly Benyowsky painted in a speech of glowing colors the profit to be gathered from a trade with France. The dusky kings appeared to acquiesce, and dispersed. But next day all was changed. A chief named Siloulout demanded to confer with Benyowsky in a neighboring wood. The Count sent forward spies; three hundred men were lying in an ambush, ready to murder him. Benyowsky, with a troop, burst suddenly upon them, and sent them flying to the winds. Next day the river was dyed red with the heavy-fruited branches of the tanguin tree, which turned the water into deadly poison. Benyowsky cleared the river, burnt down all the tanguins in the district, and once more cheated his insidious foes. But thenceforward ceaseless vigilance was needed; and there were dangers against which no vigilance could avail. The climate, at that season, was, to Europeans, almost as perilous as a poisoned stream. A little village of log-huts was built with toil, together with a fortress and a hospital. The hospital was soon required. The air was charged with fever, the stores were poor, the stock of drugs was scanty, and the colonists, by some strange oversight, had with them no physician. At one time Benyowsky and his wife, both stricken by miasma, were lying at death's door together. From the Isle of France no aid could be obtained. The recruits sent out, ostensibly to swell the little force, turned out to be thieves and cut-throats from the dungeons, or

dying men out of the hospital. And in this position the tiny colony was compelled to keep perpetually alert against the Saphirobai and the Seclaves, two tribes which every day grew bolder and more insolent.

For several months the struggle was kept up with heroic resolution. But disasters thickened; the natives could be kept at bay no longer; the complete destruction of the settlers seemed inevitably at hand; when an event, unexcelled in strangeness among all the visions of romance, in an instant changed the scene as by enchantment.

Benyowsky had brought over from the Isle of France an old, half-crazy negress called Susanna, who had been sold in childhood to the French. Among Susanna's fellow-captives had been the daughter of the Ampansacabe, the supreme king of Madagascar, Ramini Larizon. The race of Ramini were both seers and kings. They claimed to trace their descent from a kinsman of Mahomet, the Great Prophet; and their power over their subjects was absolute. Since the death of Larizon sixty-six years before, there had been no heir to take the rank and office. His daughter, indeed, had, during her captivity, borne a son; but the boy had become lost to sight; and the great name, at which fifty thousand dusky worshippers had once hushed their breath, now seemed to have become extinct for ever.

But now there came a marvel. The lost heir was rediscovered. By certain marks which could not be mistaken, Susanna, who had lived in serfdom with his mother, had recognized his person. A vision from on high, she said, impelled her to proclaim the tidings. Raving like a prophetess in frenzy, she began to cry aloud a word which made the ears of the natives tingle. The lost heir was Benyowsky!

The strange hallucination spread like wildfire. The tribe of the Sambarives, to which the Ramini belonged, rose up in tumult. One of their chiefs, Ciewi by name, was instantly despatched, attended by two hundred tribesmen, to invite the Count to take possession of his ancestral throne; and Benyowsky, at the very moment of despair, saw himself hailed king of fifty thousand savage warriors, every man of whom regarded him with an awe and reverence far stronger than the love of life.

He fell in with their delusion, and instantly accepted the position. The French had, in his eyes, betrayed and wronged him. He sent in his resignation to the Service, took off his uniform, and put on the skins and feathers of a savage king. The ceremony of his installation must have been a truly striking scene. Thirty thousand warriors were drawn up in a circle, tribe by tribe, in the midst of a vast plain, having the women in the outer ring. Before each tribe an ox stood ready for the sacrifice. Seven chiefs conducted Benyowsky from his pavilion to the plain; and as he came before them, the great multitude flung themselves together on their faces. The oxen were then slaughtered, the heads of spears were dipped in blood, and on these the warriors took the oath of loyalty by licking with their tongues the scarlet points. An aged chief placed in the new king's hand an assegai by way of scepter; and once again the vast assembly fell together on their faces, before the feet of the great white Ampansacabe.

Nor was his wife without her dignity. That same evening, before the beginning of the dances which were to last all night, the women of the tribes swore fealty to Queen Benyowsky, to obey her in all quarrels in which men had no concern.

Such was the last strange change in Benyowsky's fortune. He had been a captive in the lands of

everlasting ice; he was now the sovereign of a kingdom where no snowflake ever fell. His power over his black subjects was supreme. It was for him to use it well. A scheme of great and wide beneficence arose before him. He resolved to civilize his nation; to found, in his own right, a trade with Europe; to bring into the island farmers, carpenters and blacksmiths, who should teach his people how to build and plough. With these objects, he resolved himself to visit Europe. His empire was committed to a council of the chiefs; a brig, the *Belle Arthur*, was obtained and fitted for the voyage; and amidst the tears and cries of the vast dusky throngs who followed with their eyes his fading sails, he put once more to sea.

At this point the Count's own *Memoirs*, which thus far we have been following, break off. The brief remainder of the story must be gleaned from various sources. The broken pieces, set together, come to this—

The ship reached Europe safely. But the Count could find no State prepared to aid him, at the risk of war with France. He then resolved to try America; and at Baltimore he made arrangements with a firm of merchants, who supplied him with a vessel, the *Intrepid*, of four hundred and fifty tons and thirty guns; in which, with a rich cargo, he spread his sails again for Madagascar. His faithful wife, who was in poor health, he was compelled to leave in Baltimore. She never saw his face again.

Instantly on his arrival in his kingdom, he declared hostilities against the French. At the head of his black warriors, he first seized their storehouse at Angoutei. He then set off, attended only by a hundred men, to storm their factory at Foul Point. But the French had there a ship with sixty troopers, of which he had received no warning. On

the morning of the 23d of May, 1786, they landed, and attacked him.

The Count had barely time to throw up a redoubt, defended by two guns, when the enemy were upon him. The affair was over in a moment. He who had escaped alive out of so many perils had now reached his last. As the French rushed forward, firing in a volley, a musket-bullet struck Benyowsky in the breast. He instantly sank back behind the rampart. His black troops, seeing their king fall, fled panic-stricken; and the French soldiers, bursting over the redoubt, seized his dead body by the hair, and dragged it forth into the open ground.



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A MONG the many brave patriots that fought their way to undying military renown during the American Revolution, none was more picturesque than General Anthony Wayne, the "Mad Anthony" of Stony Point, and a score of other well-fought and well-won fields. He was the Prince Rupert of the American forces.

If a man comes of fighting stock, he is apt to make a good fighter himself when the time comes that his country needs him. Wayne's grandfather was a Yorkshireman, who moved from England to County Wicklow, Ireland. As a stanch Protestant, he espoused the cause of William of Orange when he came to win a throne in Britain. When William landed in Ireland, Grandfather Wayne was in command of a troop of dragoons, and distinguished himself at the battle of the Boyne. In 1722 he emigrated to Pennsylvania. His son, the father of the dashing Anthony, was a man of wealth and position. He owned 15,000 acres, was a member of the assembly, and, what was of more importance in those colonial days, a noted Indian fighter. Anthony Wayne, who was to win greater military fame than any of his ancestors, was born in the township of Eastown, Pennsylvania, on New Year's day, 1745. From his earliest childhood the stories he heard were of battle and siege in the wars with the French, and the outrages inflicted on the English settlers by the Indians. Father and neighbors were repeatedly called out to repulse some inroad of the enemy, so that he was really bred up amid the alarms of war.

The Indians, led by French officers, burned and massacred to within forty miles of Philadelphia, where many a good Quaker felt it necessary, while carrying on his peaceful meditations on brotherly love, carefully to tend to the priming of his recently purchased musket, and to keep his flints in order. Whole villages were laid waste; men, women, and children were butchered in cold blood. The troops sent against the French on the western frontier of the colony often passed through Waynesboro.

Anthony was sent early to a school conducted by his uncle, and his scholarship at first was hardly sufficient to keep him there. He was constantly drilling his comrades, and putting them through the manual of arms. At every recess, conflicts, planned after those in the school histories, raged about the playground. They were not sham battles in the true sense of the word, for the good schoolmaster felt called upon to complain to the lad's father that Anthony's troops were supplied frequently with black eyes and bloody noses. He also wrote that, unless the youngster applied himself more diligently to his books, he would have to leave school. Wayne at this dire threat put himself manfully to work to learn his distasteful tasks. Nevertheless, in spare hours the shout of battle would be heard about the neighborhood, and the startled villagers would throw up their windows to see part of the town boys go whooping by as red Indians, while Anthony, as a doughty leader of colonial troops, charged boldly on the retreating ranks of the discomfited foe. These days showed that the boy had the making of a masterful and strong-willed man, for his influence over his schoolmates was such that he had but to suggest and they would follow. He was also master of Anthony, which was the greater achievement of the two, and studied so hard, that at the end of eighteen months his uncle, the school-

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master, had to acknowledge that he could teach the boy no more, and that he was well fitted to pass on to a school of higher grade.

Young Wayne went to an academy in Philadelphia, and in two years was a well educated civil engineer, dragging chain and instruments through the pathless forests of Pennsylvania. Unlike many youths with longings for a military career, mathematics was to him one of the most interesting of studies, and accounted for the final choice of his profession. A new vista was opened for the young man by Benjamin Franklin, who was the head of an association organized for the purpose of buying lands in Nova Scotia, and settling them with English colonists. Wayne, then but twenty years old, was chosen to manage the enterprise in the field.

Wayne took a numerous company of settlers to Nova Scotia, and placed them on a tract of land near the St. John's River. The tract was a hundred thousand acres in extent. He also took up another large grant on the banks of the Piticoodzock. In the records in the old Crown Land Office, in the ancient city of Quebec, may yet be seen old deeds and transfers, to which is attached the name of Anthony Wayne.

The young manager surveyed the enormous tracts allotted to the company, found convenient places for ferries, and explored the country in search of mineral springs, iron and coal mines, mast lands and limestone deposits. He made his report to the company in December, in Philadelphia, and they were entirely satisfied with the way in which he had conducted the venture. He was made permanent resident manager for the company in Nova Scotia, and returned there the following spring. The trouble with the mother country had grown so threatening, that it was soon seen that it would be unsafe for the Philadelphia company to continue

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the enterprise. Accordingly, Wayne and his colonists had to abandon their settlement and return home. When he arrived in Philadelphia, he married his sweetheart, Mary Penrose, who belonged to a prominent family of the colony, and took her to his home at Waynesboro, where young Wayne set himself up in business as a tanner.

He went into the political life of Pennsylvania, and was soon filling various local offices. He was one of the representatives sent from Chester County to the Pennsylvania Assembly that met in Philadelphia in 1774. He took a leading part in the assembly, and we find him acting both as member and chairman of important committees appointed by that body.

When the news of the battles of Lexington and Concord reached Chester County, Wayne foresaw that a long and bloody conflict was imminent. He was active in the Committee of Safety, in forming military companies, and arranging with the local authorities for supplies of arms and ammunition. He secured from Philadelphia all the books that could be bought there dealing with military subjects. He became drill master to the raw but patriotic recruits of his home county, who were as interested as he in the great game that all felt they must soon play against opponents better trained and better equipped than themselves. John Adams wrote from Philadelphia that one "would burst to see whole companies of armed Quakers in that city, in uniforms, going through the manual."

At the first outbreak of the Revolution, Wayne was made colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania. It was at first a rather turbulent organization, but their commander soon brought them into a state of discipline; and the spirit that would have caused trouble to a less resolute officer was developed into an *esprit de corps*, a soldierly pride, that sent the

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regiment forward into places of danger considered untenable by the enemy. Wayne was soon sent North to the recently conquered fortress of Ticonderoga and then on to Canada. He arrived too late to take part in the siege of Quebec, but joined the forces under General Sullivan. It was in the expedition against Three Rivers that Wayne fought his first battle of the war. A report was brought in by scouts, who had been hanging about the English outposts, that about eight hundred of the enemy had established themselves at Three Rivers. Colonel Arthur St. Clair received permission to attempt a surprise with a force of six hundred. Hardly had his men disappeared down the forest road when General Sullivan decided to send re-enforcements under General Thompson. Under him went Colonel Wayne with two hundred and two men. They overtook St. Clair at Nicolet, crossed the river in the night, and in the mirk of the morning formed for the attack. The entire force now numbered a little less than fifteen hundred. Most of them were Pennsylvanians and men from New Jersey. A large portion of the officers and men, it is interesting to note, were of Scottish blood, the divisions, with the exception of Wayne's, being led by Maxwell, St. Clair, and Irvine.

The expedition now learned that instead of hundreds to oppose them, there were thousands supported by warships. To make matters worse their guides were not certain of the road, and they did not get to the vicinity of the town until the next day. After resting the men, the order to advance was given. They tightened their belts, shouldered their muskets, and plunged into the swamp lands that stretched between them and Three Rivers. Wayne, "the dandy," led, sinking at times in the ooze, and spattering his immaculate white broad-cloth uniform with mud. He was a great stickler

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for the pageantry of war, and laughingly acknowledged that he could fight better if he and his men had a smart and soldierly appearance.

At last, after a toilsome struggle, the men marched out upon the fields near the town, and, though the Americans hardly expected to effect a surprise after their long and delayed march, they found General Frazer's force entirely unprepared to meet them. Why some scouting party, at a time when the armies were in such close touch, had not seen the advancing force and given the alarm was one of the mysteries of the campaign. General Frazer himself dashed out of the camp and down to the shore. Standing on the high bank he called out to the officers of the warships that were lying close in:

"Wake up, and send ashore all the guns you possibly can. The rebels are coming, two or three thousand of them. They are within three miles of the town."

Frazer then hurried back, and a moment later appeared marching at the head of his troops, to meet the oncoming Americans. He had enough soldiers to sweep them away in a moment if they had not been disorganized by surprise. Wayne found himself confronting this superior force; and, at the same moment that he sent forward a company of light infantry, to skirmish with the advance, the shots from the British men-of-war began to drop across his front. He formed his battalion in line of battle; it had been impossible to get through the swamp in any but narrow column formation. He marched his men straight forward until close to Frazer's leading files, then he swung in his wings until they made a crescent about the head of the English column. A sharp command, and the Americans poured in a well directed fire. Front and flank the balls came hissing, and after

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a few moments of conflict the red line broke and fell back towards the camp they had left so proudly a few moments before. Suddenly a heavy column, supported by artillery, attacked Wayne's right. Nothing daunted he led his men forward as Maxwell came up out of the swamp at his left and brought his men on at a run. The other American regiments were also emerging from another part of the morass and forming to meet the force that was firing on Wayne's advancing infantry. Wayne charged on until he saw that the enemy was waiting behind some hastily constructed breastworks and that he was greatly outnumbered. When he got within a short distance of the earthworks, Wayne glanced back, and the sight that met his gaze was enough to discourage the heart of the bravest of men. Hundreds of scarlet coated troops were pushing Maxwell's men back into the swamp, though the latter were fighting desperately and falling back with their face to the foe. At a little distance the two divisions that were under the immediate command of General Thompson were also being forced from the field. The fire from the English infantry in front and a cross fire from the warships, to which the men had no means of replying, left them no alternative but to retreat.

In a few moments it was a battle between Wayne with two hundred determined men against three thousand of the enemy, supported by a powerful fleet. Slowly the two hundred retired, giving ball for ball. In the edge of the forest Wayne found the reserves, and collecting all the men he could from the other regiments, he stood off the enemy until almost their entire force, with colors flying and drums beating, charged to drive him out of his cover in the forest edge. The American force now marched off toward the rear in good order, while Wayne, with twenty marksmen and six officers

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who had volunteered, remained behind to cover the retreat.

And now came one of those scenes that makes the blood of men tingle in their veins and brings the cheer to their lips for the heroes, though their banner bears an insignia different from their own. For one long hour the little band of twenty-seven held three thousand fighting men at bay. Through the clouds of smoke and dust, the hiss of bullets and of shot from musket and cannon, would come sharp and clear the cheer of the American riflemen, as with rifles against their cheeks they swept the field in front. At last waving their weapons vauntingly above their heads they plunged deep into the woods where hounds alone could follow.

Wayne, when he reached the outskirts of the swamp, rallied seven hundred soldiers and forming them into line started them on the backward road to the main army. Some miles from Three Rivers they were attacked by a force numbering fifteen hundred men, but the Americans beat the British back, and for the rest of the march they were not molested. Wayne's boats had been taken away by the guards left in charge, as they were in danger of capture by the British warships beating about in the St. Lawrence. In consequence, Wayne was compelled to march for three days on the upper side of the river until he came opposite Sorel. Here he was able to cross, and reported to General Sullivan with eleven hundred men. Of the American force engaged in the expedition one hundred and fifty had been taken prisoners, including General Thompson, while fifty had been killed or wounded. Wayne received a slight wound in the leg.

At Sorel it was found that a British army of thirteen thousand regulars was advancing from Montreal, and a prompt retreat was the only course left open for the little army under the command of

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General Sullivan. He started his troops up the Sorel River toward Lake Champlain, to avoid the large fleet that had appeared off the American camp. In spite of the necessary haste in the presence of a superior force, the Americans managed to get away with their complete camp outfits. It was storming, and some of the regiments became disorganized in the darkness and rain.

A messenger arrived from Arnold, who was in command at Montreal, asking that re-enforcements be sent to him, in order that he could make sufficient front against the enemy, to bring off his men in safety. The messenger found the rear of the army straggling badly; and he was informed by one of the general officers that it would be exceedingly difficult to get the troops required. The messenger soon saw Wayne and his men marching calmly, and as if on parade. Wayne, as soon as he found what was wanted, drew his men across the road and stopped every man who appeared capable of active service. In a short time, a well organized body of troops was formed and on the march to Montreal. Arnold, it was found, after the troops had been marching north for a while, had managed to escape with his men without the aid of additional troops, and Wayne turned back on the way to Chambly and St. John's. After stopping at Crown Point, the army took up its position in the works at Ticonderoga.

For several months Wayne was in command of the fortress, and strengthened it with additional batteries, block houses and an abatis. If his advice had been taken, and the neighboring mountain fortified, it would have never been necessary for American troops to evacuate the place, as they did do after Wayne left.

Sickness made its appearance within the walls, and there were neither beds nor proper medical

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attendance for those who were stricken. Dead and dying lay side by side in the hospitals. A less courageous spirit than Wayne would have been crushed by the long train of disasters.

A mutiny broke out, that was quelled by Wayne, who stopped the men at the muzzle of his pistol. The time had expired for the mutineers, who declared they were going home. Wayne, however, felt that in this emergency he must keep them to their colors. Many of the soldiers serving were mere boys twelve to fifteen years old. Wayne was now promoted to be a brigadier general for his services in Canada and at the fort, and placed in command of eight regiments of the Pennsylvania line. With these he joined Washington in New Jersey in May, 1777.

While in command of the Pennsylvania line, Wayne came one day into close proximity to the boastful English general, Grant, who had said, at the opening of the war, that he would march through America at the head of five thousand men. Grant had seven hundred and Wayne had five hundred. Six times did Wayne offer battle, marching his men on the English line, but the latter would fire a few volleys and then break in confusion. Wayne would never return the fire, but tried to close with Grant's men. The enemy, when he rushed at them for the sixth time, left the field to Wayne. The English general had his horse's head taken off, and was himself dirtied and bruised by rolling about in the mud.

Wayne led his men with his usual skill and dash at the battle of Brandywine, holding the point of danger for four hours, and only retreating when he discovered an entire division of Cornwallis marching down on his rear. He brought off his men in such good order, however, that the enemy watched them go without offering to attack them.

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After the repulse at Brandywine, the Americans pulled themselves together, and in a few days were again on the march to meet the British forces. One night while Wayne was encamped near a force of the enemy, with the expectation of attacking them in the morning, he was himself attacked by the British under Grey, and, after a desperate conflict, was compelled to retreat. Wayne was accused by jealous officers of not having taken proper precautions, and he at once demanded a court martial, to clear himself.

The court convened and heard the evidence. It found that the surprise was due to the negligence of the principal accusing officer, and at once acquitted Wayne.

At Monmouth, Wayne kept the British line in play, until Washington arrived and ordered back the troops that had been thrown into confusion by Lee's command to retreat. The British Grenadiers were picked to drive Wayne from the field, and their commander, the brave Monckton, in a brief speech urged them to make victory certain by their valor. Wayne was so close to the opposing line that he heard every word of Monckton's speech. The Grenadiers responded to their commander's appeal with a ringing cheer. The charge was made, and repulsed, Monckton being killed. Time and again his men came on in the endeavor to recover his body. They were repeatedly thrown back by the counter charges of Wayne and his men, and at last, completely exhausted, were compelled to beat a retreat.

After Monmouth, Wayne made enemies in the Assembly of Pennsylvania and in Congress by his insistant demands for supplies for his needy troops. At last Arthur St. Clair was placed over him, and he asked for a leave of absence and went to his home in Pennsylvania. He asked Washington to

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form a light corps of which he could have the sole command. The request was granted, and shortly after Washington sent for Wayne to lead them in an attempt on the famous fortress of Stony Point.

Wayne arrived post haste from Pennsylvania, and took immediate command of the light corps. He made his headquarters at Sandy Beach, a mile up the river from Fort Montgomery. Two of his regiments were in camp at Sandy Beach, on the farm belonging to Benjamin Jaques, a soldier who had helped to defend Fort Montgomery at the time of the assault and massacre in 1777. The other two regiments of the light corps were camped east of the Hudson. None of the officers of the brigade knew of the plans for the bold enterprise that was to occupy such a brilliant place in the record of American military achievements.

Wayne, after consulting with Washington, carefully made his preparations to surprise the fortress of Stony Point, and to carry it by storm. He ascended the Donderberg, in order to look down upon the enemies' works, and was for the moment dashed by their apparent strength: It seemed as if nothing human could attack them and live; but his usual desire to attempt a venture that would be considered almost an impossibility, again returned to him. He took Washington with an escort of light infantry to reconnoitre the works. Together they decided that the attack should be made by night. To make the attempt by day would mean a great loss of life and with little hope of success.

Stony Point was an oblong island of one hundred acres, close to the west bank of the Hudson River, twelve miles below West Point. It was a natural fortress, rocky and rugged, the side toward the shore, from which any attacking party might come, being very precipitous. At its highest point it was one hundred and forty feet above the water.

A channel, deep enough for light boats, and forming a good moat or fosse, cut between the island and the main land. On each side of the waterway the ground was swampy for a long distance. An elevated causeway had been built across the marsh to the island at the time when the Americans had first held the island. This causeway had obstructed the channel, and the waves had washed up the sand at both ends of the swamp, making a narrow beach that connected the west shore and the island at low tide. The English troops had constructed on the heights fourteen breastworks that covered every possible approach. Three of them faced the land side in such a way that the cannon would sweep both beach and causeway.

In front of the breastworks an abatis of pointed stakes and trees, felled so that their sharpened branches would point outward, was stretched clear across the island, and another was constructed reaching out beyond the farthest redoubts. Mounted on the works were twenty-two cannon, heavy and light, mortars and howitzers. To defend the post there were six hundred and seven men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Johnson, of the Seventeenth Regiment of Foot. He referred proudly to his fortress as the "Little Gibraltar."

Wayne wanted to leave nothing undone that would insure the success of his hazardous venture. He asked that better uniforms be provided for the men, but this could not be done in the straightened state of the army's finances. He also asked that each officer be provided with a copy of Baron Steuben's book of military instructions. He got a few of these. He also requested Washington to secure fifty espontoons for the company officers. These were half pikes or short spears, the blades being broad and well fitted for the hand-to-hand combat, such as would result from a night attack upon an

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entrenched position. He received them greatly to his satisfaction, and also to that of the officers, who had expected to do their part with the light side arms usually worn in the Revolutionary campaigns.

Washington arranged the general plan of the attack, and Wayne was to change any details he saw fit in case of emergency. On the 11th of July parties of riflemen began to scout about Stony Point, keeping the garrison in a constant state of alarm, and preventing the officers from sending out spies or the usual patrols. "Light Horse" Harry Lee with a hundred and fifty troopers rode back and forth on the landward side, to see that no reinforcements or information could be got through to the fort. The troopers killed every dog within three miles of the garrison so that no unusual barking, caused by the appearance of marching men, would come on the evening air to the alert ears of the sentries on the ramparts of the fort.

One of the officers arrested the "Widow Calhoun and another widow going to the enemy with chickens and greens," and kept them quietly secluded until there had been a change of market and customers at the Point.

Two days later, the light infantry, that had been camped in the hills on the east bank of the Hudson, were brought across the river to join their comrades on the shore at Sandy Beach. They were sheltered temporarily in huts of brush and bark.

Towards noon the next day every battalion of the light infantry corps was ordered out to parade. They were commanded to appear "fresh shaved and well powdered." Every button and brass shone with much rubbing, while the gun barrels and bayonets of the rank and file glittered and glinted in the July sun. Every officer had done his utmost to get his uniforms and trappings in the best possible condition to pass muster under the watchful

eye of their fastidious leader. Wayne and his field officers strode up and down the line, every gun was presented; the ramrods were rung in the barrels, and every haversack opened to show that it contained the rations allotted for a brief campaign. Until noon not one of Wayne's force knew definitely that an expedition was really in the orders of the day. The officers of the scouting parties alone had been informed of the work they were to do.

The inspection over, the soldiers had expected that the order would be given to break ranks and return to their company kitchens for dinner. In place of this, however, they were formed into column and marched off southward to Fort Montgomery, with two small field pieces under picked artillerymen, clanking along behind. At the Fort they wheeled to the right, and in a long thin line entered the narrow pass that reaches into the hills between Torn Mountain on the right and Bear Mountain on the left.

It was a memorable march, and one to be told for many a long year at veterans' firesides among the snowy hills of New Hampshire, in homes along the bleak coast of New England, and in the quiet valleys of Pennsylvania and Virginia; wherever the soldiers of Wayne finally pitched their tents, and waited for a louder trumpet than ever rose in battle among the dark mountains of the Hudson. They advanced in deep silence, a silence broken only at long intervals by a muttered order, whispered from rank to rank, or the rattle of a sword scabbard or a musket butt as they caught in some low bush, or dislodged some stone that fell noisily into the mountain stream below. About them lay the unbroken woods bathed in the July sun; back of them and on each hand rose the great mountains that cast black shadows across the blue and brown ranks; once an eagle rose, soaring in a great circle.

Late in the afternoon the troops debouched upon a small platoon where they could look down on Stony Point a mile and a half away. The men were now formed into three columns, Colonel Febiger commanding the first, Butler the second, and Major Murfree the third. From each of the two first columns were picked one hundred and fifty men. These were placed twenty paces in front of their respective divisions. Every man of the entire command was given a piece of white paper, to place in his hat in order to distinguish one another in the darkness.

In a low voice the order of battle was then read to the expectant soldiers, who until that moment had no information as to what the night's work was to be. The men of the two heaviest columns were to keep their muskets unloaded and to depend entirely on the bayonet. Murfree's men, however, were to have their pieces charged with ball. The officers were to use their recently acquired espoons-toons in the mêlée that was to come at the crest of the hill.

Wayne in his orders said: "The General has the fullest confidence in the bravery and fortitude of the corps. Should there be any soldier so lost to the feeling of honor as to attempt to retreat one single foot or skulk in the face of danger, the officer next to him is immediately to put him to death—that he may no longer disgrace the name of a soldier, or the corps or State he belongs to. The misconduct of one man is not to put the whole corps in danger or disorder, and to be suffered to pass with life."

Wayne then had it announced that, to show his appreciation of special acts of valor, that the first five men who entered the works of the enemy were to receive \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, and \$100; the first man, in addition to the money, to be promoted.

Colonel Febiger and Colonel Butler chose twenty men each that were to clear the way for their columns. These men slung their muskets across their backs and were given axes and hooks, to cut down the abatis. If any of them survived, they were to charge over the breastworks with the rest. All of the younger officers were so anxious to have the honor of leading these "forlorn hopes," that the question was settled by drawing lots.

Febiger was to march down until he reached the south end of the swamp that protected the landward side of the Point, cross the sand-bar and then charge up the south side of the hill. Wayne himself was to go with this detachment. Colonel Butler was ordered to go to the north end of the swamp, make his way across the sand-bar and charge up the north side. While these columns were making their assaults, Murfree was to march his men, their muskets loaded, down the causeway and over the bridge on the regular road into the fortress. As soon as the British opened fire, he was to dash over the bridge and open fire, the object being to make the enemy believe that the main attack was being made along the causeway. When the first line was carried, the troops of all three divisions were to call "the fort is ours," and to keep it up until all opposition was crushed.

Late in the evening Wayne, accompanied by a few of his staff officers, made his final reconnoisance and carefully examined the three routes to be taken by his men.

Everything indicated that the enemy had no suspicion of the coming attack and felt perfectly secure in their "Little Gibraltar."

At half past eleven, Wayne took his position in front of Colonel Fibiger's column. Only the foremost ranks could make out his form as they waited in the darkness. Then they saw him draw his sword

and the well known voice rang sharp and clear:
“Forward! March!”

With a rattle and heave the long line of men put themselves in motion and marched down the slope. After they had gone a half mile and were a mile from the fortress the three divisions separated and hurried swiftly forward to their designated positions.

When Wayne and the column he was leading reached the sand-bar at the south end of the swamp, they found that the tide was coming in, and the water nearly three feet deep. Nothing daunted the men plunged in.

It was a half hour after midnight when the ear of the sentry on the heights above heard a suspicious splashing of the waters of the moat. Peering forward he saw something dark moving toward the bank on which his picket was placed. He threw up his musket and the next moment the crash of the piece sent the echoes rolling and vibrating along the shore and among the foothills of the Donderberg.

Murfree's men at once rushed the causeway, firing as they came on. Wayne's men splashed across, all thought of concealing their movements abandoned. They had to wade across a stretch of six hundred feet, and before they had gone half that distance the enemy had waked up, formed behind the breastworks and opened fire with small arms and cannon. Through a rain of shot Wayne and his men plunged forward. As they reached the abatis seventeen of the intrepid advance squad were killed. Wayne was struck in the head by a bullet that caused him to fall headlong. He was up in a moment, and cried:

“March on!”

He then called to his aides: “Help me into the fort. Let me die at the head of my column.”

The riflemen swarmed over the parapets, and without attempting to load and fire, drove the defenders back toward the parade ground with cold steel. The French volunteer, Fleury, and several others who had been the first to reach the crest, dashed after the grenadiers, and raised the shout:

"The fort is ours! The fort is ours!"

All of the men took up the cry until it reechoed among the mountains and told the distant camps the kind of work that was being done. Butler's troops, at the moment the shout was raised, came vaulting over the obstructions at the north of the Point, and the English foot at once gave ground.

As the cry "the fort's our own" began to swell into a roar of triumph, the defenders threw down their arms and called for quarter. The Americans accepted the surrender and placed a guard over the prisoners, who numbered nearly six hundred. One man only had escaped by swimming off. Fleury rushed to the flag-staff and hauled down the colors. The captured cannon were loaded and then trained on the British ship *Vulture*, which was moored in the river.

The victory of Stony Point, coming in one of the dark hours of the Revolution, raised the wildest enthusiasm throughout the country. Congress voted a gold medal to Wayne, and silver medals to Fleury and Seward. Three of the men who had displayed the most reckless daring, were brevetted captains. Congress also commended Wayne "for his brave, prudent, and well conducted attack at Stony Point."

The famous light infantry continued its existence for only a year after it had swept over the works at Stony Point. It was disbanded, and the men, for the most part, became members of other corps. They were picked soldiers, used to the trade of war, and not ready to give it up while there was work to be done.

HISTORIC DEEDS OF DANGER AND DARING

Wayne for a while was on waiting orders and returned home, but came back to duty in May, 1780. He was given a brigade of Pennsylvania troops, General St. Clair being his commanding officer, as commander of the Pennsylvania line. Wayne had not been back long before he took his men on a raid down the Hudson into New Jersey. He attacked a block house on Bergen Heights that was filled with Tories, and made it so warm for them that three thousand British troops were sent across the Hudson from New York City to drive off the American force. They did not land, however, and the raiders went off with most of the cattle and forage in the vicinity. The British claimed a great victory as the attackers had gone, leaving the block house in the possession of the Tories, but Wayne had used his attack on this outpost only to keep the enemy busy while he gathered up supplies for the American army. It also gave the British commander such a scare that he gave up a contemplated raiding expedition among the Connecticut towns.

Wayne was one of the men on whom Washington felt he could rely in the dark hours immediately following Arnold's treason. Arnold had weakened the garrison at West Point so that an attempt on it, even by a small British force, must have been successful. Washington sent a messenger post haste to Tappan, where Wayne had his headquarters. The aide rode up to Wayne's tent an hour after midnight, and a few moments later the rattle of drums woke the sleeping men and they came running, musket in hand, to the colors. A brief word of command and the two brigades headed up the river on their march to save West Point. They covered the sixteen miles in four hours, marching in the dark, an almost unequaled feat in a similar country. At five in the morning they were at the entrance to the Haverstraw Pass, that is the gate-

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way through the mountains to West Point. Not one man was reported missing.

West Point was placed under the command of Wayne, who wrote to a friend:

"I shall not throw myself into the works, but will dispute the approaches inch by inch and at the point of the bayonet, and decide the fate of the day in the gorge of the defiles at every expense of blood."

Some time later a revolt broke out among the troops of the Pennsylvania line who were without money, proper food or sufficient clothing. Shoes were at a premium, and some of the men were forced to march with their feet bound up with rags. Thirteen hundred of them marched off for Philadelphia to demand assistance from Congress. Wayne followed them, and found them keeping military order and perfectly loyal to their country, but determined to have their wrongs redressed. Congress became frightened, amnesty was proclaimed to the mutineers and the troops were supplied with necessities. In fact, it was a good experience for the Continental Congress, who had long neglected the troops on the Hudson.

In 1780, Wayne went South with eight hundred men, with orders to join General Greene, who was opposing the army of Lord Cornwallis. He was not able to do this, but at Fredericksburg, Virginia, Wayne met Lafayette and his forces. The latter, with the re-enforcements of Wayne and one other general, found himself at the head of six thousand men, and he at once followed Cornwallis down the peninsula, Wayne leading the advance guard. On July 6, 1781, it was found that the enemy was at Green Spring, on the James River. Wayne at once took his eight hundred men, and advanced rapidly over a corduroy road, that formed a causeway through a large swamp, in the hope of surprising the rear guard.

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Wayne found himself, when he emerged from the swamp, in one of those positions in which fate seemed to throw him, in order that he might, by some desperate achievement, win glory where lesser men would fail. He found not only the rear guard, but the entire army of Cornwallis, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, drawn up, waiting confidently to annihilate the presumptuous troops that had hung so long upon their track.

Sending an aide to Lafayette to come at once with his troops, Wayne strung out a small force of skirmishers to keep the British troops in play. The latter in a few moments began to march down upon Wayne's advance line. Five thousand men, their arms glistening in the sun, snowy cross belts, and brass-faced bear-skin hats, making a martial show to impress any but such war-hardened veterans as were facing them several hundred yards in front.

On they came with their bands playing, ten thousand white-gaitered legs moving as one. Suddenly they saw the American commander rise in his stirrups with his sword held high above his head. Then a voice, that many a grenadier remembered to have heard ring in the din of battle at Monmouth, Brandywine and Stony Point, gave the word to charge. Down went eight hundred bayonets, forward dashed the blue line, cheering as it ran. Cornwallis thought that these bold warriors who were dashing on him at the double, must be only a fraction of a force that would follow from the woods. He ordered his five thousand to halt, and Wayne and his men wheeled off in perfect order, without the loss of a man.

Is it a wonder that such feats as these endeared Mad Anthony to his men, and made them feel that, if he but led, numbers were not necessary to win their country's battles?

The first of the next year Wayne was sent to

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recover Georgia for the patriot cause. The country had been helpless, and at the mercy of Tories and German mercenaries. The inhabitants were in constant terror of having their houses burned over their heads and themselves shot if they offered the least resistance to the exactions of their oppressors. The Indians also had been called in to add the terrors of the warwhoop, the tomahawk and the scalping knife. Wayne was greatly outnumbered, but he cut off the enemy's source of supplies, and laid siege to the city of Savannah. He captured, through a ruse, a number of the Indian chiefs, and compelled them to remain neutral. He heard after a time that a thousand British troops were to march out of the city to unite with some Creek Indians coming up towards the city. Wayne started out to intercept the first force before it could unite with the re-enforcements. Again, as on two previous occasions, the march to the enemy was through a swamp. Reaching the Ogeechee road, he drew up his men. Wayne was outnumbered five to one, but drove the enemy at the point of the bayonet into the swamp. A few days later Wayne was attacked by the Indians, who charged his camp in the night. The Indian general, Guiystersiji, attacked Wayne in person, and was cut down by the ever ready sword of Mad Anthony. The fall of their chief disheartened the Indians, and, raising the wailing cry that precedes the retreat, streamed from the American works, Wayne's men assisting their rear guard over the breastworks with the points of their bayonets. On July 11th, the British left the city to the victorious Wayne, and the State of Georgia voted him a plantation and a large sum of money.

The war ended in October, 1783, and Wayne put his energy to develop his recently acquired estate, but gave it up to satisfy some protested notes. He returned to Chester, Pennsylvania, and became a

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member of the State Board of Censors, appointed to review public acts, the records of officials and the work of the legislature. Later he was a member of the assembly. Greater work, however, was in store for him, work to be done alone for his country, and for which he would not have to share the glory with other statesmen or other generals.

The country could not let a man of Wayne's ability and courage long remain a private citizen, and the first great national crisis after the close of the Revolution at once called him into the saddle. The people of the colonies, at the close of hostilities, were again imbued with the spirit for westward exploration and settlement, that they had shown since the days they began to spread out a network of towns from Plymouth on Massachusetts Bay, and Jamestown, in Virginia. The Northwest Territory was organized in 1787, and General St. Clair was appointed governor. He tried to buy the Indian titles to the lands within his jurisdiction. Treaties were made, but those who agreed to them represented but a small portion of the redskins who held sway over the forest country, and the treaties were worthless. In fact, the greater part of the tribes were already on the warpath while the treaties were being ratified. Marietta and Cincinnati felt secure with the protection of their forts, but hostile war parties laid waste village after village north of the Ohio, in Western Pennsylvania and in Kentucky. St. Clair was finally sent against the Indians, one general already having been repulsed. His army was composed of raw recruits enlisted for six months. Of course, the inevitable happened. St. Clair was encamped in the fall in what is now Mercer County, Ohio. One morning from the dark shadows of the neighboring woods there came a cry, and then whooping and yelling the whole Indian host broke over the white camp and swept the defenders

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from the ground. Only fifty escaped unharmed. The entire western frontier was now defenceless, and the victorious Indians had the settlers at their mercy. Settlement of the territory was for the time entirely out of the question.

In April, 1792, Washington called Wayne from his retirement, and entrusted him with the command of the American forces. With the poorest material, the intrepid general began to organize his army at Pittsburg. Most of the troops sent him were entirely without any military experience; were gathered up anywhere in the East, and had no stomach for facing bloodthirsty Indians on the warpath. Wayne seemed to have almost superhuman ability in making conquering soldiers from any body of men, and in imbuing them, after a few months, with a fighting spirit, catching, as it were, the reflection of his own. He could teach them to stand fire, trusting in the wisdom of his orders, or to deliver a crushing charge with the lowered bayonet, the favorite weapon of Mad Anthony for finishing battles. He took his men some miles down the Ohio River, encamped for the winter, and then worked like a drill sergeant to get them into the first semblance of a disciplined force. Officers were inexperienced, most of those who were trained to Indian fighting having perished in the rout of St. Clair's army.

Spring found Wayne leading his now well drilled battalions to Fort Washington (Cincinnati, Ohio). His men had been taught many things not found in the drill books of the old days of flint-lock and muzzle-loader. They were instructed to load and fire repeatedly as they charged to close quarters with the bayonet; they were taught to load and fire while running at top speed through the woods, without resting the musket butts upon the ground. He trained them to cheer together as they swept madly

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forward on the ranks of an imaginary enemy. His dragoons were compelled to ford rivers at the flood, and, like the troopers of Frederick the Great, to ride through, or over, anything. One amusing story is told of his sending them sword in hand across the private garden of a distinguished officer, to the damage of the cabbages, but to the increased experience of the cavalry. Every conceivable emergency was thought out by Wayne, and his men shown how to meet it. They grew in confidence day by day, and in the minds of the troops there was no doubt of the result when the time came to measure their prowess with that of the enemy.

It was in August, 1794, that Wayne was to fight his last battle and crush forever the power of the tribes in the Northwest Territory. He camped on the 18th at the head of the rapids at Roche de Bout, built a small fort, and sent out scouts to discover the whereabouts and numbers of the enemy. He knew that they could not be far distant, as they were in communication with the British fort. He discovered that they had fortified themselves at a spot called Fallen Timbers. A tornado had swept through the woods some time previously and left thousands of trees uprooted, and as they lay with twisted and interlacing branches it made an almost impenetrable abatis. In these the enemy lay concealed, waiting for the coming of the white warriors. At eight o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth, the drums beat to arms. Wayne was so ill that he was unable to mount alone, and four men placed him in the saddle. A battalion of mounted men from Kentucky led the advance, and at six miles from the camp saw the advance outposts of the enemy. The horsemen at once charged in among the trees with a ringing cheer, but the fire that met them forced them back upon the supporting column. Wayne at

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once ordered General Scott to force back the right of the Indian line and the cavalry to attack their left. Then raising his sword he gave the word to charge. The infantry had formed in a long thin line; the bugles blared, the drums beat, and with a rolling cheer the men rushed headlong, jumped over the logs and broken stumps, and bayoneted the savages wherever they could be found. For two miles they drove them helter skelter, even by the English fort, and then the cavalry took up the chase, hacking and hewing upon the rear of the once proud warriors of Miami and Powatamie.

When the men rallied that night around their victorious leader, only a few bands of skulking savages, cowed and disheartened, were within many miles of the battle field. Ever after in the language of the red Pottawattamies was Wayne known as the Tornado, for as such had he driven them as the wind drives the red leaves of autumn, and by the Miamis he was called the Black Snake who had hunted them among the tree trunks of the forests.

After the victory Wayne built Fort Industry on the spot where now stands the city of Toledo, Ohio. With this post garrisoned he cleaned up the entire valley of the Maumee. There were a great many Indian villages and a vast number of corn fields in the district, but these were destroyed to bring the Indians to terms. At the head of the Maumee he built Fort Wayne. He then went to Greenville, where he encamped for the winter.

On August 3, 1795, Wayne made a treaty with fifteen tribes, its object being to put an end to a destructive war, and to settle all controversies. It established a boundary line between the settlers and the Indians, and its provisions were respected for fifteen years. Wayne carefully explained all points in the treaty so that there could be no doubt in the minds of the warriors as to what they were

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doing. Wayne told them, however, that they were "children and no longer brothers." It was well deserved. The treaty not only settled the Indian question, but prevented a second war with Great Britain, and led to the evacuation of the frontier posts still held by the British soldiers.

The treaty of Greenville opened all the country for settlement between the Great Lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and was of epoch-making importance.

In 1796 General Wayne was appointed to receive the surrender of the British forts on American territory, Congress having voted appropriations to carry out the treaty made with England by Jay. Wayne had saved the frontier, and the honor of hoisting the stars and stripes over the fortifications was one he well merited. He was received with the greatest consideration by the British posts. In November all of the transfers were completed, and Wayne left Detroit for Presque Isle. While on the way he was taken seriously ill. He was carried to the fortress at Presque Isle, and everything possible was done to alleviate his suffering. But all efforts made by his devoted attendants were in vain, and early in the morning of December 15, 1796, the hero answered his last roll call. In accordance with his own request he was buried by the flag-staff of the fort, so that the colors he had served so faithfully and valiantly might still wave over him.

In 1809 his bones were disinterred, at the request of his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne, and carried to the old churchyard of St. David's, at Radnor, Pennsylvania. A monument was raised to his memory by the Society of the Cincinnati, and at Erie a monument and block-house, surmounted by a flag-staff, have been built by the State of Pennsylvania, above the spot where his body once rested.

R. S. B.

MARINO FALIERO

ON the evening of the Thursday before Lent, in the year 1355, the Palace of the Doge of Venice was flaring with the lights of a masqued ball. A festival was in the ocean-city. The gondolas of all her proudest palaces shot everywhere across the glistening waters; and every gondola set down a gorgeous company at the steps of St. Mark's Place. The grand hall, where the Doge received his guests, ablaze with lamps and torches, and humming with the strains of festal music, was thronged that night with all that was most gallant and most beautiful in Venice. All the sights and sounds of carnival were there; cavaliers and lovely ladies, flowers and gems, magnificent attires, light feet whirling in the dances, bright eyes gleaming through the velvet masks. Venice—night—a masquerade!—who could dream that this was the first scene of a most dark and awful drama?

Marino Faliero had been Doge of Venice hardly more than half a year; but he was already an old man. At the time of his election he was seventy-six; and the long life on which he could look back had been one brilliant course of triumphs. From the proud and ancient house of Faliero two Doges had, in former centuries, already sprung; but that house could show no name more splendid than his own. He had been a soldier—and had seen the King of Hungary with eighty thousand men flee before his army. He had been commander of the fleet, and had forced the haughty standard of Capo d'Istria to stoop before his flag. He had been a senator, and had filled with high distinction all

the loftiest offices of state. He had been ambassador at Genoa and at Rome. It was while on embassy at the latter city that he received intelligence of his election, during his absence, and without his solicitation, to the crowning dignity of Doge.

But, high-born, brave and gifted as he was, Faliero was not one of those fine spirits who bear greatness with simplicity. His character, by nature quick and fiery, had become, by life-long habits of command, imperious, fierce and arrogant. Opposition, of whatever kind, aroused within him a tornado of vindictive passion which swept everything before it. No rival had been found of power enough to stand before him; no opponent was so small as to escape his anger. He resembled in courage, but not in magnanimity, the lion who flies with savage joy at the elephant or the tiger, but who despairs to crush the mouse that runs across his paw. Once, in a chapel at Trevisto, where the bishop kept him waiting for the cup and wafer, he flew upon the holy man and boxed his ears. Hotspur was not more jealous in honor—Mercutio was not more quick in quarrel—than the grey-bearded Doge. And his jealous honor had one very vulnerable point. He was an old man married to a young and lovely wife. Such was the man who stood, that night, amidst the bright assembly of his guests. It was, although he little dreamed it, the last scene on earth on which he was to look with peace of mind.

Among the masqueraders was a certain handsome youth, a patrician of high rank, named Michael Steno. Steno had selected as his partner one of the Dogessa's waiting-ladies, into whose ears he was now earnestly employed in breathing vows of adoration. At length, he began to press his suit too ardently. The dame drew back, in real or feigned displeasure. The Doge beheld the little scene. With eyes aflame, he strode up to the offender, and com-

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manded him, in full view of the bystanders, instantly to quit the hall.

Michael Steno was one of the favorites of the nation. He left the chamber; but his blood boiled at the indignity which had so publicly been put upon him. His offense—a trifling indecorum at most—was one which the intoxication of the hour might have excused. Raging with resentment, he wandered aimlessly about the place. At length, whether by design or accident, he found himself alone in the great senate-hall—a hall which our imagination peoples with immortal phantoms; the hall where Portia pleaded, where Shylock whetted his keen knife, and where Othello taught another Doge and senate the charms which had won the heart of Desdemona.

The hall, when Steno entered it, was lonely and unlighted. Around the semicircle at the upper end were set the seats of honor of the senators, arrayed on each side of the Doge's throne. Steno, smitten with a thought of vengeance, went forward in the dusky light, and with a piece of chalk, such as the dancers used to prevent their shoes from slipping on the glassy floors, wrote up a dozen words, in staring characters, across the Doge's throne. That done, he stole away.

The masque broke up; the guests departed; and Steno's handiwork remained undiscovered. But early the next morning an official of the palace, on entering the senate-chamber, was stunned with horror and amazement at the sight of this inscription, chalked across the throne in letters a foot long: "The Doge has a lovely wife—but she is not for him." The man, half-scared out of his senses, went instantly to seek his master. Faliero hastened to the council-chamber, and read with his own eyes the startling words. What truth there was in Steno's innuendo is not known; it was in all likelihood

groundless, and the result of pique; but the poisoned arrow of his vengeance struck the mark. The effect of such an insult upon such a mind is not to be described. Shylock raging against Jessica—Lear cursing in the tempest—are but faint and feeble types of Faliero as he looked upon the writing on the throne.

It was not difficult to guess his enemy. An officer was instantly sent out, and Michael Steno was arrested. A tribunal of the Forty was convened with speed; and the culprit was brought up before his peers. Their task was easy. Steno instantly admitted his offense, left the facts to answer for themselves, and stood for judgment with a certain nonchalance which was not without an air of dignity.

The court passed sentence of two months' imprisonment, to be followed by a year of exile. The decree was certainly not too severe; for the fault was gross and glaring. Yet the act had been a freak of passing passion; the provocation had been cruel; and the confession had been frank and open. Nor was the punishment a light one. A patrician locked up in a dungeon-cell suffered, in wounded honor, far more than in privation; and a year of exile was a bitter penance. On the whole, fairly weighed, the sentence of the Signory hardly seems to have erred grossly on the side of mercy. But the Doge was blind with anger. He appears to have taken it for granted that his insulter would lose his head. The verdict stung him to the quick. Instantly his rage was turned from Steno to the Signory—to those false and wicked judges who had, in order to protect their fellow, flagrantly betrayed their trust. The white heat of his passion was of a kind of which the colder races of the North can hardly dream. In one moment the entire patrician order became transfigured, in his eyes, to the likeness of a single mighty foe.

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No foe, however mighty, had ever yet opposed him with success. But now, for the first time in his long life, he found himself confronted by an adversary more powerful than himself. The sense of impotence increased his frenzy. His rage became the image of Caligula's, when he wished that the Roman people had a single head, that he might cut it off. But with what weapon could he hope to strike that many-headed Hydra, the Signory of Venice?

In this temper he was brooding in his chamber, that same evening, gloomy and alone, when a man came panting to the palace gates, and desired to see him on a case of justice. The Doge bade him be shown in; and speedily a startling figure stood before him. The man's dress was a plebeian's, torn and ruffled; the blood was streaming down his face; and the fierceness of his passion shook him like an aspen, as he burst into a flood of angry speech. His name was Israel Bertuccio; he was a workman in the arsenal; he had quarreled with a certain noble of high rank, who had struck him in the face. And he appealed for justice.

"Justice!" said the Doge, with bitter emphasis, "Justice against a member of the Signory! I cannot gain it for myself."

"Then," said Bertuccio, fiercely, "We must avenge ourselves—as I will." And he turned to leave the chamber.

The man's implacable resentment struck in with the Doge's humor. He called him back, encouraged him to speak, and presently discovered, with a fierce delight, that chance had put a weapon in his hands. Bertuccio was a member of a secret brotherhood, which held the Signory in deadly hatred. A thousand fiery spirits of the lower class, stung to madness by a sense of wrongs, were ripe and ready for revolt. Faliero heard this news with glittering eyes.

A gigantic scheme of vengeance rose before him. Bertuccio's horde of plotters might be used; and he resolved to use it.

Anger, like misery, acquaints a man with strange companions. Hours went by; and still the pair of strange associates sat together in the Doge's chamber, deep in consultation. When at length Bertuccio left the palace, it was late at night; and he was under an engagement to return in secret on the night succeeding.

Night came; and Bertuccio, bringing with him a companion, stole up the Doge's private stair. This companion was Philippo Calendaro, a sculptor employed upon the palace buildings. The Doge, attended by his nephew, Bertuce Faliero, was waiting for them. These four men sat down together, and drew up between them the details of the most tremendous scheme of vengeance that ever filled the brain of man.

Sixteen men, the fieriest spirits of the league, were first selected for the part of leaders. Each leader was to be assured of sixty followers, determined and well armed. At sunrise on the day appointed, the great bell of St. Mark's—the bell which never sounded except by order of the Doge—was to peal a loud alarm; and at that signal, the sixteen parties of conspirators, issuing from their posts in various quarters of the city, were to flock together to St. Mark's, crying aloud that the Genoese fleet had been descried at sea. Then, as the senators, roused by the tumult and summoned by the bell, came hastily to council, they were to be assailed in the Piazza, and cut down to the last man.

Such was the Doge's scheme; a scheme without a parallel in history; a plot in which a gray patrician, crowned with age and honors, linked himself with desperadoes against the lives of his own peers,

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of men with whom for more than half a century he had lived in close and friendly intercourse, with whom he had drunk and feasted, sat in conference and bled in battle. Anger, said the wise Greek, is a brief madness. The annals of the world contain no stranger instance than the plot of Faliero of the madness which is anger in excess.

Three days were judged sufficient to complete all preparations. It was then the 11th of April. The hour of sunrise, April the 15th, was appointed for the execution of the design. Bertuccio and Calendaro went instantly to work. During the next three days they toiled with speed and secrecy. The leaders were selected; the bands of myrmidons were drilled and armed; the places of assembly were arranged. If all proved true, the hours of the proud Signory were numbered. And the hearts of the conspirators beat high.

But there was one exception. One of their number was tormented by a conscience which would not let him rest. This man was named Bertrando. By trade he was a furrier; and among the nobles who had brought his sable-skins and robes of ermine the chief was Niccolo Lioni, a member of the Senate. Lioni had not only bought Bertrando's furs, but had shown him many favors; and Bertrando at this crisis desired in gratitude to warn his patron of the deadly peril that hung over him. But Bertrando trembled to convey his warning. Eyes jealous of a sign of wavering were around him; the knives of a hundred desperadoes were ready, at an inkling of his purpose, to plunge into his heart. Fifty times a day he strove to screw his courage to the sticking-place, and to face the hazard of discovery. But time flew by; the day before the enterprise arrived; the sun set—the sun which at his next arising was to behold the stones of the Piazza heaped with corpses and crimson with the noblest blood in

Venice. And still Bertrando quaked and vacillated.

Midnight came; and now in a few flying hours the deed would be accomplished. Bertuccio, Calendario, and the other leaders were at the waiting-places with their gangs. Bertuce Faliero, watching for the sun to peer above the gray lagoons, was ready in the turret of St. Mark's to wake the voice of the great bell. The Doge himself was in his own apartment—waiting in sleepless solitude for the signal which should sound the hour of his revenge.

At last the waverer had fixed his purpose. Bertrando, muffled in a cloak and a slouched hat, aghast lest a fellow-plotter should espy him, crept along the byways of the city to Lioni's door. Lioni, when Bertrando reached his palace, had not yet retired to rest. A visit at that hour surprised him. He bade his men admit the visitor, but to linger within call in case of need; and Bertrando, slouched and muffled to the eyes, was accordingly ushered into the apartment. He paused till they were left alone; and then, with all the mystery of an oracle, gave forth his voice of warning. "My Lord," he said, "it is Bertrando come to warn you. Ask me no questions—I can answer none. But as you love your life, let nothing tempt you to go forth to-morrow."

If Bertrando expected his hearer to rest satisfied with such a warning, his ignorance of human nature must have been surprising. Lioni, as was to be expected, instantly poured forth a stream of questions. What was the threatened danger? Why was this need of mystery? Was there treason in the wind? Bertrando answered not a word, but turned away and would have left the room. But he mistook his patron's character in expecting to escape so easily. Lioni's suspicions were now wide awake. He raised his voice; his lackeys seized the conspirator as he made his exit, and brought him back a prisoner. "Come, Bertrando," said Lioni, "speak no

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riddles. I must know all the windings of this mystery before I let you go."

Bertrando, thus finding himself taken, resolved to make a virtue of necessity. He bargained, not only for his safety, but to be well rewarded for his service. If he turned king's evidence to save the State, it was but just that he should have his recompense. Lioni gave his pledge; and Bertrando, throwing off his air of mystery, told everything he knew.

Lioni listened in amazement. There was not an instant to be lost. Leaving Bertrando still a prisoner, he drew his mantle round him, and hurried forth into the night. He first aroused another senator, named Gradenigo; and the pair then stole together to the house of Marc Conaro. These three nobles, creeping stealthily as thieves from house to house, rapidly roused all the members of the Council. They assembled, in the dead of night, in a chamber in the Convent of St. Saviour's. Bertrando was brought in; and the Signory of Venice heard, with inexpressible amazement, of the sword that had been hanging by a thread above their heads.

All had been done so quietly that none of the conspirators had received the least alarm. It was now near morning; already a crimson tinge was glowing in the east. Two bands of guards were instantly sent out; one to the Doge's palace, the other to St. Mark's Tower.

The Doge was sitting, at that breathless hour, alone in his apartment, straining his ears for the expected bell. The signal of alarm delayed to sound; but as he vainly listened for its summons, another sound struck on his ear—a sound that checked the current of his blood. It was the tramp of men-at-arms along the corridor outside his chamber. In a moment more, the door flew open, and he was in the grasp of soldiers.

And all was lost; and hope had vanished in an

instant; and all that now remained was to endure with lofty fortitude what was to follow. The plot had failed; the dream was over. He was in the hands of those whom he had plotted to destroy.

It was held fitting that an offender of such eminence should answer to his charge before a more august tribunal than the hasty council gathered at the Convent of St. Saviour's. His captors therefore left him, for the time, alone in his own chamber, the door of which was kept by a strong guard, there to experience, in the sense of failure, an expiation which, to such a spirit, must have been far bitterer than the bitterness of death.

Meantime, Bertuccio and Calendaro were brought in chains before the council. They had been seized among their gangs with weapons in their hands. At first, on being questioned, they refused to speak. But a rack was brought; the prisoners were stretched upon it; the rollers began to turn and the cords to tighten; and speedily, with gasps and groans, the details of the plot came out. When the council had learned everything they wished, the ropes were loosened, and the culprits carried to a cell. But their respite was of short duration. As soon as the day had dawned, a gibbet was erected in a gallery of the ducal palace overlooking the Piazza; and soon the whispering and excited crowd saw the conspirators brought forth to die. The bodies, left to hang like scarecrows, as a terror to all traitors, were long to be seen twirling in the wind.

More than four hundred of their companions were arrested; but the punishment of these was for a while delayed. For now the great culprit was to come to judgment. The preparations for his trial at once began. A tribunal of peculiar dignity was formed. The Council of Ten, by whom all crimes against the State were tried, elected twenty of the

Signory to sit in consultation with them. The court of thirty judges thus composed was known by the title of the Giunta.

By the time that all was ready, it was evening. The Doge's door was opened; he was conducted, in the midst of soldiers, to the hall of council; and the mighty traitor stood among the men whom he had schemed to massacre. It was a scene to put to proof the sternest spirit. The hall was crowded with familiar faces; among them many which, a week before, had worn the smiles of guests at his own festival. But every face was now morose and scowling. Eyes were glittering with the fire of hatred. Voices were muttering that he should be racked. There was not one among the thirty judges —there was, perhaps, not one in all the crowd of gazers, who, had the plot succeeded, would not at that hour have been a corpse.

But neither altered faces, nor the imminence of death itself, could shake the fiery spirit of the Doge. In truth, no penalty could now disturb him—and death the least of all. His care for life was over. From the instant when the soldiers of the Signory had burst into his chamber, life had no more to offer. He had staked everything upon the hazard of the die—and everything was lost. All this world and all the glory of it had vanished from him like an exhalation. He had fallen, like Lucifer, for ever from his high estate. He knew it well; and he looked round upon the faces of his foes with stern composure, as of one beyond the reach of hope or fear.

The President of the Council rose, and demanded of the prisoner whether he confessed the charge against him. Faliero answered, with contemptuous brevity, that the charge was true. The interrogation, and indeed the trial itself, was but the form and pageantry of justice. His guilt was manifest.

One of his accomplices had turned informer; two others had confessed upon the rack. To all intents and purposes, his doom was sealed before the court assembled.

And nothing now remained but to proceed to judgment. The thirty judges were agreed upon their sentence. Every voice among the thirty was for death. The culprit was to be conducted to the landing of the Giants' Stairs, and there to be beheaded. The place of execution was not idly chosen. It was the spot on which succeeding Doges were, by ancient custom, invested, in the midst of pomp and splendor, with the robe and crown of state.

But the sentence of the Senators contained yet another count. The place of the prisoner's portrait in the Hall of Council was to be left void, and veiled with black. More than five hundred years have passed since that decree was spoken; but still the line of painted Doges in the council-hall of Venice contains not one of so profound and strange an interest as the veil of vacant black which fills, in place of portrait, the space of Marino Faliero, Doge and Traitor.

It was now late at night. The prisoner was conducted back to his apartment, where he was left alone with his confessor. The minutes of his life were numbered. At daybreak the next morning, he must die.

At sunrise all the city was astir. The gates below the Giants' Stairs were closed and fastened; but a vast crowd thronged the Piazzetta, and fought for places at the grated bars. Thence could be plainly seen the landing of the topmost stair—the spot where, only a few months before, the head that now had stooped as low as death, had put on the Doge's crown. Now, all the place was draped and hung with black; and in the center stood the block and sword.

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And now the sun was rising, and the hour was come. The mournful train emerged from the interior of the palace, and came out upon the landing of the stair. First appeared the members of the Ten, the Senate, and the Forty; then came a guard of soldiers; and then the fallen Doge. His confessor, holding up the crucifix, walked at his right hand. At his left hand marched the headsman. It was observed that the prisoner still wore the ducal cap and robe. It had been ordered by the Council that he should carry to the scene of infamy these emblems of his lost supremacy. It was their purpose to afflict that haughty spirit with a last humiliation. As he reached the block, the headsman stripped the sovereign mantle from his shoulders and plucked the crown of empire from his brows. At the same moment, the great bell of St. Mark's—the bell designed to sound the doom of his opponents—began to toll the knell for his own death.

The Doge threw himself upon his knees and laid his head upon the block. As the headsman raised his sword, the gates below were thrown wide open. The crowd rushed in with tumult—and saw the gray head rolling down the Giants' Steps.



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PIERRE DU TERRAIL was born in 1476, at Castle Bayard in Dauphiny, France. The house of Terrail belonged to the Scarlet of the ancient peers of France. The Lords of Bayard, during many generations, had died under the flags of battle. Poictiers, Agincourt, and Montlehery had taken in succession the last three; and in 1479, when Pierre was in his nurse's arms, his father, Aymon du Terrail, was carried from the field of Guinegate with a frightful wound, from the effects of which, although he survived for seventeen years to limp about his castle with the help of sticks, he never again put on his shirt of mail.

The old knight was thus debarred from bringing up his son as his own squire. But the Bishop of Grenoble, his wife's brother, was a close friend of Charles the Warrior, the great Duke of Savoy. When Pierre was in his fourteenth year, it was proposed that he should begin his knightly education among the pages of the Duke. The Bishop promised to present him. A little horse was brought; a tailor was set to work to make a gorgeous suit of silk and velvet; and Pierre was ready to set out. On the morning of his departure all the inmates of the castle were called together, and looked with wonder and delight on the little cavalier, his cap decked with a gay feather and his eyes bright with pride, making his small steed gallop and curvet about the castle court. The scene is one to be remembered. It must be borne in mind that those were the days of Knighthood, and that courage and skill in the field were held in highest honor. In

after days, nothing so much delighted lords and ladies as the memory of little Bayard caracoling on his steed.

His father gave the boy his blessing; his mother put into his hand a little purse containing six gold crowns; and Pierre set off beside the Bishop to the Duke's palace at Chambery. Duke Charles, with a company of knights and ladies, had left the banquet-table and was sitting in an open gallery, when Pierre came prancing over the sward beneath them. The Duke was enchanted. The Bishop's proposal was eagerly accepted, and Pierre was at once enrolled in the list of the Duke's pages.

During six months the palace at Chambery became his home. The lovable and handsome boy soon won all hearts about him. The Duke with delight saw him leap and wrestle, throw the bar, and ride a horse, better than any page about the court. The Duchess and her ladies loved to send him on their dainty missions. His temper was bright and joyous; his only fault, if fault it can be called, was an over-generosity of nature. His purse was always empty; and when he had no money, any trifling service of a lackey or a groom would be requited with a silver button, a dagger, or a clasp of gold. And such was to be his character through life. Time after time, in after years, his share of treasure, after some great victory, would have paid a prince's ransom; yet often he could not lay his hand on five gold pieces.

When Pierre had lived at the palace about half a year, the Duke made a visit to Lyons, to pay his duty to the French King. That king was Charles the Eighth, then a boy of twenty, who was making his days fly merrily with tilts and hawking-parties, and his nights with dances and the whispers of fair dames. The Duke desired to carry with him to his sovereign a present worthy of a King's accept-

ance. A happy notion struck him. He resolved to present the King with Bayard and his horse.

King Charles had a frequent custom of sailing up the Sâone to Ainay, to the meadows where the tournaments were held. There the young Bayard made his first appearance. The King, the moment he drew rein, cried out in ecstasy over his horsemanship: "Piquez, piquez!—spur again!" The crowd of knights and equerries caught up the words; and, amidst a storm of voices crying "piquez," the bold and graceful boy flew round the field. That day he gained a new name and a new master. Thenceforth, all his companions called him Piquez; and his master was the King.

Charles placed his new page Piquez in the palace of Lord Ligny, a prince of the great house of Luxembourg; and there for three years he continued to reside. During that time his training was the usual training of a page. But the child was the father of the man. Thoughts of great deeds, of tilts and battle-fields, of champions going down before his lance, of crowns of myrtle—such already were the dreams which set his soul on fire.

At seventeen, Pierre received the rank of gentleman. Thenceforward he was free to follow his own fortune; he was free to seek the fame of his dreams—a fame as bright and sparkling as his sword. And thereupon begins to pass before us, brilliant as the long-drawn scenes of a dissolving-view, the strange and splendid series of his exploits. He had not ceased to be a page ten days before the court was ringing with his name.

Sir Claude de Vauldre, Lord of Burgundy, was regarded as the stoutest knight in France. He was then at Lyons, and was about to hold a tilt, with lance and battle-ax, before the ladies and the King. His shield was hanging in the Ainay meadows; and beside it Montjoy, the King-at-arms, sat all day

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with his book open, taking down the names of those who struck the shield. Among these came Piquez. Montjoy laughed as he wrote down his name; the King, Lord Ligny, and his own companions, heard with mingled trepidation and delight that Piquez had struck the blazon of Sir Claude. But no one had a thought of what was coming. The day arrived, the tilt was held, and Piquez, by the voice of all, bore off the prize above the head of every knight in Lyons.

The glory of this exploit was extreme. It quickly spread. Three days later, Bayard went to join the garrison at Ayre. He found, as he rode into the little town, that the fame of his achievement had arrived before him. Heads were everywhere thrust out of windows; and a band of fifty of his future comrades issued on horseback from the garrison to bid him welcome. A few days after his arrival, he held a tilt in his own person, after the example of Sir Claude. The prizes were a diamond and a clasp of gold. Forty-eight of his companions struck his shield, and rode into the lists against him. Bayard overthrew the whole band one by one, and was once more hailed at sunset by the notes of trumpets as the champion of the Tourney.

It is not in tournaments and tilts, however, that a knight can win his spurs. Bayard burned for battle. For many months he burned in vain; but at last the banners of the King were given to the wind, and Bayard, to his delight, found himself marching under Lord Ligny against Naples.

The two armies faced each other at Fornova. The odds against the French were heavy, and the fight was long and bloody. When the victory was at last decided, Bayard was among the first of those called up before the King. That day, two horses had dropped dead beneath him; his cuirass and his sword were hacked and battered; and a

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captured standard, blazing with the arms of Naples, was in his hand. At the King's order, he knelt down, and received upon the spot the rank of knight. At one bound he had achieved the height of glory—to be knighted by his sovereign on the field of battle.

Bayard was not yet nineteen. His figure at that age was tall and slender; his hair and eyes were black; his complexion was a sunny brown; and his countenance had something of the eagle's.

He was now for some time idle. He was left in garrison at Lombardy; and at Carignan, in Piedmont, was the palace of the Duchess of Savoy, the widow of that Charles the Warrior who had been his former master. Bayard visited the Duchess, and discovered at her palace, among other old acquaintances, a young lady with whom, when he had been a page, he had exchanged vows of everlasting love. Three years had passed since they had met; but the former lovers still found themselves fast friends. After supper, while the rest were dancing, they talked of old times together in a corner. The lady had heard of Bayard's feat of arms against Sir Claude de Vauldre; and Bayard vowed that before he left the palace he would hold a tourney of the same kind in her honor.

Next day, a trumpeter proclaimed his challenge through the neighboring towns. The prize of victory was to be a lady's token, together with a ruby worth a hundred ducats. Fifteen knights took up the challenge; and four days later the event was held. Bayard, led by his lady in a golden chain, and wearing her ribbon flying from his crest, appeared, for the first time, in the noble vesture of a knight-at-arms—the figured armor, the white floating plume, the scarlet mantle, and the spurs of gold. A gorgeous company sat round the lists and watched the progress of the contest. The result

was the counterpart of the tilt at Ayre. Bayard overthrew all his assailants, won the tournament, and kept his lady's token.

But fierier fields were soon to call him. Ludovico Sforza took Milan. At Binasco, Lord Bernardino Cazache, one of Sforza's captains, had three hundred horse; and twenty miles from Milan was Bayard's place of garrison. With fifty of his comrades he rode out one morning, bent on assaulting Lord Bernardino's force. The latter, warned by a scout of their approach, armed his party, and rushed fiercely from the fort. The strife was fought with fury; but the Lombards, slowly driven back towards Milan, at length wheeled round their horses and galloped like the wind into the city.

Bayard, darting in his 'spurs, waving his bare blade, and shouting out his battle-cry of "France," was far ahead of his companions. Before he knew his danger, he had dashed in with the fugitives at the city gates, and reached the middle of the square in front of Sforza's palace. He found himself alone in the midst of the fierce enemy—with the White Crosses of France emblazoned on his shield!

Sforza, hearing a tremendous uproar in the square, came to a window of the palace and looked down. The square was swarming with the soldiers of Binasco, savage, hacked, and bloody; and in the center of the yelling tumult, Bayard, still on horseback, was slashing at those who strove to pull him from his seat.

Sforza, in a voice of thunder, bade the knight be brought before him. Bayard, seeing that resistance was mere madness, surrendered to Lord Bernardino, and was led, disarmed, into the palace. Sforza was a soldier more given to the ferocity than to the courtesies of war. But when the young knight stood before him, when he heard his story, when he looked upon his bold yet modest bearing, the

fierce and moody prince was moved to admiration. "Lord Bayard," he said, "I will not treat you as a prisoner. I set you free; I will take no ransom; and I will grant you any favor in my power." "My Lord Prince," said Bayard, "I thank you for your courtesy with all my soul. I will ask you only for my horse and armor." The horse was brought; Bayard sprang into the saddle; and an hour later was received by his companions with raptures of surprise and joy, as one who had come alive out of the lion's den.

Milan fell; Sforza was taken; and Bayard went into garrison at Monervino. At Andri, some miles distant, was a Spanish garrison under the command of Don Alonzo de Sotomayor, one of the most famous knights in Spain. Bayard, with fifty men, rode out one morning, in the hope of falling in with some adventure. It happened that he came across Alonzo, with an equal party, abroad on the same quest. Their forces met; both sides flew joyously to battle; and for an hour the victory hung in the balance. But at last Bayard, with his own sword, forced Alonzo to surrender; and his party, carrying with them a large band of prisoners, rode back in triumph to the garrison.

The best apartments in the castle were assigned to Don Alonzo. No guard was put upon him; and Bayard demanded only his parole not to escape. Alonzo, thus put upon his word of honor, broke his pledge. He bribed a rogue named Theode, an Albanian, to be ready with a horse at sunrise at the castle gates, stole out in the gray morning, and was off before the garrison was stirring. He had been gone two hours when Bayard discovered his escape. Le Basque, a man of great trust, strength, and spirit, sprang on a swift horse, spurred after the fugitive, came up with him two miles from Andri, as he was stopping on the road to mend his horse's

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girths, and brought him back a prisoner. Bayard trusted no further to Alonzo's honor. The captive was locked up in a tower; and there, until his ransom, of a thousand crowns, arrived from Andri ten days later, he remained.

Sotomayor, on his release, beguiled his friends at Andri with a completely false account of his captivity. Bayard, he said, had used him badly—a statement which excited much surprise. A soldier of Bayard's garrison, who had been a prisoner at Andri, brought him the tidings of Alonzo's infamy. Bayard, though at that moment he was shaking with the ague, instantly dispatched a herald, charging Alonzo to confess that he had lied, or to prepare to meet him in the lists of battle. Alonzo replied with insolence, and the combat was fixed to take place within twelve days.

The day came; the lists were set; and Bayard, dressed entirely in white velvet, and attended by a crowd of lords and knights, appeared upon the ground. The contest was to have been decided upon horseback; but Don Alonzo, at the last moment, declared that he would fight on foot. The antagonists, accordingly, armed with sword and dagger, and wearing no armor but a gorget and a cap of steel, advanced on foot into the lists.

The clarions sounded; both combatants threw themselves upon their knees and breathed a prayer to Heaven; then rose, made the sign of the cross, and advanced towards each other. At the distance of a dozen paces they stood still, and gave the question and reply: "Lord Bayard, what do you demand of me?" "I demand," responded Bayard, "to defend my honor." Then they met.

The partisans of each looked on in breathless silence. It was a combat to the death between two skilful swordsmen; and for some time the strife seemed equal. All at once, Alonzo made a pass

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which left his throat exposed. In an instant, Bayard's weapon struck him, went clean through his gorget, and stood out behind his neck. A cry of rage and consternation went up from the Spaniards. The fight was over. Don Alonzo, with the sword still in his throat, hurled himself upon the victor, dragged him to the ground, and fell upon him—dead.

The Spaniards, grim and scowling, carried off their champion. Bayard, who would willingly have spared his life, looked sorrowfully upon the body. But his companions, wild with triumph, set all their banners flying and their bugles singing, and bore him off the field in exultation.

A few days later, the Spaniards, panting for reprisal, proposed to meet a party of the French in combat, for the glory of their nations. Bayard received the challenge with delight. On the appointed day, thirteen knights of either side, glittering in full harness, armed with sword and battle-ax, and prepared to contest to the death, rode forth into the lists.

By the laws of such a tilt, a knight unhorsed, or forced across the boundary, became a prisoner, and could fight no longer. The Spaniards, with great cunning, set themselves to maim the horses; and by these tactics, eleven of the French were soon dismounted. Two alone were left to carry on the contest, Bayard and Lord Orose.

Then followed such a feat-of-arms as struck the gazers dumb. For four hours these two held good their ground against the whole thirteen. The Spaniards, stung with rage and shame, spurred till their heels dripped blood. In vain. Night fell; the bugles sounded; and still the unconquerable pair rode round the ring.

But great as this feat was, it was soon to be succeeded by a greater. A few weeks afterwards,

the French and Spanish camps were posted on opposite sides of the river Gargliano. Between them was a bridge, in the possession of the French; and some way further down the river was a ford, known only to the Spanish general, Pedro de Paez. A stranger-looking knight than Pedro never sat a horse. He was a dwarf a yard in height, with a hump like a camel's on his back, and a frame so small and wizen that when he was hoisted up into his huge saddle nothing but his head appeared above it. But within this grotesque figure dwelt the cunning of the fox. Paez proposed to lure the French guards from the bridge, and then to seize it. And his stratagem was ready.

Early in the morning the French soldiers at the bridge were startled to perceive a party of the enemy, each horseman bearing a foot-soldier on his crupper, approach the river at the ford and begin to move across it. Instantly, as Paez had intended, they left the bridge and rushed towards the spot. Bayard, attended by Le Basque, was in the act of putting on his armor. He sprang into the saddle, and was about to spur after his companions, when he perceived, across the river, a party of two hundred Spaniards making for the bridge. The danger was extreme; for if the bridge were taken the camp itself would be in the most deadly peril. Bayard bade Le Basque gallop for his life to bring assistance. And he himself rode forward to the bridge, alone.

The Spaniards, on seeing a solitary knight advance against them, laughed loudly at his folly. Their foremost horsemen were already half-way over, when Bayard, with his lance in rest, came flying down upon them. His onset swept the first three off the bridge into the river; and instantly the rest, with cries of vengeance, rushed furiously upon him. Bayard, not to be surrounded, backed

his horse against the railing of the bridge, rose up in his stirrups, swung his falchion with both hands above his head, and lashed out with such fury that with every blow a bloody Spaniard fell into the river, and the whole troop recoiled in wonder and dismay, as if before a demon. While they still stood, half-dazed, two hundred glaring at one man, a shout was heard, and Le Basque, with a band of horsemen, was seen approaching like a whirlwind. In two minutes, the Spaniards were swept back upon the land in hopeless rout—and the French camp was saved.

Bayard received for this great feat the blazon of a porcupine, with this inscription, *Unus agminis vires habet*—"One man has the might of an army."

And still came exploit after exploit in succession—exploits of every kind of fiery daring. At Genoa, when the town revolted, Bayard stormed the fort of the insurgents, quelled the riot, forced the city to surrender, and hanged the leader. At Agnadello, against the troops of Venice, he waded with his men through fens and ditches, took the picked bands of Lord d'Alvicino on the flank, scattered them to the winds, and won the day. At Padua, during the long seige, he scoured the country with his band of horse, and frequently rode back to camp at night-fall with more prisoners than armed men. At Mirandola, where he faced the Papal armies, he laid a scheme to take the Pope himself. A snow-storm kept the fiery Julius in his tent, and thus saved him. A few days afterwards the pontiff's life was in his hands. A traitor offered, for a purse of gold, to poison the Pope's wine. But Bayard was not a knight who would fight with poison; and the slippery Judas had to flee in terror from the camp, or Bayard would infallibly have hanged him.

So far, amidst his life of perils, Bayard had escaped without a wound. But now his time had

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come. Brescia was taken by the troops of Venice. Gaston de Foix, the "Thunderbolt of Italy," marched with twelve thousand men to its relief. Bayard was among them. At the head of the storming-party he was first across the ramparts, and was turning round to cheer his men to victory when a pike struck him in the thigh. The shaft broke off, and the iron head remained imbedded in the wound.

Two of his archers caught him as he fell, bore him out of the rush of battle, and partly stanched the wound by stripping up the linen of their shirts. They then tore down a door, on which they laid him, and bore him to a mansion close at hand. The master of the house, who seems to have been a person of more wealth than valor, had disappeared, and was thought to be hiding somewhere in a convent, leaving his wife and his two daughters to themselves. The girls had fled to a hay-loft, and hid themselves beneath the hay, but, on the thunderous knocking of the archers, the lady of the house came trembling to the door. Bayard was carried in, a surgeon was luckily discovered close at hand, and the pike-head was extracted. The wound was pronounced to be not dangerous. But Bayard, to his great vexation, found that he was doomed to lie in idleness for several weeks.

According to the laws of war, the house was his, and all the inmates were his prisoners. And the fact was well for them. Outside the house existed such a scene of horror as, even in that age, was rare. Ten thousand men lay dead in the great square; the city was given up to pillage; and it is said that the conquerors gorged themselves that day with booty worth three million crowns. The troops were drunk with victory and plunder. Bayard set his archers at the doorway. His name was a talisman against the boldest; and in the midst of the

fierce tumult that raged all round it, the house in which he lay remained a sanctuary of peace.

The ladies of the house were soon reassured. Bayard refused to regard them as his prisoners or to take a coin of ransom. The daughters, two lovely and accomplished girls, were delighted to attend the wounded knight. They talked and sang to him. In such society the hours flew lightly by. The wound healed; and in six weeks Bayard was himself again.

On the day of his departure the lady of the house came into his apartment, and besought him, as their preserver, to accept a certain little box of steel. The box contained two thousand five hundred golden ducats. Bayard took it. "But five hundred ducats," he said, "I desire you to divide for me among the nuns whose convents have been pillaged." Then turning to her daughters, "Ladies," he said, "I owe you more than thanks for your kind care of me. Soldiers do not carry with them pretty things for ladies; but I pray each of you to accept from me a thousand ducats, to aid your marriage portions." And with that he poured the coins into their aprons.

His horse was brought, and he was about to mount, when the girls came stealing down the steps into the castle court, each with a little present, worked by their own hands, which they desired him to accept. One brought a pair of armlets, made of gold and silver thread; the other, a purse of crimson satin. And this was all the spoil that Bayard carried from the great wealth of Brescia—the little keepsakes of two girls whom he had saved.

The scenes of Bayard's life at which we have been glancing have been chiefly those of his great feats of arms. And so it must be still; for it is these of which the details have survived in history. And yet it was such incidents as these at Brescia

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which made the fame of Bayard what it was, and what it is. To his foes, he was the flower of chivalry; but to his friends he was, besides, the most adored of men. It is said that in his native province of Dauphiny, at his death, more than a hundred ancient soldiers owed to him the roofs that covered their old age; that more than a hundred orphan girls had received their marriage portions from his bounty. But of such acts the vast majority are unrecorded; for these are not the deeds which shine in the world's eye.

Gaston de Foix with his army was now before Ravenna. Bayard rode thither with all speed; he was just in time. Two days after his arrival came the battle. Weak though he still was from his long illness, Bayard on that day was seen, as ever, "shining above his fellow-men." He turned the tide of victory; he tore two standards from the foe with his own hand; and he was first in the pursuit.

He emerged from the great strife unscathed; but he nearly lost a friend. The horse which he was riding was a favorite called Carmen—a steed almost as accomplished as the Bucephalus of Alexander, or as the speaking Xanthus of Achilles. In the thick of the battle, it was said, he would fight with fury, would shake a foeman like a mastiff, and break swords and lances with his teeth. When the fight was over, he would stand before the surgeon to have his wounds dressed like a man. In this battle Carmen fell, and with two pike wounds in his flank, and more than twenty sword-cuts on his head, was left for dead upon the field. Bayard's sorrow was extreme; but the next morning, to his great delight, Carmen was found grazing, and began to neigh. The animal was brought into his master's tent, his wounds were dressed, and he was soon as well as ever.

Two months after, Bayard was at Pavia. The

little troop with which he was then serving had there sought refuge under Louis d'Ars. The armies of the Swiss burst in upon them. Bayard, with a handful of soldiers in the market-place, held, for two hours, their whole force at bay, while his companions were retreating from the town across a bridge of boats. As he himself was crossing, last of all, a shot struck him in the shoulder, and stripped it to the bone. No surgeon was at hand. The wound, roughly stanchéd with moss, brought on a fever, and for some time he lay in danger of his life.

When next he buckled on his battle-harness, it was to play a part in that renowned encounter which is known in English history as "the Battle of the Spurs." Henry the Eighth of England had laid seige to Therouane. Bayard was among the army sent to raise the seige. Lord Piennes, the commander of the expedition, weakly halted for some days in sight of the besieging camp. While he wavered and procrastinated, Bayard devised an expedition of his own. It happened that the English had a dozen cannon, which the King had christened by the names of the Apostles, from St. Matthew down to Judas. Bayard mustered a small band, darted out of camp, fell on the party which had charge of the Apostles, and dragged off one of its guns.

Meanwhile, the inmates of the town were starving. At last a party, having Bayard with them, was told off to force a passage to the city walls, and to throw meat into the fosse. The scheme leaked out; a spy flew with the tidings to the English camp; and when the party, each man with half a pig behind his saddle, pushed forward to the walls, an overwhelming force of the besiegers fell upon them. They fled. Bayard was left with only fifteen men. He took his stand upon a little bridge,

and fought till all but three were killed or taken. Then, loath to sacrifice brave men in vain, he determined to surrender.

As he looked about him, in search of an officer to receive his sword, he descried at some distance an English captain, sitting alone beneath the shadow of a lime tree. The officer, panting with exertion, and thinking that the fight was over, had thrown himself upon the turf beside his horse, sheathed his sword, pulled off his helmet, and was enjoying the cool air. All at once, to his amazement, Bayard, bursting through the swords of assailants, came spurring down upon him and bade him instantly surrender. The officer, having no alternative, gave up his weapon.

"And now," said Bayard, as he received it, "take my sword; I am your prisoner. But remember that you first were mine!"

By this bold and ready act he saved his ransom. The pair rode back together to the English camp. The case was laid before the King of England; and Henry decided, with kingly justice, that the officer was Bayard's prisoner, and that Bayard must go free.

And now Bayard was to follow a new master. Louis the Twelfth of France died; Francis the First received the crown; and Bayard, with the young King, marched to Milan, which the Swiss had seized and held.

On Thursday, the 13th of September, in the year 1515, King Francis pitched his camp at Marignano, before the City of the Spires. No danger of attack was apprehended; the King sat calmly down to supper in his tent; when all at once the Swiss, aroused to madness by the fiery eloquence of Cardinal de Sion, broke like a tempest from the city, and fell upon the camp. The French, by the red light of sunset, flew to arms,

and fought with fury till night fell. Both armies sat all night on horseback, waiting for the dawn; and with the first streaks of morning, flew again to battle. It was noon before the bitter contest ended, and the Swiss, still fighting every inch of ground, drew slowly back towards the city. It had been indeed, as Trevulzio called it, a Battle of the Giants. And the greatest of the giants had been Bayard and the King.

That evening Francis held, before his tent, the ceremony of creating knights for valor. But before the ceremony began, a proclamation by the heralds startled and delighted all the camp. Francis had determined to receive the rank in his own person. Bayard was to knight the King!

In the days of the primeval chivalry, when even princes were compelled to win their spurs, such a spectacle was not uncommon. But not for ages had a king been knighted by a subject on the field of battle. Nor was any splendor wanting that could make the spectacle impressive. Nowhere in Ariosto is a picture of more gorgeous details than is presented by this scene of history; the great crimson silk pavilion, the seat spread with cloth of gold, the emblazoned banners, the heralds with their silver trumpets, the multitude all hushed in wonder, the plumed and glittering company of knights and men-at-arms. Such were the surroundings among which Francis knelt, and Bayard, with his drawn sword, gave the accolade—the order of knighthood.

Bayard's glory had long been at such a height that hardly any exploit could increase it. And yet an exploit was at hand at which, even when Bayard was the actor of it, all France and Germany were to stand in wonder. The German Emperor, marching with a powerful army on Champagne, took Monson by surprise, and advanced against Mézierés. If Mézieres were taken, the whole province

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would be in the most deadly peril. And yet defense seemed hopeless; the place had no artillery, and the ramparts were in ruins. At this crisis, Bayard volunteered to hold the crazy city. "No walls are weak," he said, in his own noble style, "which are defended by brave men."

With a small but chosen band he hastened to Mézieres. Two days after his arrival, the Count of Nassau, with a vast array of men and cannon, appeared before the walls. The siege began—a siege which seemed impossible to last twelve hours. But day by day went by, and still the town was standing. Every day the ramparts gaped with cannon-shot; but every night, as if by miracle, they rose again. The defenders suffered from wounds, pestilence, and famine; but Bayard had put every man on oath to eat his horse, and then his boots, before he would surrender. Three weeks passed; and when at last the King arrived with forces to relieve the town, he found a few gaunt specters still glaring defiance from their battered ramparts against a hundred cannon and more than forty thousand men.

Nothing can more strikingly describe the part of Bayard than the testimony of his enemies themselves. Some time after, Mary of Hungary asked the Count of Nassau in disdain how it came to pass that with a host of troops and guns he could not take a crazy pigeon-house. "Because," replied the Count, "there was an eagle in it."

It was Bayard's last great exploit. It had been his lifelong wish that he might fall upon the field of battle. And so it was to be.

Early in the spring of 1524, the French camp was posted at Biagrassa. Lord Bonnivet, who was in command, found himself, after a prolonged resistance, at last compelled by famine and sickness to retire before the Spaniards. It was Bayard's

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constant custom to be first in an advance and last in a retreat; and that day he was, as usual, in the post of danger. It was for the last time. Friends and enemies were to hear, before night fell, the thrilling tidings that Bayard was no more.

On both sides of the road which the retreating army had to traverse the Spaniards had placed in ambush a large force of arquebusiers. It was a weapon which Bayard held in detestation; for while skill and courage were required to wield a spear or sword, any skulking wretch could pull a trigger from behind a stone. From one of these hated weapons he received his death. As he was retreating slowly, with his face towards the foe, a stone from a cross-archer struck him on the side. He instantly sank forward on his saddle-bow. His squire helped him from his horse, and he was laid beneath a tree. His spine had broken in two places; and he felt that he was dying. He took his sword, and kissed the cross-hilt, murmuring a prayer.

The Spaniards were approaching. His friends made some attempt to raise him and to bear him from the field. But the least movement made him faint with agony; and he felt that all was vain. He charged his companions, as they loved him, to turn his face towards the enemy, and to retire into a place of safety; and he sent, with his last breath, his salutation to the King. With breaking hearts they did as he desired, and he was left alone.

When the Spaniards reached the spot, they found him still alive, but sinking fast. The conduct of Lord Pescara, the Spanish general, towards his dying foe, was worthy of a great and noble knight. He bade his own pavilion to be spread above him; cushions were spread beneath his head. Soon all was over. It was the hour of sunset, April the 30th, in the year 1524, when he passed away.

The Spaniards raised the corpse, and bore it with

deep reverence to a neighboring church. There it rested till the morning, when a band of his companions, displaying a white flag, came from the French camp, and carried it away. It was determined that the bones of the dead knight should rest in his own land. The body, apparellled in white velvet, was placed in an oak coffin, and covered with a purple pall; a band of bearers was appointed; and the funeral train set forth across the mountains into France. By day, the bier advanced upon its journey; by night, it rested in the churches on the way. At length it reached the borders of his own Dauphiny; and thence it traveled through a land of lamentation. From the city of Grenoble, when the bier arrived within a distance of a league, a mourning multitude came forth to meet it. Bishops, knights, and nobles, mingled with the common people, walked before the coffin to the great cathedral, where it rested for a night, and where a solemn requiem was sung. On the morning after, the body was borne, in mournful splendor, to the church of the Minims, and there committed to the ground.

The grave lies just before the chancel steps, in front of the great altar. On the wall to the right hand, a graven stone records, in Latin characters, the deeds of the great knight; and above the stone his effigy, carved in white marble, and adorned with the collar of his order, looks down upon the grave.



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“O F all men—
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
Is Daniel Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky.”

Thus wrote Lord Byron in the early part of the last century of an American pioneer who, though never seeking fame, found it while doing what he considered his simple duty in defending the frontiers of his country against a savage and relentless foe, and who did more than any other man of his day to make the beautiful Kentucky country a land of peace, where the wilderness has truly blossomed as the rose.

Daniel Boone was of English descent, his ancestors having been settled for some generations at Bradwinch, eight miles from Exeter, England. His grandfather, George Boone, came to Philadelphia with his wife and eleven children in 1717. In England the family had been Episcopalians, but in Pennsylvania they were considered Quakers. Shortly after his arrival George Boone bought a large estate in Bucks County, and called it Exeter after the English town he had known so well in his youth. He continued to purchase land until his holdings included tracts in Virginia and Maryland, including a portion of what is now the District of Columbia. It is said that he laid out the town of Georgetown, and gave it his own name. Squire Boone was the father of Daniel, his wife being Sarah Morgan. Daniel, the most famous of pioneers, was born in Exeter on the 11th of February, 1735.

Exeter, in the first half of the eighteenth century,

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was just the place in which to develop in the heart of the boy the love of nature and the pathless woods. It was a small frontier settlement, nestling in green forests filled with game that were hunted with great zest by the adventure-loving Boones. From time to time an Indian war party headed out from the forest, hunting with equal zest some white inhabitant of the flourishing village of Exeter. The town in Boone's boyhood was composed almost entirely of log houses, placed near which, at points of vantage, were two or three loopholed block-houses to which the inhabitants could retreat in times of danger.

A biographer of Boone gives a graphic sketch of one or two adventures that illustrate what sort of a father the boy was to be to the man.

"At Exeter they (the Boones) lived for ten years; and it was during this time that their son Daniel began to show his passion for hunting. He was scarcely able to carry a gun when he was shooting all the squirrels, raccoons, and even wildcats that he could find in that region. As he grew older, his courage increased, and then we find him amusing himself with higher game. Other lads in the neighborhood were soon taught by him the use of the rifle, and were able to join him in his adventures. On one occasion, they started out for a hunt, and, after amusing themselves till it was almost dark, they were returning homeward, when suddenly a wild cry was heard in the woods. The boys screamed, 'A panther! a panther!' and ran off as fast as they could. Boone stood firmly, looking round for the animal. It was a panther indeed. His eye lighted upon it just in the act of springing toward him; in an instant he leveled his rifle and shot the beast through the heart.

"But this sort of sport was not enough for him. He seemed resolved to go away from men, and live

in the forest with the animals. One morning he started off, as usual, with his rifle and dog. Night came on, but Daniel did not return to his home. Another day and night passed away, and still the boy did not make his appearance. His parents were now greatly alarmed. The neighbors joined them in making a search for the lad. After wandering about a great while, they at length saw smoke rising from a cabin in the distance. The floor of the cabin was covered with the skins of such animals as young Boone had slain, and pieces of meat were roasting before the fire for his supper. Here, at a distance of three miles from any settlement, he had built his cabin of sods and branches, and sheltered himself in the wilderness, and he was never so happy as when at night he came home laden with game. He was a tireless wanderer."

What little schooling the future colonel was to receive was acquired in a few short months in the little log school house on the head waters of the Schuylkill. The schoolmaster was a wandering teacher from Ireland, who had appeared at the settlement, and was at once hired by the progressive inhabitants, to teach their children the rudiments of the three r's. The teacher seems to have been capable of instructing his students when he was sober, but his love of strong drink proved his ruin. When in his cups he would beat his scholars unmercifully, whether they behaved or misbehaved, or knew their lessons. Boone was the ringleader in a practical joke played upon the schoolmaster. A scuffle ensued in which the teacher was thrown down. The children at once voted themselves a holiday and went off rejoicing. Boone was rebuked by his parents, but the schoolmaster received his dismissal.

It is not probable that the lad shed many tears over the loss of his primitive educational advan-

tages. The woods called to him, and he joyfully took down his beloved rifle, called his dog, and became a hunter once more. "Hunting seemed to be the only business of his life."

About 1752 Squire Boone removed his family to North Carolina, young Boone being then about eighteen. They took up their residence at Homan's Ford, on the Yadkin River, eight miles from Wilkesboro, North Carolina. The State still cherishes the memory of Daniel Boone, and claims him as one of her own illustrious sons, and the capital of Watauga County was named in his honor in 1849. Daniel married in North Carolina the beautiful Rebecca Bryan, and the romantic story is told that on one dark night young Boone mistook the bright eyes of the young lady for those of a deer, a mistake that nearly proved fatal, for he threw up his rifle to his shoulder in readiness to fire. Luckily the young lady found her voice and screamed, and instead of a tragedy there was, within a short time, a frontier wedding.

For a while after his marriage Boone settled down to the quiet routine of farm work, varying it with excursions now and then in search of a bear or panther that had shown too much fondness for his small stock of sheep and cows.

When the French wars were over and the Cherokee outbreaks suppressed, the people of the eastern colonies began to turn their eyes longingly toward the West. Indians from beyond the great mountains had filled the border settlements with tales of the wonders that lay to the westward, the great hills, the herds of buffalo, numerous as the leaves on the trees, the fertile plains and clear rivers. While the French had been in control any systematic exploration by the English, or any thought of making permanent settlements, had been entirely out of the question.

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Boone was determined to visit this unknown region, and at the head of a company of hunters from North Carolina went as far as the vicinity of Laurel Mountain in Kentucky. Some writers believe that he had hunted in that district the year before, as there was found in the valley of Boone's Creek, on the road between Jonesboro and Boonsville, a tree bearing the following inscription:

D. Boon
CillEd A Bar On
in ThE Tres
yEAR 1760

The site of his old camp on the creek that bears his name, a tributary of the Watauga, is still identified by the people of the locality.

Boone was exploring the country for a firm called Henderson & Company. In his party was a relative named Callaway. "Callaway was at the side of Boone," writes Wheeler, in his interesting history, "when approaching the spurs of the Cumberland Mountain, and in view of the vast herds of buffalo grazing in the valleys between them, he exclaimed:

"I am richer than the man mentioned in Scripture, who owned the cattle on a thousand hills; I own the wild beasts of more than a thousand valleys,"

Inspired by an account brought by the hunter Findley in 1767, Boone organized a party of six to explore the land now known as the State of Kentucky. It was to be a long journey, and the preparations took some time. It was in May, 1769, that he started, as he states in his autobiography, "in quest of the country of Kentucky." His sons were now old enough to carry on the work of the farm, so that the intrepid hunter had little to worry him in regard to supplies for his family during his absence.

Peck has given a vivid sketch of Boone's first

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view of Kentucky that can well be quoted here. "It was on the 7th of June, 1769, that six men, weary and wayworn, were seen winding their way up the steep side of a rugged mountain in the wilderness of Kentucky. Their dress was of the description usually worn at that period by all forest rangers. The outside garment was a hunting shirt, or loose open frock, made of dressed deer skins. Leggins or drawers, of the same material, covered the lower extremities, to which was appended a pair of moccasins for the feet. The cape or collar of the hunting shirt, and the seams of the leggings were adorned with fringes. The under garments were of coarse cotton. A leather belt encircled the body; on the right side was suspended the tomahawk, to be used as a hatchet; on the left side was the hunting-knife, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and other appendages indispensable for the hunter. Each person bore his trusty rifle; and as the party slowly made their toilsome way amid the shrubs, and over the logs and loose rocks that accident had thrown into the obscure trail which they were following, each man kept a sharp lookout, as though danger or a lurking enemy were near. Their garments were soiled and rent, the unavoidable result of long traveling and exposure to the heavy rains that had fallen; for the weather had been stormy and most uncomfortable, and they had traversed mountainous wilderness for several hundred miles. The leader of the party was of full size, with a hardy, robust, sinewy frame, and keen, piercing hazel eyes, that glanced with quickness at every object as they passed on, now cast forward in the direction they were traveling for signs of an old trail, and in the next moment directed askance into the dense thicket or into the deep ravine, as if watching some concealed enemy. The reader will recognize in this man the pioneer Boone, at the head of his companions.

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"Toward the time of the setting sun, the party had reached the summit of the mountain range, up which they had toiled for some three or four hours, and which had bounded their prospect to the west during the day. Here new and indescribable scenery opened to their view. Before them, for an immense distance, as if spread out on a map, lay the rich and beautiful vales watered by the Kentucky River; for they now reached one of its northern branches. The country immediately before them, to use a Western phrase, was 'rolling,' and, in places, abruptly hilly; but far in the vista was seen a beautiful expanse of level country, over which the buffalo, deer, and other forest animals roamed unmolested, while they fed on the luxuriant herbage of the forest. The countenances of the party lighted up with pleasure, congratulations were exchanged, the romantic tales of Findley were confirmed by ocular demonstration, and orders were given to encamp for the night in a neighboring ravine. In a deep gorge of the mountain a large tree had fallen, surrounded with a dense thicket, and hidden from observation by the abrupt and precipitous hills. This tree lay in a convenient position for the back of their camp. Logs were placed on the right and the left, leaving the front open, where fire might be kindled against another log; and, for shelter from the rains and heavy dews, bark was peeled from the linden trees." One day when Stewart and Boone were in pursuit of buffalo, pausing now and then to wonder at the great trees that towered high above their heads, they suddenly found that other hunters beside themselves had found this Eden of the New World. Without a moment's warning, before they could cock their guns, a party of Indians swooped silently from the cane brake, disarmed them, threw them down and bound them tightly with thongs made from the hide of the deer.

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Boone, up to this time, had seen but few Indians, and probably none on the warpath. He had been told by hunters that there were no Indians living in the eastern part of Kentucky, and that one was as safe as if he were within the palisades of a white settlement. While it was true that none of the savages had pitched their village tepees in the rich lands about the Kentucky River, it had been a debatable land in which war parties of the Shawnees, Cherokees and Chickasaws had fought one another until, even in their own tongues, it was called "the Dark and Bloody Ground." These war parties, however, in recent years had been seldom seen, and hunters had not been molested. Boone knew from border tales that in the end one of two fates awaited them, if they were unable to escape. They would either be put to death by torture, or adopted into the captors' tribe.

The two captives took their misfortune with such apparent indifference that after a few days the vigilance of the Indians began to relax, and the whites were less securely fastened when the party camped for the night. One evening, a week later, the Indians stopped for the night in the midst of a great cane-brake. They built a large fire and roasted some of the venison taken from the carcass of a recently killed deer. At last, after binding the two white men, the Indians threw themselves down to sleep, leaving a sentry, a somewhat unusual precaution, by the way, to watch over the camp. The sentry, however, was weary after the long and arduous march, which had included a long detour in pursuit of a herd of buffalo, and soon became drowsy.

Boone, who had not allowed himself to sleep a moment since they had encamped that night, saw the sentry settle himself comfortably on a log. The Indian blinked drowsily at the fire, that had

already begun to die down, leaving the thickets round about in deep shadow. Then the Indian's head fell forward on his breast, and he slipped off the log in a heap on the ground. He was fast asleep.

Boone looked carefully for a few moments at each quiet figure, and saw by their regular and deep breathing that not one was awake or sleeping lightly. Carefully he worked at the thongs that his captors had put on him for the night, slipped them off, and stepping carefully over the Indians that lay between him and Stewart shook the latter gently, and held at the same time his hand tightly over his friend's mouth to prevent him from making a startled outcry as he came back to consciousness. When Stewart realized the situation, Boone told him in a whisper to get one of the rifles, Boone had already secured his, and follow him with the utmost precaution.

The two men now plunged silently into the depths of the thicket, crawled over logs until they reached an opening, and then, guided by the stars and the moss on the trees, started swiftly on the back-track towards the place where they had left their four comrades in camp. It was a long and weary journey, through ravines and over hill tops. They lived on berries and wild plants, as they did not dare to hunt game, as the report of their rifles would have directed the Indians to their locality if they still hung on their trail.

At last they reached the neighborhood of their camp. All was quiet, not a voice broke the stillness. They must have gone hunting, thought Boone, and the two men hurried through the underbrush to the camp. Not a soul was to be seen. The camp had every appearance of having been plundered. Their shouts brought no answer but the frightened call of some forest bird. The little spring gurgled

from beside the bark hut as if it had never been disturbed by hunter or lapping hound. From that day to this, the fate of Finlay and his companions has remained a frontier mystery, to be solved perhaps in the tales told about the fires of some distant encampment of the Chickasaws.

Boone and Stewart, though depressed by the loss of their comrades, resumed their hunting, only hiding themselves carefully at night now that they had found themselves in such a dangerous neighborhood. In the winter, they were overjoyed by the sudden appearance in their camp of Squire Boone, Daniel's younger brother, and a companion. Boone saw two strangers approaching and catching up his gun called the backwoods challenge:

"Hello! strangers, who are you?"

"White men and friends!" came the reply.

With a shout the brothers ran to greet each other, the anxiety of the moment turned to joy. Squire Boone told them their safety was feared for back in the North Carolina settlements, and that he and his companion had volunteered to discover what had become of them. They brought a supply of ammunition, of which the hunters were then greatly in need. They also announced that several times on their journey they had seen tracks made by Indians, though they had seen no warriors themselves.

The four men were hunting a few days later two and two, when a party of Indians attacked Boone and Stewart. After a fierce fire Stewart pitched forward dead, and his scalp was taken. Daniel fell back towards camp, firing steadily and keeping the Indians at bay, until at last he came up with the other two men of his party. A few days later the hunter who had come with Squire Boone went off into the woods for a hunt, and was never seen again. The Boones searched for him,

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but could not discover any traces that would tell what his end had been. Years later a skeleton was found in the forests, which, from certain marks, led them to believe was that of the lost hunter.

Daniel and his brother were yet unwilling to give up their hunting trip that had proved one of such ill omen to six men who had come with them from the settlements. Daniel sent his brother back home, a distance of several hundred miles, for more ammunition, while he remained alone in the woods until he returned. He seems to have been fascinated by the loneliness, the danger of this unknown wilderness, where death seemed nearer than life itself. His brother was gone three months, but returned in July, 1770. During that time Daniel explored the center of Kentucky. No better account can be given of his life during this period when the brother hunted with him, and also after his departure, than the one he has left us, phrased in his own quaint and picturesque language:

"Thus situated, many hundred miles from our families in the howling wilderness, I believe few would have equally enjoyed the happiness we experienced. I often observed to my brother, 'You see how little nature requires to be satisfied. Felicity, the companion of content, is rather found in our own breasts than in the enjoyment of external things; and I firmly believe it requires but a little philosophy to make a man happy in whatsoever state he is. This consists in a full resignation to Providence, and a resigned soul finds pleasure in a path strewed with briars and thorns.'

"We continued not in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter storms. We remained there undisturbed during the winter; and on the first of May, 1770, my brother returned home to the settlement by himself for a new recruit, horses

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and ammunition, leaving me by myself, without bread, without salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow creatures, or even a horse or dog. I confess I never before was under greater necessity of exercising philosophy and fortitude. A few days I passed uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on account of my absence and exposed situation made sensible impressions on my heart. A thousand dreadful apprehensions presented themselves to my view, and had undoubtedly disposed me to melancholy if further indulged.

"One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking round with delight, beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below. On the other hand I surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. The fallen shades of night soon overspread the whole hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gape after the hovering moisture. My roving excursion this day had fatigued my body, and diverted my imagination. I laid me down to sleep, and I awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days had explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first. I returned to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my

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absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes to avoid the savages, who I believe often visited my camp, but fortunately for me in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and, if it does, only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be affected. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings; and the various species of animals in this vast forest in the daytime were continually in my view.

"Thus, I was surrounded with plenty in the midst of want. I was happy in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such a diversity it was impossible I should be disposed to melancholy. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here.

"Thus through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures I spent the time until the 27th day of July following, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me according to appointment, at our old camp. Shortly after we left this place, not thinking it safe to stay there any longer, and proceeded to Cumberland River, reconnoitering that part of the country until March, 1771, and giving names to the different waters.

"Soon after, I returned home to my family, with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune. I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in comfortable circumstances."

Boone spent two years at his home on the Yadkin, but never altered his determination to take his

family to settle in Kentucky at the first opportunity. He sold his farm for enough to pay the expenses of his new venture, and in September, 1774, Boone, with his wife and children and his brother Squire Boone, started on the journey that was to result in the foundation of a State. They drove their cattle and sheep with them, and their baggage was carried on pack-horses. They were joined on the way by five families which numbered forty brave frontiersmen, a force that would be more than a match for any war-party that they thought they would be likely to encounter. But they were not to pass beyond the mountains without trouble. Near Cumberland Gap the rear guard, who were in charge of the cattle, was attacked by redskins, and six of the frontiersmen killed. The main body was six miles in advance, but heard the firing and returned, beat off the attackers, and recovered their cattle, which had begun to scatter in the woods. Among the slain was a son of Boone. The party now returned forty miles and settled temporarily on the banks of the Clinch River. This was in obedience to the wishes of the majority, as Boone and his brother Squire wished to push on, even if they were to fight Indians on the way. The attack proved to be one of the forerunners of the bloody border conflict known as "Dunmore's War," from the Governor of Virginia who directed the colonial forces.

Boone, at the order of the Governor, took a party of surveyors to the falls of the Ohio. On his return he was made commander of three frontier garrisons, with a commission as Captain, his first military title. The war ended with the defeat of the Indians at Point Pleasant. They sued for peace, and gave up all claim to Kentucky.

Boone was now one of the noted men of the frontier country. His reports of the beauties of the Kentucky country had spread all over the Caro-

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linas and Virginia, and land companies were formed to make settlements. The largest was under Colonel Henderson. Boone, as his commissioner, purchased all land claims of the Indians to the vast tract between the Kentucky, Cumberland and Ohio Rivers. He took charge of the first party of settlers, and, after a dangerous march, during which several of his men were killed and a number wounded, reached the banks of the Kentucky River in April, 1775. He built a fort called Boonesborough, the first settlement in Kentucky, and which was destined to be one of the most famous fortresses during the Indian wars in that region.

"It was situated adjacent to the river, with one of the angles resting on its bank near the water, and extending from it in the form of a parallelogram. The length of the fort, allowing twenty feet for each cabin and opening, must have been about two hundred and sixty, and the breadth one hundred and fifty feet. In a few days after the work was commenced, one of the men was killed by the Indians. The houses being built of hewn logs were bullet proof. They were of a square form, and one of them projected from each corner, being connected by stockades. The remaining space on the four sides was filled up with cabins built of rough logs, placed close together. The gates were on opposite sides, made of thick slabs of timber, and hung on wooden hinges."

Boone gives in his autobiography a vivid account of the dangers the people encountered in the early days at Boonesborough. "On the fourteenth of July, 1776," he writes, "two of Colonel Calaway's daughters and one of mine were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party, and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made, the Indians

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divided themselves into different parties, and attacked several forts, which were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down, while busy cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonesborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man, and wounded four. Their loss in the attack was not certainly known to us.

"On the 4th day of July following, a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonesborough, killed one man and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours, during which time seven of them were killed, and, at last, finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege and departed.

"The Indians had disposed their warriors at this time and attacked different garrisons, to prevent their assisting one another, and did much injury to the distressed inhabitants.

"On the 19th of the month, Colonel Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege, they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two, and wounded one. The enemy's loss was uncertain, from the common practice which the Indians have of carrying off their dead in time of battle. Colonel Harred's fort was then defended by only sixty-five men, and Boonesborough by twenty-two, there being no more forts or white men in the country, except at the Falls, a considerable distance from these; and all, taken collectively, were but a handful to the numerous warriors that were everywhere dispersed through the country, intent upon doing all the mischief that savage barbarity could invent.

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Thus we passed through a scene of suffering that exceeds description.

"On the 25th of this month, a reenforcement of forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, and about the 20th of August following, Colonel Bowman arrived with one hundred men from Virginia. Now we began to strengthen; and hence, for the space of six weeks, we had skirmishes with the Indians, in one quarter or another, almost every day. The savages now learned the superiority of the 'Long Knives,' as they called the Virginians, by experience; being out-generalled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture on open war, practised secret mischief at times.

"On the 1st of January, 1778, I went with a party of thirty men to the Blue Licks, on Licking River, to make salt for the different garrisons of the country. On the 7th day of February, as I was hunting to procure meat for the company, I met with a party of one hundred and two Indians, and two Frenchmen, on their march against Boonesborough, that place being particularly the object of the enemy. They pursued and took me; and brought me on the 8th day to the Licks, where twenty-seven of my party were, three of them having previously returned home with the salt. I, knowing it was impossible for them to escape, capitulated with the enemy, and at a distance, in their view, gave notice to my men of their situation, with orders not to resist, but surrender themselves captives.

"The generous usage the Indians had promised before in my capitulation, was afterward fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to Old Chillicothe, the principal town on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey, in very severe weather, on the 18th day of Feb-

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ruary, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the 10th day of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived the 30th day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity.

"During our travels, the Indians entertained me well, and their affection for me was so great, that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the Governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me on purpose to give me a parole to go home. Several English gentlemen there, being sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly supply for my wants, which I refused, with many thanks for their kindness, adding, that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

"The Indians left my men in captivity with the British at Detroit, and on the 10th day of April brought me toward Old Chillicothe, where we arrived on the 25th day of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march, through an exceedingly fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chillicothe I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect, and was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sister and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at their shooting matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could ob-

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serve, in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and, when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawnee king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often entrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were in common with them; not so good, indeed, as I could desire, but necessity makes everything acceptable.

"I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully avoided their suspicions, continuing with them at Old Chillicothe until the first day of June following, and was then taken by them to the salt springs on Scioto, and kept there making salt ten days. During this time I hunted some, and found the land, for a great extent about this river, to exceed the soil of Kentucky, if possible, and remarkably well watered.

"When I returned to Chillicothe I was alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, their choicest warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, ready to march against Boonesborough. I determined to escape the first opportunity. On the 16th, before sunrise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonesborough on the 20th, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles, during which I had but one meal.

"I found our fortress in a bad state of defense; but we proceeded immediately to repair our flanks, strengthen our gates and posterns, and form double bastions, which we completed in ten days. In this time we daily expected the arrival of the Indian army; and at length, one of my fellow-prisoners, escaping from them, brought the information to us that the enemy had, on account of my departure,

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postponed their expedition three weeks. The Indians had spies out viewing our movements, and were greatly alarmed with our increase in number and fortifications. The grand council of the nations was held frequently, and with more deliberation than usual. They evidently saw the approaching hour when the Long Knife would dispossess them of their desirable lands, and anxiously concerned for futurity, determined to utterly extirpate the whites of Kentucky. We were not intimidated by their movements, but frequently gave them proofs of our courage.

"About the first of August, I made an incursion into the Indian country with a party of nineteen men, in order to surprise a small town of Scioto, called Paint Creek Town. We advanced within four miles thereof, when we met a party of thirty Indians on their march against Boonesborough, intending to join the others from Chillicothe. A smart fight ensued between us for some time; at length the savages gave way and fled. We had no loss on our side; the enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took from them three horses, and all their baggage; and being informed by two of our number, who went to their town, that the Indians had evacuated it, we proceeded no further, and returned with all possible expedition to assist our garrison against the other party. We passed by them on the sixth day, and on the seventh we arrived safe at Boonesborough.

"On the 8th, the Indian army arrived, being four hundred and forty-four in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and one of their own chiefs, and marched up within view of our fort, with British and French colors flying, and having sent a summons to me, in his Britannic Majesty's name, to surrender the fort, I requested two days' consideration, which was granted.

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"It was now a critical period with us. We were a small number in the garrison—a powerful army before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death, fearfully painted, and marking their footsteps with desolation. Death was preferable to captivity; and, if taken by storm, we must inevitably be devoted to destruction. In this situation we concluded to maintain our garrison, if possible. We immediately proceeded to collect what we could of our horses and other cattle, and bring them through the posterns into the fort; and, in the evening of the 9th, I returned answer that we were determined to defend our fort while a man was living. 'Now,' said I to their commander, who stood attentively hearing my sentiments, 'we laugh at your formidable preparations; but thank you for giving us notice and time to provide for defense. Your efforts will not prevail; for our gates shall forever deny you admittance.' Whether this answer affected their courage or not I cannot tell; but, contrary to our expectations, they formed a scheme to deceive us, declaring that it was their orders, from Governor Hamilton, to take us captives, and not to destroy us; but, if nine of us would come out and treat with them, they would immediately withdraw their forces from our walls, and return home peaceably. This sounded grateful in our ears; and we agreed to the proposal.

"We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, on purpose to divert them from a breach of honor, as we could not avoid suspicions of the savages. In this situation the articles were formally agreed to and signed; and the Indians told us that it was customary on such occasions for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of friendship. We agreed to this also, but were soon convinced that it was their policy to take us prisoners. They immediately

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grappled us; but, although surrounded by hundreds of savages, we extricated ourselves from them, and escaped all safe into the garrison, except one that was wounded, through a heavy fire from their army. They immediately attacked us on every side, and a constant heavy fire ensued between us, day and night, for the space of nine days.

"In this time the enemy began to undermine the fort, which was situated sixty yards from the Kentucky River. They began at the water mark, and proceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood by their making the water muddy with the clay; and we immediately proceeded to disappoint their design, by cutting a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy, discovering our countermine by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem; and, experience now fully convincing them that neither their power nor policy could effect their purpose, on the 20th day of August they raised the siege and departed.

"During this siege, which threatened death in every form, we had two men killed and four wounded, besides a number of cattle. We killed of the enemy thirty-seven, and wounded a great number. After they were gone we picked up one hundred and twenty-four pounds' weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort, which is certainly a great proof of their industry. Soon after this, I went into the settlement."

In 1780 the Indians came down in force on the Kentucky country. They were sent by the English Governor Hamilton to offset the daring expeditions of Clark. The Indian army numbered six hundred men, supported by two field-pieces. They halted first before the little outpost at Riddles Station. It was in no condition to offer successful resistance and surrendered. The Indians, unrestrained by the officers who had accompanied the

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expedition, butchered or made prisoners at will. After capturing another wooden fort, they beat a hasty retreat. The prisoners were compelled to carry the burdens of their captors, and when they fell from exhaustion, they were at once tomahawked. The whole frontier seemed ablaze, and Kentucky resolved to save herself. Clark was appointed commander-in-chief of the State Militia, and Boone one of the lieutenant-colonels, and the Indians were hunted without mercy, for they showed none. Boone was one of the officers that hurried to the relief of Bryant's Station when it was attacked by a large Indian force under Girty, a white renegade, who dipped his hands in a thousand crimes against his own race. The Indians were finally repulsed, with the loss of thirty men. He took up his march for the Blue Licks, marking their trail with strokes of their tomahawks as if inviting the relieving force to follow.

The troops poured into the Station the morning after the siege was raised, until they numbered nearly two hundred. Colonel Boone had a large party from Boonesborough, including his brother Samuel and his son Israel. It was determined to pursue the savages without waiting for re-enforcements, although some were expected. The Indians set a trap for the pursuers, and, contrary to Colonel Boone's advice, a dash was made for the enemy's camp, which resulted in the fearful repulse at Blue Licks. Among the slain was young Israel Boone, who fought with great gallantry during the early part of that fatal day. Colonel Boone collected as many as possible of the retreating troops, and getting them into some order saved many lives. He met Logan's re-enforcements and together they buried the slain.

For several years the Indians continued their depredations and Boone as often met them, some-

times with a few of his neighbors, sometimes with a regiment. He became feared throughout the Indian country, until his appearance in battle would be instantly followed by a weakening of the Indians in his vicinity, and their retreat, unless they were greatly superior in numbers to Boone's force.

Boone was rewarded for his military services by the State of Virginia, and he bought great tracts of land in Kentucky for himself and his sons. After the end of the Indian hostilities, he became a farmer, though never laying aside his rifle for long.

Shortly before 1790 Colonel Boone lost the last of his extensive possessions in Kentucky. His farm near Boonesborough was taken from him by money sharks, who had juggled with the defective titles of his land. He moved in 1790 from Kentucky, the region that owed its very existence to his daring and foresight, and made his home in Virginia near Point Pleasant, on the banks of the Kanawha River. Here he remained a number of years, tilling his farm and hunting when fall came on. Boone had heard from a party of hunters about the fertility and beauty of the land west of the Missouri River, and also, says one writer, "of the absence of lawyers," and he determined to try his fortunes in this favored region. Missouri then belonged to Spain. The authorities had heard much, as had every civilized part of America, concerning the exploits of Colonel Boone, and the Lieutenant Governor of the Spanish Province, who lived in St. Louis, promised him lands for himself and his sons. Boone settled forty-five miles west of St. Louis, and was made military and civil commandant of the Osage District. He held the position until the country was purchased by the United States Government. Audubon, the famous naturalist, visited Boone in Missouri, in 1810, and has left us an entertaining sketch of Boone as he saw him.

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"Daniel Boone, or as he was usually called in the Western country, Colonel Boone, happened to spend a night with me under the same roof more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the rifle had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise and perseverance; and, when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, whilst he merely took off his hunting-shirt, and arranged a few folds of blanket on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, he observed, than on the softest bed."

Boone was given ten thousand arpents of land by the Spanish government. He did not reside on it, a necessary qualification for holding, but which was dispensed with by the Spanish government. When the United States gained possession of the country, Boone's claims were rejected, and for a second time he found himself without an acre he could call his own, after a reasonable expectation that all of his necessities would be provided for. He petitioned Congress, and asked the Assembly of Kentucky to aid him. That body instructed the Senators of the State to look out for his interests. The claims, however, were neglected by Congress, but at last it voted him one thousand arpents, the amount any other settler was entitled to.

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Ten years before his death, age compelled him to lay aside his favorite rifle and take up less arduous employment. "His time at home," says one biographer, "was usually occupied in some useful manner. He made powderhorns for his grandchildren, neighbors and friends, many of which were carved and ornamented with much taste. He repaired rifles, and performed various descriptions of handicraft with neatness and finish. Making powderhorns, repairing rifles, employments in pleasing unison with old pursuits, and by the associations thus raised in his mind, always recalling the pleasures of the chase, the stilly, whispering hum of the pines, the fragrance of wild-flowers, and the deep solitude of the primeval forest."

In the fall of 1820 Colonel Boone, then in his eighty-sixth year, ended his lonely journey. Simple and trustful in his faith, he believed ever in a watchful Providence which had guided him through trackless wilds and untold dangers to the end.

R. S. B.



JACQUELINE DE LAGUETTE

AT Mandres, not far from Paris, stood, in the year 1612, a little house like a toy castle, with turrets and a moat. Its owner was a retired officer named Meurdrac, a soldier who had fought in more than twenty battles under Henri Quatre, but who had become lame with rheumatism and compelled to leave the army. He was now a man of forty-five, with a red beard, a huge mustache, a face tanned to parchment, and keen sparkling eyes. He wore, summer and winter, a buff coat, top-boots, and a rapier. His character was quick and fiery. His cane was the terror of his groom and lacquey; and he would rather have laid his head upon the block than have changed the least of his opinions.

Monsieur Meurdrac had built himself a house at Mandres in order to be near the Castle of the Duc of Angoulême, his oldest friend. When his house was finished, he looked about him for a wife. He chanced to meet at Paris a lady of twenty-five, good, lovely, and sweet-tempered. They married; and in the month of February, 1613, a little girl was born, whom they called Jacqueline.

This child's life was destined to be distinguished from the common lot.

She combined her mother's beauty with her father's fiery spirit. As she grew up, Jacqueline, like other maidens, stitched and spun, worked pictures on her tambour-frame, and woke the strings of her guitar; but her heart's delight was to fire off her father's musket, to practise with her fencing-master, to swim across the river Yères, or to mount her palfrey and scour the country like the wind. At

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eighteen she had grown into a girl of much beauty—the admiration of rival cavaliers for ten miles round. On Sundays, when she went to church, the little churchyard glittered like a palace court, with the horses and white plumes of her adorers. But Jacqueline was modest. Her eyes were never lifted from her missal to shoot back a speaking glance. Admirers came in crowds to seek her hand of Monsieur Meurdrac; but Jacqueline declared that she would never marry, and the suitors were sent sighing away. At length she became known throughout the province as the Maid of Mandres—the fair one who had vowed to live and die unwed. But here the gossips were in error. These candidates were merely what the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon were to Lady Portia. Bassanio had not yet appeared.

But it so happened one day the Meurdraes visited the Duc of Angoulême at the Castle of Gros-Bois. Among the company was an officer whom Jacqueline had never before seen. His name was Marius de Laguette, a cavalier of eight-and-twenty, tall and handsome, who had just returned from the wars in Lorraine. He looked at Jacqueline and, for the first time, she blushed and trembled. They did not speak a word together; but when she left the Castle the Maid of Mandres was no longer fancy-free.

Some days later she was sitting at her window, when she saw her father returning from the chase of a wild boar. To her surprise and joy, Laguette was with him; the pair had made acquaintance at the hunting-party, and old Meurdrac had invited his companion home. The young man stayed two hours, gazing at Jacqueline and talking to her father. For three or four days after, he came every morning; and at last, as they were walking in the garden, he found a chance to speak to her alone.

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"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am a plain man, and cannot beat about the bush. I am here to tell you that I love you. I have often vowed that I would never marry; but the moment I beheld you I felt the folly of my vows."

"I also," replied Jacqueline, "have made such vows;" and in a lower tone she added, "and I also have repented."

It was arranged, before they parted, that Lagouette should speak to Monsieur Meurdrac the next day. But their course of true love was not destined to run smooth. The next day came; Jacqueline sat watching at her window; but no Lagouette appeared. Hours passed, and she was trembling with a thousand vague misgivings, when a farmer's boy brought her a billet from her lover. She tore it open; it told her in despair that he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, and had the sorrow of departing without bidding her farewell.

Jacqueline at first burst into tears; but her lover was a soldier, and his honor was her own. To kill time till his return she fenced and swam, she shot the deer in the Duc's park, she galloped her courser over fence and field. Three months went slowly by; the campaign ended gloriously; Lagouette came home; and Jacqueline, with delight, beheld her hero at her feet once more.

In the meantime, she had told her mother. Madame Meurdrac gave the pair her warm approval; but her husband's humor was by no means certain. It was determined by the three in council that Lagouette should speak to him without delay.

Both ladies urged upon the suitor the need of deference and soft speech in dealing with the choleric old man. Lagouette promised to obey; but in truth, though gallant and frank-hearted, he was fiery-tempered. Hotspur would not have made a worse ambassador. And in this lay their chief peril.

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Monsieur Meurdrac was in his study, engaged in casting up some figures with his agent, when Lagquette knocked and entered, and, signing to the old man not to interrupt himself, took his seat in a corner till the business should be over. His visit was unfortunately timed. Monsieur Meurdrac hated to be disturbed at business. He continued his employment; but his attention was distracted, and his figures soon began to go astray. At length he flung his pen into the agent's face, bade him return later, and, turning with ill-concealed impatience to Lagquette, desired to know how he could serve him.

"Monsieur Meurdrac," said the young man; "I have come to ask for your advice. I wish to marry—if my income justifies my doing so." And he thereupon explained his prospects, which were good, but not magnificent.

"Well," said the old man, "you should explain all this to the young lady's father."

"Monsieur," replied the suitor, "you are he."

The delicacy with which this news was broken did not gain its object. The old man answered, with forced courtesy, that his family were greatly honored, but that Lagquette was there a week too late; he had promised his daughter to another suitor, and would not break his word. Lagquette argued; but in vain. The tempers of both disputants began to rise.

"No doubt," said Lagquette bitterly, "my rival is a richer man than I am."

"You are insulting, sir," said Meurdrac. "But let this suffice you—you shall never have my daughter. Leave the house, sir!" and he thundered down his fist upon the table.

Then all was in an uproar; the swords of both flew out like lightning; Jacqueline and Madame Meurdrac rushed in screaming. While the old lady

seized her husband round the neck, Jacqueline hustled her lover from the room. Laguette, with her reproaches ringing in his ears, rode off, vexed at his own folly; old Meurdrac was left raging like a madman; and the hopes of the two lovers seemed destroyed forever.

Some days passed, and affairs were still in this position when Laguette was once more summoned to his flag. This time the lovers made a scheme to correspond—a friend of Jacqueline engaging to receive their letters. All further steps toward their marriage had to be suspended till Laguette's return.

But in the meantime her father had no thought of resting idle. Laguette had not been gone a week when a letter came for Monsieur Meurdrac from his friend the Abbess of the Convent of Brie-Comte-Robert. He sent word aloud that he would call, together with his daughter, the next day. Jacqueline heard this message with a beating heart. A convent! Did they mean to force her to become a nun? She plagued her father with inquiries; but he would tell her nothing. Early the next morning a carriage took them to the convent. The Abbess welcomed them in her apartment, in which dinner was laid out for several guests. Among the company were three or four young cavaliers, one of whom her father greeted with surprising heartiness. A sudden light broke in on Jacqueline. She had been brought to take a husband, not the veil!

At the table the young man sat beside her, and pressed her with polite attentions. After dinner, as the guests were strolling in the convent-garden, Monsieur Meurdrac whispered that his name was Voisenon, that he was rich, and that he loved her. Among the roses and the hollyhocks the cavalier renewed his gallantries; but at night, as they were waiting for the carriage, she seized a moment, while her father was intent upon the horses, to inform

him of the truth. She was, she told him, already plighted to another. He might trouble her by his attentions, but he could never win her hand; and she appealed to his sense of honor. Voisenon replied, that he was not the man to urge a wedding against her will, however greatly he admired her. Jacqueline responded gratefully; and the two parted on the best of terms, as friends, but nothing more.

Laguette was at that moment at the siege of Lamotte. Jacqueline, in her next letter, told him what had happened. She added that she ran no danger. But lovers' fears are keen; Laguette, in much disturbance, hurried to the Marshal's tent, gained leave of absence for a month, and hastened home. He visited Jacqueline and urged her to marry him at once in secret. At last she yielded, but on one condition—she would not leave her father's house until Laguette and he were reconciled.

The marriage took place and the secret was well kept; but something in his daughter's manner touched old Meurdrac with suspicion.

Jacqueline at last consented that the Duc of Angoulême, who had assisted the young pair, should be asked to break the tidings to her father, and to endeavor to appease his anger.

The Duc agreed. A messenger was dispatched to invite the old man to step up to the castle. He came, suspecting nothing. Laguette was posted in an antechamber of the Duc's apartment, where he could overhear what passed. The Duc began by asking Monsieur Meurdrac for what reason he objected to Laguette.

"For no reason," replied the choleric old gentleman, "except that I detest him."

"Come," said the Duc, "be reasonable. He is your son-in-law; your daughter is married."

The old man reeled back as if he had been shot.

Then he burst into such a storm of fury that Laguette, fearing that Jacqueline herself would not be safe, rushed out of the castle, took a couple of horses from the stables, rode at full gallop to her father's house, bade her leap into the saddle, and carried her out of danger to his own château.

Scarcely were they out of sight, when the indignant father came galloping to the door, inquiring for his daughter. A trembling lacquey stammered out that she had ridden away with Monsieur de Laguette. The old man, locking himself up in his own chamber, gave way to an access of fierce resentment which for a long time nothing could appease.

But time is a great reconciler. Some months passed; and still, to Jacqueline's extreme distress, her father steadfastly refused to see her. Madame Meurdrac and the Duc assailed him with entreaties—with reproaches; but in vain. But, although the obstinate old man held out firmly in appearance, in spirit he began to waver; and at last he wanted nothing but a fair pretext for yielding with good grace. In this position of affairs, the Duchesse of Angoulême fell ill. She sent for Monsieur Meurdrac, and besought him, as a last request, to see his daughter and forgive her. He replied that there was nothing which he could refuse her Grace. Jacqueline was in the next apartment. She burst into the room, and in a moment more was sobbing in his arms.

Laguette then entered with the Duc. The two disputants shook hands; but the interview passed off so stiffly that they were evidently far from being reconciled. It was left for a freak of fortune to render them fast friends when every other means had failed.

As Laguette, after the interview, was passing through the castle-court, he observed a group of

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gentlemen belonging to the Duc, who seemed to be exceedingly amused. He demanded what diverted them so highly. "Your reconciliation," answered one of them, who had been present; "to see you and Monsieur Meurdrac shaking hands! you were like the couple in the comedy: 'we were reconciled, we fell into each other's arms—and from that time forth we have been deadly foes!'" And they laughed more boisterously than ever.

Their laughter stung Luguette to frenzy. "What!" he cried, "am I and Monsieur Meurdrac hypocrites? Are we to be insulted by a pack of jack-a-dandies? I will teach you better manners. I tell you that I honor Monsieur Meurdrac; I respect him—I esteem him." And in an instant he was rushing, sword in hand, against the whole fifteen.

Monsieur Meurdrac and the Duc came running to the spot—and the old man heard, to his infinite amazement, his son-in-law proclaiming at the sword's point that he honored and esteemed him. He whipped out his rapier in an instant, and darted to his side. The Duc was forced to throw himself between the combatants. His authority at length appeased the tumult. The cavaliers apologized; but the insulted pair walked off together arm in arm, breathing forth execrations against the coxcombs who had dared to turn them into ridicule. At Mandres they agreed to dine together.

Such was the wooing and wedding of Jacqueline Meurdrac. Two centuries and a half have passed away; Jacqueline and her little world have long been dust; but here are the joys and sorrows of her love-story still vividly surviving. "The unfathomable sea whose waves are years" has swallowed in its depths much mightier things; and this glimpse into the darkness of the past would never, in all probability, have been open to us, but for the adventure which was to make the name of Jacqueline

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familiar far beyond the village of her birth. And this brings us to the second of our scenes.

Over the happy but eventful days which succeeded to the marriage of the lovers we pass to the year 1648—the year of the rebellion of the Fronde. All the great names of France took sides in the contending ranks of loyalists and rebels. Laguette threw in his portion with the latter, and rode away to battle under the banners of Prince Condé.

Jacqueline was left alone in the château at Suilly. The vivacity of her spirit loved excitement; and excitement, even in the village, was not wanting. Sometimes she was awakened at the dead of night by the noise of drums and trumpets, or by the church-bells pealing an alarm. Sometimes she was compelled to arm her servants, to turn her house into a fortress against a party of besiegers, or to dash upon a band of foragers who were busy with their sacks and sickles in her cornfield. But, in spite of these diversions, she found the separation from her husband more than she could bear. One day she took into her head a wild resolve. She determined to ride off in search of him, and to tell him simply, when they met, that she had come to share all perils at his side.

She immediately made ready for the venture. Without adopting, like the Maid of Arc, a helmet and a coat-of-mail, she presented none the less a gallant figure. She kept her woman's dress; but she wore, besides, long boots and gauntlets, a belt, sword, and pistols, a grass-green scarf, and a hat with three green plumes. Thus arrayed, and mounted on a fiery horse, with two armed servants riding at her heels, she cantered out of Suilly on the road to Paris.

Although she was about to join her husband in the army of the rebels, Jacqueline, like most women, was a Royalist at heart. She burned to exert her

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influence—the influence of love, eloquence, and beauty—to convert her husband to the royal cause. Nay, more. She and Prince Condé were already friends. Some time before, the Prince, while on the march through Mandres, had stopped for a few minutes at her husband's house, and had, on his departure, laughingly invited Jacqueline to become his aide-de-camp. What if she could win the Prince himself?

But as yet her husband and the Prince were far away. And before she could be with them many things were to befall.

As she now rode forward on the road to Brie, there appeared before her the advance guard of a band of rebels. The Duke of Lorraine was at their head. The men were loosening their swords and looking to their firelocks; for the scouts had brought intelligence of a troop of Royalists who were endeavoring to retreat across the river near at hand, and the Duke, having twice their strength of numbers, made sure of cutting them to pieces. From the summit of a limekiln Jacqueline could plainly see the standards of the King. A sudden impulse set her blood on fire. She resolved to save the royal army by a stroke of woman's wit.

She rode up to a captain of the rebel force.

"Monsieur," she said, "I come from Gros-Bois, and can give you tidings of importance. A band of Royalists is lurking in the forest; this force is only a decoy. Beware how you advance too quickly, or you will run your head into a trap."

The captain bade her follow him at once into the presence of the Duke. Lorraine listened, and was much disturbed. The order of attack was countermanded; and scouts were instantly sent out to scour the forests. While these were prying into brakes and dingles, the royal army gained the time they needed, crossed the river, and were saved.

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Jacqueline attempted to ride forward; but she soon found out that she was watched. With a bold appearance, though with a fluttering heart, she pushed her horse towards a bridge which crossed the river. An officer commanded her to halt. "Advance no further, Madam," he said, "or I must bid my soldiers fire upon you." "Fire, then," said Jacqueline. "Heaven will defend me. I have served my country and my King." At the same instant she drove the spurs into her horse, and dashed across the bridge. A storm of bullets whistled round her; but by a miracle of fortune she escaped scot free.

An hour afterwards she galloped into Paris.

She learnt that Prince Condé and her husband were at that moment in Guienne. She prepared to follow them; but she had friends at Paris whom she wished to visit; and before she started all the town was talking of the trick by which the band of rebels had been cheated of their prey. Soon her part in the affair leaked out; she was recognized as she was walking in the street, was carried off to the Palais Royal by some gentleman belonging to the court, and ushered into the presence-chamber of the Queen. Anne of Austria received her with the most signal marks of favor, and not only thanked her publicly for her service to the royal cause, but invited her to spend a week at court. Jacqueline, as was to be expected from a loyal subject, accepted with delight. She feasted in the palace-gardens under the shadow of the lime-trees, she angled for gold-carp in the Queen's fish-ponds.

The week went by; and Jacqueline, attended by a guide, rode out of Paris on the road to Guienne. And then began a journey of adventures. The country, troubled by the civil war, was in no pleasant state for travelers; and so Jacqueline was soon to find. On one occasion she was seized by

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a party of Royalists, who took her for Count Marsin escaping in disguise; at another, while riding on a lonely road, eight brigands started from a coppice, and bade her stand and deliver. These rascals went off with her horse, her valise, and every piece of money she possessed. Her guide had fled in terror; and thence she was obliged to make her way alone—as poor a pilgrim as a begging friar. But nothing could subdue her resolution. Sometimes she was able to obtain a ride for a few miles in a charcoal-burner's cart, or on a gipsy's donkey; but for the most part she was forced to trudge on foot. Sometimes she begged a bed at night at the cottage of some friendly rustic; but often she was glad to lie down, after a supper of black bread, to sleep in a granary among the straw.

At last, one morning, after all her misadventures, she had reached the margin of a river, and was about to cross the water by a ferry, when suddenly the sound of trumpets and the roll of drums struck on her ear. A troop of cavaliers appeared, approaching at a gallop; the first among them was Prince Condé.

"What, Madame de Laguette!" he cried, in wonder and delight. "Are you looking for your husband?—he is behind us—or have you come, as I desired, to be my aide-de-camp?"

"Both, Prince," said Jacqueline, "if you will provide me with a horse."

A horse was brought, Jacqueline mounted, and the band rode forward. A quarter of a league before them a party of the enemy were lying in a gorge among the hills. A sharp skirmish followed, in which the Royalists were put to flight. A bullet cut off one of Jacqueline's green plumes; and in return, although she could not bring herself to shoot a Royalist, she shot the horse of their com-

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mander with her pistol. Before the rider could shake off his stirrups, she rode up and bade him yield.

"Yield," said Condé, riding up. "And yield your heart together with your sword, for your victor is a woman."

The affair was over; the Prince's officers came crowding round her with congratulations; and the Prince himself declared that he would knight her. But amidst this storm of compliment she heard, in a familiar voice, an exclamation of surprise. She turned, and saw her husband, who had just ridden to the spot.

Laguette's astonishment may be imagined. But he was a man to feel a proud delight in the possession of a wife of so much spirit. The day passed off in feasting and rejoicing for the victory.

But half of Jacqueline's project still remained to be achieved: it was her dream to win the Prince to his royal allegiance. Next day, she seized a chance to touch upon the subject. To her surprise and joy, she found her eloquence work wonders. The truth was, although she did not know it, that at the time of her arrival, Condé, owing to desertions from the rebel ranks, had already determined to throw up the contest, and submit to the Queen's grace. But it pleased him to give his fair acquaintance the delight of thinking that her power had won him over; and he succeeded perfectly. He made a show of holding out, but pledged himself at last to send in his submission. And Jacqueline had the pleasure of believing—a belief which lasted to her dying day—that she alone had softened the great rebel leader, and furled the flags of battle of the Fronde.

A few days later she set out, together with her husband, on the return to Suilly. The journey was not quite without adventures: at one place

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her horse slipped and threw her, and she put her shoulder out of socket; at another, she was nearly drowned by falling from a boat into a river. At last the towers of Gros-Bois came in sight; and she found herself a public character. All the village had heard with pride and wonder how she had tricked the army of Lorraine. When, some time after, the report began to spread that it was she who had recalled Prince Condé, the admiration of her circle knew no bounds. The fame of Barbe St. Belmont was eclipsed, and even Joan of Arc had found a rival.

Such was the second of the scenes—the scene of her adventures—by which the tenor of her life diverged into romance.

And now we pass again a space of many uneventful years. Children were born to the château at Suilly—two boys and then a girl. While her children were growing into men and women, the life of Jacqueline was happy, calm, and undisturbed beyond the common lot. Then suddenly there came a time of tribulation—a time in which disasters rained as heavily upon their wretched house as when the great wind of the wilderness smote the mansion of Job's sons. Almost at the same time she lost her husband by a fever, her daughter died while on a visit to a friend, and her eldest son was killed in battle by a cannon-shot. Her second son, a brave and handsome youth, alone was left to her. And through this son, on whom was settled all the strength of her affections, it was destined that she should meet with her own death.

And this brings us to the last of our three scenes.

The young man was the favored suitor of a celebrated beauty of the town of Gand. His fiery and impetuous temper—the temper of his race—made him an object of hatred and terror to a score of

jealous rivals. Linked by a common enmity, they combined together to destroy him. The young man was passionately fond of hunting, and was often to be found alone in the most solitary recesses of the forests. One morning, while her son as usual was out hunting, Jacqueline was awakened before daybreak by a strange alarm. A peasant, panting with the speed with which he had been running, was hammering at the door of the château. The man turned out to be the keeper of the village tavern: and his story was a strange one. Late the night before, three ruffians had slouched into his hotel, and had called for liquor. Over their tankards he had heard them muttering together of a person whom they had been hired to murder in the morning at a certain corner of the forest. To his amazement, he had caught the name of the intended victim. He knew it well; it was the son of Madame de Laguette. He had dared not, for his life, detain the villains, or awaken their suspicions: but as soon as they had left the tavern he had rushed off with the tidings. Help still might be in time; but there was not an instant to be lost.

Jacqueline, though struck with terror, did not lose her sense or spirit. She seized a sword and pistols, called her lacqueys to bring horses, and sprang into the saddle. In five minutes the whole troop, with the tavern-keeper at their head, were racing over fields and hedges towards the bandits' place of ambush.

When they reached the spot, however, to their amazement not a living thing was to be seen. Yet clearly they were not too late: the earth was nowhere trampled, the grass and bushes showed no traces of a struggle. The peasant stared about him, scratched his skull, and began to stammer that he must have blundered. But Jacqueline was seized with a new terror—the brigands might have

changed their lurking-place; at that very instant, when help was close at hand, her son might be in peril of his life. She bade the party separate in haste, and scour the neighborhood in all directions; and she herself rode forward into the woods, alone.

Presently her eye was caught by hoof-prints marked upon a piece of boggy ground. Galloping at full speed along this track she came upon a group of horses fastened to a tree. Close by them, the three brigands were seated on the turf. It was apparent at a glance that she was yet in time.

Prudence was a virtue of which Jacqueline knew nothing. She instantly rode up to the assassins, and demanded what they did there. They stared at her in wonder.

"Pass on your way," said one of them, "and do not meddle with us. We have a piece of work to do this morning."

"I know it, villains," she said fiercely; "you are here for murder; but I will prevent it!" And, driving the spurs into her horse, she dashed among them, firing her pistol as she went. The shot struck one of them in the right hand; her horse knocked down another, and left him rolling on the ground; but in another instant all three were upon her, sword in hand, and mad with fury. The skill with which she wheeled her horse prevented them from striking; but, before she could present another pistol, one of them threw down his weapon, and running to the tree where they had left their horses, snatched up a musketoon, and fired upon her. The piece was loaded with twelve balls. One of the shots struck her. Her arms dropped; and she sank out of the saddle to the ground.

The villains, struck with consternation at their handiwork, and fearful of the consequences, fled into the forest. An hour later, Jacqueline was

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found where she had fallen—shot through the heart. She had died, of all deaths possible, the death by which she would have wished to die. She had saved her son's life with her own.



LOCHIEL

THE romance of the ancient Scottish Highland kingdoms has a color of its own. Its themes are not, like those of the romance of chivalry, of love and love's adventures; its tales are not of vows and tokens, of soft lutes sighing in the bowers of ladies, of knights in golden armor glittering in the lists. Its scenes are, like its own deep forests and dark mountain gorges, full of Gothic gloom and savage splendor. The fiery cross wandering like a meteor over hills and valleys, the gathering of the warlike clans, the glowing tartans, the badges, the terrific slogan, the glitter of the dirks and battle-axes—all its sights and sounds have in them something wild and weird, from the fierce shriek of the pibroch in the front of battle, to the mournful wailing of the coronach above the dead man in his shroud—from the minstrel touching his rude harp to music of barbaric sweetness, to the wild-eyed wizard girding on his robe of raw bull's-hide and lying down to catch prophetic voices in the roaring of the lone cascade.

Among such sights and sounds a boy was born, in February, 1629, at Kulchorn Castle, Scotland, a pile of grey towers rising under the shadow of Ben Cruachan, on an island of Loch Awe. His mother was a Campbell. His father, who died before the boy was old enough to recollect him, was the eldest son of Cameron of Lochiel, one of the most famous of the Gaelic kings, a shrewd and fierce old chief, who for seventy years had lived amidst a whirl of wild adventures, and who had been long regarded with a double terror, partly as a warrior and partly

as a seer. His ancestry went back, through times of history, into times of fable—from a chief who fought for Mary at Corrichy, to a chief who fought for James at Flodden Field; from John of Ochtry, who bore at Halidon the Bloody Heart of Douglas, to that Angus, who, three hundred years before, is said to have rescued Fleance from the vengeance of Macbeth. The old man desired to give his grandson a more courtly education than he had himself received; and Ewen, as the boy was called, was brought up by the Marquis of Argyle, who placed him, at the age of twelve, under a tutor of his own choice at Inverary. But Ewen had no taste for books; and too often his preceptor saw, in agony of spirit, his pupil rush away from spelling-books and grammars, to hunt foxes and red hares among the neighboring glens, to fill his creel with fish out of Loch Fyne, or to listen, for half a summer's day together, to some tattered pilgrim, the Homer of the villages, who could pour forth endless stories of the ancient heroes—of Wallace at the Brig of Stirling, of Bruce swimming from the blood-hound, of Black Donald's exploits over the Lords of the Isles, or of the vengeance of Allan-a-Sop. In spite, however, of his tutor's lamentations, at sixteen Ewen was, in mind and body, worthy of his race; tall, well-built, fresh-colored, eagle-eyed; and of that high temper to which dishonor is more terrible than death.

While he was still at Inverary, the old warrior died. Ewen, at sixteen, found himself the chieftain of his clan. He did not, for some months, however, put on the eagle's feather, or take command of his wild tribe among the hills. Argyle desired that he should go to Oxford. The Marquis was about to make a journey into England. Donald Cameron, Ewen's uncle, took, for the time, his nephew's place as leader of the clan; and Lochiel, as he must now

be called, set out among the men-at-arms who rode with Argyle's carriage. The party never saw the oriels and quadrangles of the ancient city; but Lochiel, within the space of a few months, saw much stirring life, and gained a kind of knowledge which is very little to be learnt from deans and doctors. One of the first of his adventures might, however, very well have proved to be the last. At Stirling, where the party halted, the pestilence was raging. The utmost care was necessary. Argyle himself, with a prudence quite his own, refused to stir outside his coach. But when the party was about to start, Lochiel had disappeared. The Marquis was in terror; squires and pages ran wildly up and down the city; and presently the object of their agitation was discovered affably conversing with the inmates of a hovel, every one of whom was struck with the plague. At Berwick, where the party made a longer stay, Lochiel cheered the time by fighting duels in the streets with the gay youths of the city. But this amusement was soon interrupted. The marquis of Montrose was marching with an army into Fife, and Argyle was compelled to mount in haste and gallop at full speed to Castle Campbell. That ancient pile, which stood in a wild glen among the Ochil hills, had once been known, together with its stream, by names of strange romantic sound. The castle had been Castle Gloom, and the waters which rolled past its walls, the waters of the stream of Grief. Within this ominous tower, Lochiel had some experience of a siege. A fierce band of the Macleans attacked the fort. It was not taken; but the defenders showed themselves so little lion-hearted that Lochiel bluntly told the governor that his quaking poltroons deserved hanging, and himself among them. Then came, as in Othello's story, battles, fortunes, and disastrous chances. At Kilsyth, Lochiel saw Ar-

gyle's trim troops fly like hares before the clansmen of Montrose. A month later, by a turn of fate, he formed part of that soft-footed band who stole upon Montrose at Philiphaugh, and started like ghosts out of the morning mist upon his sleepy camp.

Among the prisoners taken at that action was Sir Robert Spottiswood, an ancient friend of Lochiel's father, and of his grandfather before him. The old man was brought up for judgment at St. Andrews, and condemned to be beheaded. Lochiel, who was present at the trial, watched the proceedings with the keenest interest, and was, like all the rest of the spectators, struck with wonder and admiration at the calm and noble bearing of the prisoner, and by the moving eloquence of his defense. On the night before the execution he made his way to the cell-door. The jailor had strict orders to admit no visitor. But Lochiel was the favorite of Argyle. The door opened, and he entered.

Before he left the cell Lochiel's whole destiny was altered. Sir Robert, finding him the son of his old friend, spoke with him long and earnestly about the cause for which he was condemned to suffer. He found a willing hearer. Lochiel was by natural bent a cavalier. In secret, Montrose had long been his hero. And his own sagacity had taught him that Argyle was false, cunning, and cold-hearted. These things he now heard solemnly impressed upon him by a voice which was no longer of this world. He left the cell at midnight, his heart beating, and the tears streaming from his eyes. The next morning, from a window opposite the scaffold, he saw the prisoner, with cheek still ruddy, and with eagle eyes that looked proudly on the crowd, mount the steps, and lay his grey head on the block. The death of a brave man confirmed his words. From that moment Lochiel determined to follow his own course, to cast off Argyle's authority, and to take,

without delay, command of his own wild kingdom on the uplands of Ben Nevis, and along the rocky ranges of Glen Roy.

Indeed, there were reasons why he should not linger. His uncle Donald, acting chief in his absence, had turned out a sluggard; and his clan, which had received some tidings of his character, were already looking for him eagerly. Argyle, finding his mind fixed, made no attempt to thwart him; and in December, 1646, Lochiel started for the Highlands. At the news of his approach, his tribesmen mustered and marched out to meet him; and thus, with colors flying and pipes playing, he came to his ancestral residence, Toor Castle, on Loch Lochy. He was not yet quite eighteen.

And now the eyes of friends and of enemies were bent alike upon him. A chief, at the beginning of his reign, was virtually on his probation. His empire over his wild clansmen had to be established by his own capacity. A coward or a fool, set over that fierce host, was not regarded simply with contempt, but was fortunate if he escaped, to use Dalgetty's phrase, a *dirk-thrust* in his midst. On the other hand, a great chief was the idol of his tribe. The minstrels were never weary of singing, nor the people weary of hearing, of the splendor of his rush to victory, or of the craft and skill with which he could stalk the wariest mountain-stag, or thrust his spear into the fiercest wolf. But first his powers as a warrior and a hunter had to be set clear before all eyes. Lochiel had now to show what sort of leader he was.

An opportunity was not likely to be wanting. The little realm of the clan Cameron was girdled on all sides by the estates of rival chiefs, Campbells, Stewarts, Gordons, Macintoshes, Macphersons, Macdonalds, and Macleans. Every one of these sovereigns was either at daggers drawn with

all the rest, or ready at any moment to become so. No reader of the *Legend of Montrose* will have forgotten the gathering of the clans at the Castle of Darnlinvarach: the assembly of the chiefs, the fire glittering in their eyes, the dirks ready at every instant to fly out of the scabbards, the rival pipers strutting up and down, each piping for his life to drown the rest, the sleeping-quarters settled jealously apart in the barn and the stables, the malt-kiln and the loft. Some of the feuds between the clans were as old as the quarrel on which, two centuries and a half before, Lochiel's ancestors and the ancestors of Macintosh had fought their immortal fight at Perth, in the days of the Fair Maid. Others were disputes of yesterday; and one of these Lochiel found ready to his hands.

Macdonald of Keppoch owed him a sum of money for a piece of moorland which he rented in Glen Roy. This is the same Keppoch who once, it is related, gained a curious wager from an English lord, as to which of them possessed the finest candlesticks. The Englishman's candlesticks were of massive silver; Keppoch's turned out to be two brawny Highlanders, each grasping in his fist a blazing torch. This wily potentate had speedily discovered that, against Lochiel's uncle, it was an easier policy to bluster than to pay; and, on Lochiel's arrival, he soothed his soul with the reflection, that against so young a leader that policy would certainly prove easier still. He soon found out his error. Before he knew it, Lochiel, with five hundred men behind him, was marching down on his domain. Keppoch, who began with his old policy of bluster, wavered, put his claymore back into its scabbard, and sent a herald with the money.

Lochiel, burning for battle, regarded such a victory with disgust. But he was soon to have his heart's desire. The Earl of Glencairn, after the

defeat of Worcester, summoned the clans, as volunteers, to fight for their Uncrowned King, Prince Charles, "the Pretender." Lochiel with seven hundred swordsmen, was the first to join him. Then came adventures thick and fast. Wherever the thickest of the fighting fell, there was Lochiel with his seven hundred.

Glencairn had one evening pitched his camp at Tulloch, a village approached only by a steep and narrow pass, in which Lochiel was posted. A large force of the enemy was known to be at hand; but an immediate attack was not expected. On a sudden, in the twilight of the morning, the scouts came running in. The enemy were approaching in great numbers, evidently resolved to force their way through the ravine.

Lochiel, who had lain down on the heather, wrapped up in his plaid, was instantly aroused. The night was frosty, and a thin veil of mist hung above the valley. He climbed a lofty pinnacle of rock, from which he could plainly see the horses, the red coats, the glittering mail, and the dancing colors of the English soldiers. The peril was extreme; for their mere numbers were, in open ground, sufficient to cut Glencairn's entire force to pieces. Lochiel sent off a messenger to warn the general to retire into a place of safety. Then he prepared to hold the way to his last man.

Scarcely had he set his force in order, when the enemy dashed gaily forward, confident of victory. They found themselves confronted by a grim array of targets, behind each of which a savage soldier, armed with a glittering claymore, was quivering like a greyhound in the leash. Twenty times the horsemen charged that wall of warriors—and twenty times went reeling back, stabbed, hacked, and broken. Lochiel himself fought in front of his array; and at every charge his voice was heard,

above the clash of battle, sending forth the slogan. Four hours passed in desperate conflict; and still the little band held fast the gorge against the most furious efforts of the English.

At last, when the men were weary, drenched in blood, and weak from wounds and bruises, a herald came from Glencairn. He had retired into a swamp, some two miles distant, where it was impossible that a horse could follow, and was now in perfect safety.

Lochiel instantly drew off his men. But he retreated, not towards the village, but up the sides of the ravine, where nothing but a wildcat or a Highlander could cling. Lilburn, the English commander, to his amazement, found the enemy suddenly above his head, and the passage through the gorge left open. He pushed forward at full speed: but Glencairn was now safe beyond his reach, and he was compelled at last, to his extreme vexation, to drag his horses from the quag, and to march back through the pass. There, as his tormented troopers made their way, every boulder, every heather-tuft, along the walls of the ravine, seemed to have turned itself into an enemy shooting an arrow, or hurling down a stone; and with every stone and arrow came the notes of a terrific chorus: "Wolves and ravens, come to me, and I will give you flesh!"

It was the war-song of Lochiel.

This exploit raised his fame to a great height. For every man he lost, the enemy lost six. Glencairn welcomed him as a deliverer; and not long afterwards the King himself sent him a letter, which acknowledged in the warmest terms the signal service which his valor had rendered to the royal cause. But as yet his fame was only in its dawn.

General Monk marched into Scotland. It was that

general's policy to fight with gold as often as with steel. He tried to bribe Lochiel; but on the young chief's blunt refusal, he resolved to plant a fortress in the heart of his domains. Lochiel received intelligence that five ships, carrying three thousand soldiers and a colony of workmen, were sailing up Loch Eil towards Ben Nevis.

He instantly marched homewards along the mountain ranges, and looked down on Inverlochy. The ships were riding off the shore, the troops were landed, the garrison was already fortified against all danger, and the fort was rising fast. To attack them would have been mere madness, and Lochiel was forced to lie in watch for an opportunity of avenging their presumption. With thirty-five picked men he posted himself upon the woody heights above Achdalew, having the lake and the garrison beneath his eye. His men were grievously in want of forage; and he was compelled to send out the remainder of his party to drive in cattle from some distance round.

The men were scarcely gone, when a boat belonging to the garrison put forth upon the lake, and stood over the water to the shore beneath him. A hundred and fifty soldiers were on board. Their purpose was to strip the village and to cut down wood. Lochiel resolved that they should not touch a girdle-cake or break a twig. His men were ready to follow him through any peril. But the risk of an attack was fearful; the enemy were more than four to one against them; and they besought him not to expose his life to such a hazard. Lochiel replied that if he fell, his brother Allan, who was with them, would take his place as chief. But the lives of both must not be jeopardized; and Allan positively refused to be left out of the adventure. It was found necessary, for his own security, to lash Allan to a tree, where he was left under the

guard of a young boy. And then the little band prepared for the attack.

By this time the English soldiers had landed, and were busy in the village, stripping the hovels of eatables and putting the ducks and the hens into their sacks. While they were thus employed, a scout dashed in among them. They had scarcely time to draw up in rough order on the shore, when Lochiel at the head of his party came rushing out of the wood upon their ranks.

A desperate fight ensued. The English had a vast superiority of numbers. But the first fire of their muskets did no injury; and before they could reload, the enemy were among them. The clansmen, after their manner, caught the sword-cuts and the bayonets on their targets, and stabbed upwards from beneath them; and the English, thus fighting at great disadvantage, were slowly driven down the strand into the water.

Lochiel himself had driven three or four assailants into the wood, where after a sharp contest he had left them lying in a heap. He was returning at full speed towards the shore, eager to rejoin his men, when a gigantic officer, who had concealed himself in a thicket, sprang out upon him with a cry of vengeance. Their blades were instantly opposed. And then came a combat which, under a slight disguise, was destined to become famous over all the world. It was the fight between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.

The parts of the Gael and the Saxon are, however, interchanged. Lochiel in the Fitz-James; the officer is Roderick Dhu. With this fact borne in mind, the words of Sir Walter Scott, the poet, set the fight before our eyes:—

“Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood.

"Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like winter rain—
 And as firm rock or castle-roof
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill—
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And, backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or by Him that made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die!"—
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
 Received, but recked not of a wound,

 And locked his arms his foeman round.—
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
 They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below."

Lochiel and his antagonist, however, fell not on soft heather. Locked in the deadly conflict, they tottered, wavered, and rolled together down a steep bank into the dry gulley of a brook. Lochiel, who was undermost, wedged between rocks, and crushed against the pebbles by the weight of his huge foe, was unable to stir hand or foot. But as his enemy stretched forth his hand to reach his dagger, which had fallen out of his belt, Lochiel, with a last effort,

darted his head upwards and fixed his teeth in his opponent's throat. He fell back, writhing, and Lochiel stabbed him with his dirk.

“Unwounded from the dreadful close,
· But breathless all, Lochiel arose.”

But his adventures were not ended.

As he was issuing from the wood, a soldier, who was skulking in the thicket, leveled his musket at him through the branches, and in another instant would have shot him dead. But again his fortune saved him. While he had been engaged with his opponent, his brother Allan, who had been left lashed, in fancied safety, to the tree, had bribed the boy who attended him to cut his cords. At this instant he came running up, and espying the musket-barrel peeping from the bush, instantly fired his own piece in that direction. The soldier tumbled dead into the thicket, and the brothers hurried down the shore together.

The combatants, who were now of almost equal numbers, were fighting in the water. Lochiel, in a loud voice, offered quarter to all who would throw down their arms. The offer was accepted; and both parties began to wade ashore. Among the first to surrender was an Irishman, who must have been a fellow of delightful humor. As soon as this worthy felt himself on land, he cast down his weapon, seized Lochiel's hand in a friendly grasp, bade him adieu, and was off like the wind. Before the victors had done staring at one another he was half way back to Inverlochy.

He reached the fort in safety, with the tidings of the fray. His escape was narrower than he imagined. While he was turning his hearers into stone with horror, his late companions were in evil plight. Lochiel's offer of quarter had been accepted; the men were laying down their arms;

when one of their party, who had swam out to the boat, found there a loaded firelock. He rested the barrel on the gunwale, and aimed deliberately at Lochiel. Lochiel's foster-brother, who stood beside him, saw the action. He threw himself before his chief, and the next instant was shot through the heart.

His blood was instantly and bitterly avenged. Lochiel himself, with his sword between his teeth, dashed through the water to the boat, and drove his blade into the soldier's heart. There was no more thought of mercy. The English soldiers snatched up their arms and fought with desperation for their lives. But the mountaineers, breathing forth vengeance, cut them down to the last man.

That night Lochiel himself bore in his arms the body of his preserver over three miles of crag and moorland, to the dead man's home among the hills; and there the coronach (death lament) which was wailed above his bier, ere he was laid among the graves of his own people, doubtless had in it as much of pride as of sorrow, as for one who had died for his chief.

And now the fight was over—a fight of which the incidents of self-devotion, of single combat, of hair's-breath escapes, of victory achieved against appalling odds, resemble some wild fable of romantic story rather than events of history. The whole of the English force, except a single fugitive, lay dead upon the shore or in the wood. Lochiel, though nearly all his band were bruised and wounded, had lost only five men. Some of his wild warriors had that day set eyes for the first time on Saxon soldiers.

Next morning Colonel Bryan, the governor of the garrison, marched out two thousand soldiers, thirsting for revenge. In vain. He could see the

Camerons on the lofty crags, their colors flying and their bagpipes yelling in triumph; but he could no more reach them than if they had had wings. On the other hand, whenever parties of his men were to be seen, the mountaineers came swooping from the hills, attacked them, slew them, and rose again, uninjured, like a flight of eagles, into their wild heights and inaccessible ravines. For some days this war went on. But Lochiel, who could no longer absent himself from the main army, at last drew off his men. The Colonel instantly told off a strong troop to pursue him. The man who took Lochiel, alive or dead, was to receive promotion and a bag of gold.

Lochiel marched by day over the mountain-ranges, and slept by night upon the heather, or in the little sheilings (huts) made of turf and branches, which the mountain shepherds built on the bare moors. In one of these he lay one night among the hills of Braemar. No enemy was known to be at hand, and the watch was kept with negligence. In the dead of night he had a vision. Tradition says it was the figure of a small red-bearded man, with troubled features and wild eyes, who struck the sleeper on the breast, and bade him instantly arise. Lochiel awoke, and gazed about him; but he could see nothing, and soon fell asleep once more. Immediately the figure reappeared, and awoke him with the same alarming cry. Lochiel, in some amazement, roused his henchman, who lay beside him. The man had seen no visitor; and Lochiel, for the third time, sunk to slumber. But now the ghost, appearing with an angry aspect, struck him more sharply than before, and cried in a compelling voice, "Arise, arise, Lochiel!" With the accent ringing in his ears, Lochiel sprang up and looked forth at the doorway of the cabin. To his unspeakable surprise, the moor was covered

with the red coats of English soldiers. His pursuers had stolen between his outposts, and were creeping up to seize him in his sleep.

Whoever the red-bearded ghost might be, his warning was delivered just in time. Lochiel instantly dashed out of the hut, and favored by the dusky light of morning, got clear away among the trackless hills. His men soon gathered round him; but two or three were missing; and Lochiel, moreover, had lost all his baggage, in which were some unset diamonds, and a dozen silver spoons engraven with the ten commandments.

He joined his allies without misadventure. But the campaign was nearly over; and he was soon at liberty to revisit his old foes. He marched back in deep secrecy to Inverlochy. It chanced that on the day of his arrival about a hundred of the officers were celebrating his absence by holding a hunting-party in his forests, and killing his red deer. They were destined to enjoy, that day, the excitement both of the hunter and of the game. In the midst of their amusement Lochiel came suddenly upon them, hunted them out of the forest, and left only ten of them alive.

Nor did he confine himself to Inverlochy. Some days later three colonels, with their guards and servants, who had been sent out to survey the country, were drinking their wine at evening in their inn at Portuchrekine. The door was well guarded; no danger was thought possible; when suddenly the party was electrified to perceive a hole appear among the rafters of the roof. Through the hole Lochiel, with a string of men behind him, came tumbling into the room. In a moment he had made every man of them a prisoner. They were conducted, under the darkness of the night, to the shores of Loch Ortuigg, where a boat was waiting, and lodged in a crazy cabin on an island

in the middle of the lake. Except for their lodgings, however, they had little to complain of. Their servants were permitted to attend them; and every day, as long as they were prisoners, their table was loaded with venison and wild-fowl. Lochiel, though an appalling enemy, was, after the ancient Highland manner, a host of the most lofty courtesy; and he chose to consider his captives as his guests.

His enemies were, by this time, eager to buy peace.. Every chief in Scotland, himself excepted, had now submitted to the Protector, and had been compelled to take an oath of fealty to the State. Lochiel alone received an intimation, that on passing his bare word to fight no longer for Prince Charles, he should receive full compensation for all injuries, and be left, for the future, in undisturbed possession of his lands. These conditions—as glorious to his fame as any feat of arms—Lochiel accepted. At the head of his clan, he marched to the garrison at Inverlochy. The treaty was ratified; and Lochiel found himself at peace.

His name was now renowned all over Scotland. And his appearance was worthy of his name. He had now attained to his full growth. His figure was six feet high, slender, yet of amazing strength. His face was handsome. His swarthy skin, and his dark and piercing eyes, caused him to be known throughout the country by the title of Black Ewen. In nobility of bearing he was said, in after years, to present a striking likeness to Louis the Fourteenth. The resemblance, however, must have been rather in impression than in reality; for the majestic Frenchman, in spite of a towering periwig, and shoes with heels like stilts, would hardly have come up to Lochiel's shoulder.

And now, for a time, the claymore was put back into the scabbard. The war-pipes were to warble the gay strains of peace. The wild pibroch was

to change to wedding reels. Lochiel was to be married.

His bride was a Macdonald—a daughter of the lofty house whose chieftains had, for many ages, been known by the proud title of “the Lords of the Isles.” The wedding was long remembered for its splendor, for the brilliance of the company who gathered to the feast, and who danced from night to morning to the joyous “skirling” of the pipes. Among the merry-makers was one ancient minstrel, who had made a pilgrimage of many miles, that he might add to the festivities the humble tribute of his song. A version of the Gaelic ditty which he sang before the guests is still extant. It is an amusing specimen of the simplicity of art. The singer, having extolled the virtues of the chief, leads, by a deft transition, to the loss of three cows which had befallen himself, and for lack of which, he sings, he fears that he shall be reduced to feed on grass. Lochiel presented the performer, who in point of poverty, at least, seems to have been the equal of most poets, from Homer downwards, with three fresh cows from his own stock; the company filled his sporran (leather pouch) with silver pieces; and hills and valleys echoed with thanksgivings, as the joyful bard departed.

Up to this point we have traced Lochiel’s career with some minuteness. The course of events between his marriage and the battle of Killiecrankie may pass more rapidly before us.

In times of peace, among the ancient Scottish Highlands, vast hunting-parties took the place of war. The wolves, that once had prowled in mighty packs among the monutains, were by no means yet extinct. Twenty years later, Lochiel himself drove his spear into the ribs of the last wolf that howled in Scotland; but at this time numbers of the fierce beasts were to be found, and provided a dangerous

and exciting sport. Lochiel's hunting-parties soon grew famous. They were varied by occasional campaigns against the neighboring clans. He marched against Macintosh. He fought with the Macleans against the Campbells. In 1660, when General Monk declared his pleasure that the King should enjoy his own again, Lochiel marched with Monk to London, rode at his side on the day of the triumphal entry, was presented, kissed the King's hand, and might, as it appears, have had the bliss of holding the King's stirrup, had he not lacked the courtier's art of thrusting himself forward. It was not, however, from the monarch that Lochiel was destined to receive the most distinguished marks of favor, but from James, then Duke of York.

In 1682, some villagers of Lochiel were seized and brought for trial to Edinburgh, on the charge of having killed two soldiers, who had attempted to drive off cattle from the village, and who had caused the death of an old woman, to whom the herd belonged. Thither Lochiel repaired to answer for his men. The Duke happened to be visiting the city; and Lochiel, who waited on him, was most graciously received. The Duke talked long with him about his exploits in the royal cause, and finally demanded Lochiel's sword. Lochiel chanced to be wearing, at the time, an ornamental rapier, such as he never used in actual fighting. He handed his weapon to James, who attempted to draw it; but the blade, which had grown rusty, would not stir. "Lochiel's weapon," said the Duke, with a smile, "has not often stuck in its scabbard when the royal cause required it." Then, as Lochiel, with a slight effort, drew the blade himself, "See, my lords," he continued, turning to the crowd of courtiers who stood round, "the sword of Lochiel obeys no hand but his own!" And with this graceful speech

he took the rapier, made Lochiel kneel down, struck him on the shoulder with the blade, and bade him "rise up Sir Ewen." He was now a Knight.

The courtiers who were present at this ceremony smiled so affably that Lochiel believed himself to be among a host of friends. No sooner, however, had the Duke departed than some of these, bursting with envy, pushed on the case against his villagers with the most bitter vigor. The culprits would certainly have been doomed to dangle in a row, had not Lochiel, who had no mind to see his clansmen hanged to spite himself, set his own wits against his enemies. He hired a band to pick acquaintance with the most dangerous of the witnesses against him. These genial spirits earned their pay. On the morning of the trial the witnesses were discovered, after a long search, lying in a drunken sleep. No effort could arouse them. The case was dismissed for want of evidence, and Lochiel returned in triumph to Lochaber.

Strategy was, indeed, as native to his character as a feat of arms. In 1685 the Sheriff of Inverness was charged by the Council to hold assizes in the Highlands. In the course of his circuit he came into Lochaber, attended by a guard of six or seven hundred men. Lochiel, incensed that any but himself should dare to exercise authority in his domains, marched to the Court with five hundred of his followers. These he professed were intended as a band of honor to the judge; but he had dropped a broad hint in the ears of two or three of his most turbulent spirits: "This judge will ruin us all. Is there none of my lads so clever as to get up a tumult and send him packing? I have seen them raise mischief at less need." His listeners, eager to seize the least sign of his pleasure, caught up the words in a moment.

The Sheriff was sitting; the Court was crowded

to the doors; when on a sudden, no one could say where, a blow was struck, a scuffle arose, and in two minutes the place was ringing with uproar and dazzling with the gleam of swords. The Sheriff, frightened out of his wits, threw himself on the protection of Lochiel; and Lochiel, with much loyal parade, escorted him out of the country, into which he never ventured to set his foot again. To add the last touch to the comedy, the Sheriff regarded Lochiel as the preserver of his life, and commended his name to the Council, who sent him a letter of thanks.

But although Lochiel permitted no rival—not even the King's representative—to usurp his authority, he was ready at all times to fight for the King. When Viscount Dundee summoned the clans for his last venture, it was from Lochiel's castle that the fiery crosses took their flight. His part in the campaign that followed is one of the well-known events of history. No reader of Scott or of Macaulay will have forgotten how his voice induced the Council to give battle; how, before the fight, he drew from every Cameron an oath to conquer or to perish; and how his onset whirled the red-coats in a torrent down the gorge of Killiecrankie.

He had never led his men except to victory—and such a victory was the fitting crown of his career. After this battle he retired into his own country, where he lived, taking no further active part in public matters. In 1719, he died of fever. With the exception of a few vague glimpses, we have no record of his later years. In truth, in this point, as in others, he resembles the ancient hero to whom he has been likened. We know little more of the old age of Lochiel than of the last years of Ulysses.

Nevertheless, his character, his picturesque and

striking figure, are as distinct to us as those of any hero of history or romance. "The Ulysses of the Highlands"—the title is no freak of fancy. Nothing was easier than to picture him among the scenes of Homer; to see him, in the mind's eye, rising in the hushed assembly of the Grecian kings—whirling in his chariot along the banks of the Scamander—emerging like a phantom from the wooden horse—plunging the burning brand into the eye of the Cyclops—or scheming how to sail in safety past the perilous islands where the Sirens sang upon the shingle among the whitened bones of men. Strength, courage, fiery vigor, a sagacity which was never to be found at fault—such was the character of the ancient Wanderer. And such was the character of Lochiel.



COUNT FRONTECAC

FEW notable men in history have contrived to stir up more violent personal animosities, or to have friends so true and loyal, and enemies so bitter, as Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, who was for nearly twenty years Governor of the French possessions in Canada. Even at this date, two centuries after his death, it is difficult, in spite of the voluminous documents concerning him, to apportion the due meed of praise and blame, or to arrive at a just estimate of his extraordinary character. If we listen to his friends, we must esteem him as a man of transcendent ability, a wise and capable administrator, loyal to his king and considerate of his power and dignity, a man persecuted by a crowd of ambitious and intolerant priests, thwarted by treacherous colleagues and undermined and vilified to the king and court in France, by unscrupulous foes. If we listen to his enemies, we must believe him a man of irritable and malignant disposition, of violent and ungoverned temper, outrageously vain, abnormally avaricious, corrupt and lawless to a degree.

The man thus belauded and vilified was undoubtedly a most interesting character, who might have led an easier life, if he had not been too busy fighting in his youth, to study the story of King Henry II and Thomas à Becket. A ruler, who, at the outset of his administration, antagonizes the clerical leaders of a country, and attempts to curtail their power and perquisites, must prepare himself for war to the knife, as long as he lives, and to be traduced in history after his death.

Frontenac had not realized this fact, or if he knew it, was too proud and haughty to be influenced by it. The conflict between the man jealous of his rights, and of the honor that should be given to the representative of a mighty king, and the bishop and monks who demanded consideration as the representatives of the King of kings, was certain to be a violent and obstinate one. This Frontenac found it, but he was a valiant fighter, and, if he despised his foes too much, or was too impatient under their wily and insidious attacks, he did but make the mistake that has generally been made by high-spirited men in similar circumstances.

It is Frontenac's career in Canada that interests the world now, but as he did not go to Canada until he was fifty-two years of age, a brief glance at his earlier years may aid us in understanding his character. Frontenac was born in 1620 of a proud and noble family, long celebrated in the history of France. The family had, by display and the vices common to the nobles of the sixteenth century, lost the greater part of its possessions, but Frontenac's father eked out his income by the salary attached to his high office in the household of Louis XIII, by whom he was greatly esteemed. The king condescended to be godfather to the boy and to facilitate him in obtaining such education as was then deemed necessary for a youthful member of the nobility. That it was meager, we may assume from the fact that at the age of fifteen, he was in the army, serving in Holland. Four years later, we hear of him at Hesdin serving as a volunteer, and in the following year "covering himself with glory" at Arras. By the year 1643, he had risen to the rank of colonel of the regiment of Normandy, which, under his command, did conspicuous service in the Italian campaign. That it was no paper warfare, was proved by several wounds, some of

them serious, that the Colonel suffered. In 1646, raised to the rank of *Marechal*, equivalent to Brigadier-General, he returned to his father's house in Paris to recover from a broken arm.

During his convalescence, like many another soldier, Frontenac lost his heart. In Parisian society he met Mademoiselle de Neuville, the only daughter of a widowed gentleman of some means. She was at that time only sixteen years of age and very susceptible to the charms of the gallant *Marechal*, who, distinguished and wounded at the age of twenty-six, made ardent love to her. She was under the charge of a shrewd old lady, cousin of her father, who did not approve of the gallant soldier's suit. As she pointed out to the girl and her father, it was not a very brilliant prospect to marry her to a man who had only \$4,000 a year. The father seems to have been a rather careless, irresolute parent, favoring the young soldier at one time, and rebuffing him at another. Finally, the young people, uncertain how he might decide, found a church which had the privilege of dispensing with the permission of parents in a marriage, and took advantage of the opportunity. They were married, and the father, though furious at first, became reconciled afterwards.

Of the result of the marriage, the enemies of Frontenac made capital in later years. "Even his wife could not endure his company," they said. "His overbearing, brutal temper made association with him intolerable." Perhaps Frontenac may have had something to say on his side of the matrimonial troubles. Certain it is that Madame Frontenac speedily grew tired of married life, gave her baby son into the care of a nurse and went after a couple of years to enjoy herself in Parisian society. She soon developed an unconquerable aversion to her husband, which seems to have had little justifica-

tion. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who became her intimate friend, tells an amusing story of a visit which Frontenac paid to his wife while she was a guest in her house. Madame Frontenac became so excited and hysterical when she heard of her husband's arrival, that her friends could not calm her. She cried and shrieked wildly, till at last, they thought she was possessed by a demon, and sent for a priest to exorcise her. The priest's services proved effectual, and husband and wife had an interview. The lady's temper was as imperious as that of her husband, and they prudently resolved to keep apart. Even on the occasion of that visit, there was evidence of Frontenac's excitability. One object of his going there was to meet a lawyer who was in attendance on Mademoiselle Montpensier. He discussed some matter of business with this man at the hostess' assembly, a little aloof from the other guests. The conversation between the two became so animated as to attract general notice. Later, the lawyer told the ladies he had never met so impertinent a man in his life. That the Count did exceed the bounds of ordinary politeness, may be inferred from the lawyer's complaint: "He actually threatened to throttle me." From the accounts of Frontenac's subsequent behavior when annoyed, we can imagine that if the lawyer did not agree with his interlocutor, he was not needlessly alarmed.

Some other characteristic details of Frontenac's personality at this time are quoted by Parkman, from Mademoiselle Montpensier's journals. In his own home, she says, "he kept open table, and many of my people went to dine with him; for he affected to hold a kind of court, and acted as if everybody owed duty to him. In his conversations with me, he was continually praising everything that he owned, and never came to sup or dine with me,

without speaking of some ragout, or some new sweetmeat, which had been served at his table, ascribing it all to the excellences of the officers of his kitchen. The very meat that he ate, according to him, had a different taste on his board than on any other. As for his silver plate, it was always of the best workmanship; and his dress was always of patterns invented by himself. When he had new clothes, he paraded them like a child. One day he brought some for me to look at, and left them on my dressing-table. My father, coming in later, saw them there, and seemed to think it very odd for doublets and breeches to be in such a place. Frontenac took all his visitors to see his stables; and all who wished to gain his good graces, were obliged to admire his horses, which were very indifferent. This is his way in everything."

Men who had dealings with Frontenac afterwards in Quebec, would recognize familiar characteristics in the lively lady's description. Evidently, he combined with his splendid courage and brilliant abilities, insufferable vanity and intolerance of opposition. It is not an uncommon combination in other spheres of life and in other times. Men who are successful in war, or diplomacy, or in business, have frequently a contempt for others who do not succeed, and an impatience of the advocacy of methods different from their own. Such men have seldom many friends, and their followers are generally parasites, who find their interest in flattering and feeding the vanity which honest friendship would check. When the vain man has need of friends to support his projects, or to defend him under aspersion, he often finds to his cost, that he has alienated by some hasty word, or by his arrogant bearing, those, whose service to him in a crisis would have been invaluable. The fable of the mouse who showed its gratitude by releasing the lion from

COUNT FRONTENAC

the net, ought to be a story well-connected and never forgotten by the successful man. Unfortunately for himself, Frontenac did forget it.

After a military expedition against the Turks, for which he was selected by Turenne, who knew his valor and his resources, Frontenac came back to France with new laurels. The expedition, it is true, was not successful, but its failure, in view of the obstacles encountered, was inevitable, and so dearly had the Turk won his victory, and so stubbornly had Frontenac contended, that one hundred and eighty thousand Mohammedans had been left dead on the field. Either as a reward for his service, or as scandal says, to remove a formidable rival from a competition in which a royal lover was engaged, Frontenac was selected for the office of Governor of the French dominions in America. He accepted it gladly as a service that might improve his diminished fortunes and relieve him of domestic embarrassments.

A more decisive change in environment and occupation can scarcely be imagined than that from Paris, under the Grand Monarch, to Quebec in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The polished society of the capital, its delicate refinements and its frivolous pleasures, was a striking contrast to the sober and uncultured society of merchants and priests and association with untutored Indians. Besides, though over fifty years old, Frontenac had no experience in the art of governing. His life had been passed largely in the discipline of the camp with its clearly defined rules of conduct. He had been "a man under authority, having soldiers under him," exacting and rendering the homage of perfect deference and unhesitating obedience. He was now to be head of the government in a distant province far removed from his superiors, with few precedents to guide him. It is inter-

HISTORIC DEEDS OF DANGER AND DARING

esting to watch how a man so haughty and dignified will act, when all restraints are removed.

The new Viceroy gave early intimation of the character of his rule. Gracious and condescending and conciliatory to all who showed him the deference due to his position, he was quick to resent a slight, and was fully aware of the honors that should be paid to him. Not a man to be lightly ignored, nor one whom it was safe to disobey. But when obeyed and his wishes consulted, affable and generous to a subordinate. His first care was to acquaint himself with the resources of the colony. He made a rapid tour of the country, examining public works and the condition of public and private industries. He was delighted with all he saw, but complained of the lack of suitable means of transportation; it did not comport with the dignity of the representative of the great Louis, to have to sit in a frail canoe to be paddled across the great rivers. But even that objection might be excused in the young colony.

As a beginning to orderly government, Frontenac proposed to revive the distinct orders of sixteeneth century society. The elements of the three estates existed in the province, to which he determined to added a fourth. A few members of noble houses, exiled for various reasons, were in Quebec, and to these he added some of his own officers. Clergy there were in superabundance, and there were merchants and citizens to represent the third estate. Frontenac also organized a group of magistrates and members of Council, who did not belong to any of the classes. Over all he presided with impressive dignity, as a monarch over his court. These estates he convoked in the Jesuit church, lent to him for the occasion, and delivered to them an eloquent harangue, reminding each of its duties to the commonwealth. Words of gracious praise and appre-

ciation of each class, were followed by intimations of the duties devolving on them respectively. He had the tact to praise the King, and invited all present to swear loyal obedience to him.

His next step was to establish regular municipal government for Quebec. Three aldermen were to be elected by the citizens, the senior of the three to be mayor; one of them to go out of office every year, and his place to be filled by a new election. The one touch of autocracy, to be expected of a man of Frontenac's spirit, was the reservation to himself of the right to confirm or reject the choice of the citizens—an excellent arrangement for the times, as affording the element of limited representative government; for that reason, however, unacceptable to the Government at home. On reporting what he had done, the King, through Minister Colbert, gave him a gentle admonition. The ceremony of summoning the estates and swearing them to loyalty was all very well at his inauguration, but should be avoided in future. It was inconvenient and not in accord with the royal principles to have any man constituted a representative of the people. Such a man would be liable to take too much upon himself, and a regular opposition might thus be formed. It was better that, if any petitions were to be presented, they should come from individuals and not from a man clad with authority to speak officially. The spirit of French royalty spoke there, the spirit that carried to its natural development wrecked the throne and sent Louis' descendant in the eighteenth century to the guillotine. Frontenac could not have conceived of a catastrophe so horrible to loyal imagination, but he was enough of a statesman to perceive that the principle was dangerous. But he was new in office and had no alternative but to obey.

The tendency to centralize the government of the

province in one head, was increased at this time by the withdrawal of Talon, the Intendant or lieutenant-governor, who was generally a spy, an opponent and a thorn in the side of the Governor. He returned to France, greatly to Frontenac's satisfaction, shortly after the inauguration, and his successor was not appointed for a time. One rival was thus removed from Frontenac's path, which was a great satisfaction to a man who could not tolerate rivals.

It might be expected that matters would now run smoothly, there being no regular constituted authority to dispute the Governor's will; but a new cause of conflict speedily arose. Frontenac grew jealous of the power of the Church. The priests, he complained, were under the control of the Jesuits, and had a regular system of spies in the capital and through the country. One can well understand the annoyance this must have given to a man, who, in accepting the office of Governor, had a distinct idea that the governorship should mend his own fortunes. Frontenac was a poor man, and though he was too proud and too honorable to make money by receiving bribes, there might be means of increasing his fortune by arrangements which it would be well to keep secret from the King. To have a company of men scattered through the province, in close touch with the people and cognizant of every act of the Governor, and with a bishop in Paris to whom they could report with the certainty of their reports reaching the King's ear, was intolerable. Frontenac, with a rashness and temerity of which history should have warned him, antagonized the clericals from the beginning. He complained to the King that their influence on society was injurious. They abused the confessional, set husbands and wives at variance and incited children to rebel against their parents. As Frontenac well knew, such complaints could have little effect with a

Catholic monarch, who perfectly understood the ways of the priests, and it is surprising that he should irritate the priests by making a complaint that they were sure to hear of. Perhaps, he was anxious to prepare the way for meeting their charges against him. A more diplomatic man would have avoided such a rock at the beginning of his administration. To his delight, he obtained a legitimate basis of complaint. Some bold priest had the courage to denounce the King himself for licensing the sale of brandy, which the Bishop had sternly condemned. Here was Frontenac's opportunity, and he promptly reported the offense to the King. The Bishop, however, was a better diplomat than the Governor. He repudiated the utterances of the obscure priest, bade him make apology, and so, for the time, the affair was ended. But the Governor and the Church were now in antagonism, and trouble for Frontenac was inevitable.

A new dispute, intensely annoying to Frontenac, soon put the trouble with the priests into the background. There was at Montreal a Governor named Perrot, who was, of course, subordinate to Frontenac, the Governor-General. He had been appointed at the suggestion of Talon, the former Intendant of the Colony, whose niece he had married. Perrot had a spirit as audacious and a courage as intrepid as had Frontenac himself. Evidently a corrupt man, who had connived at his soldiers leaving their duties to pursue a business injurious to the Government. They went into the woods, and meeting the Indians on their way to Montreal with furs, cajoled them, or, some said, forced them to deal with them, instead of carrying them to market. The merchants had bitterly complained of this practice, which was destroying their trade. Perrot had listened, and blandly assured the merchants that he would gladly suppress these men if he could capture them. But

the merchants knew perfectly well that Perrot was in league with them and was sharing in their profits. They appealed to Frontenac, who had his own reasons for being indignant at the smuggling traffic, and he sent orders to the Judge of Montreal to arrest the first of these men-of-the-woods that he could lay hands on. The judge knew that two of the most notorious offenders were then living openly in the house of a lieutenant named Carion, an officer in Perrot's service. The judge, glad of Frontenac's authority, promptly arrested the two men, but Carion intervened, abused the judge's officer and helped the men to escape. When Frontenac heard of it, his fury was uncontrollable. He sent an officer to bring Carion to Quebec. Perrot interfered, seized the Governor's officer and put him in prison. On consideration, however, he realized the danger of so openly insulting the King's representative, and tried to make his peace. He released the officer and bade him return to his master, with a letter in which Perrot apologized and explained.

Frontenac knew that there would be an end of his authority if Perrot was not punished; but he had no force capable of arresting him in his own domain, protected, as he undoubtedly would be, by the desperate men-of-the-woods in league with him. He accordingly temporized, wrote a gracious answer to Perrot's letter, and intimated that Perrot should show his contrition by coming to Quebec, where a personal conference might prevent future friction. Perrot complied, but Frontenac's mood had changed. He deliberately provoked him, and Perrot, as choleric as himself, answered with insulting defiance. This was exactly what Frontenac desired; he seized his guest and thrust him into prison. A priest who had persuaded Perrot to go to Quebec, a relative of the famous Fenelon, was indignant at the result, and expressed his feelings in no measured terms.

COUNT FRONTENAC

Frontenac arrested him too, and held both for trial. He sent a representative of his own to take Perrot's place at Montreal, and to proceed against the men-of-the-woods. The man was energetic and caught several who were promptly hanged, but Frontenac's enemies contend that other men-of-the-woods were appointed, who, so long as they operated in Frontenac's interest, enjoyed complete immunity. Meanwhile, Perrot and Fenelon lay in prison, and not until ten months had elapsed were they brought to trial. Frontenac would have preferred punishing them there, but both had powerful friends in France, and the Council shrank from giving offense. Finally, both were put on board ship and sent to France, Frontenac sending with them a report of their offenses. On their arrival, the two reports were submitted to the King. He considered them with his Minister, Colbert, and decided that he must uphold the authority of his representative. He therefore consigned Perrot to the Bastile and forbade Fenelon to return to Canada. Writing to Frontenac of what he had done, he said that Perrot's imprisonment would be short; he would be permitted to return on his undertaking to apologize to Frontenac, and the King trusted there would be no further friction.

The King, however, was evidently annoyed by the troubles in the Province and by the disputes which constantly demanded his intervention. He exhorted Frontenac to be more conciliatory and not to take upon himself pretensions that had never been made by his predecessors. As practical measures to curb the haughty Governor, the power of appointing Councilors was taken from him, and in future would be made by the King himself; and worse than all, the office of Intendant, vacant since Talon's departure, would be filled by a man named Duchesneau. These measures should have moderated Fron-

tenac's spirit, and taught him the necessity of a more tolerant and conciliatory manner, but they appear to have only irritated him.

Duchesneau's arrival quickly precipitated a conflict. Frontenac regarded him as an upstart and a rival, and had been prejudiced against him before he saw him. To add to the difficulty, the duties of the two men were not clearly defined. The King's commission to Duchesneau somewhat changed the duties he had to fulfil, from those of his predecessors, doubtless with the view of sparing Frontenac's feelings, but the changes were vaguely stated, and Duchesneau looked up the precedents and claimed all the privileges formerly enjoyed by the Intendant. Frontenac's functions were now properly confined to the military command and the place of honor in all state ceremonies. The civil administration devolved on Duchesneau. But Frontenac had exercised uncontrolled power for nearly seven years and was indisposed to surrender any part of it. There was, therefore, friction from the beginning. The Jesuits were not slow to perceive their opportunity. They succeeded in winning Duchesneau to their side, and cast their powerful aid into his side of the quarrel.

It would be tedious to describe the bickering that ensued. Frontenac set at defiance Intendant and priests and proceeded to govern as he had done. Duchesneau missed no opportunity of thwarting him. There were disputes about the presidency of the Council and about precedence in church functions, and, at last, Duchesneau cast aside all pretensions of amity and openly accused Frontenac of maladministration and illicit trading with the Indians. Frontenac stormed, raved and threatened. Duchesneau retorted and denounced the Governor. The Jesuits plotted on his side and collected, through the priests, evidence of Frontenac's com-

plicity in the fur traffic, with which they supplied Duchesneau as ammunition in the struggle. By every mail, huge packages of charges and counter charges went to Paris from both sides. The King and his Minister waded through them or left them in sheer weariness unread. Louis complained pathetically that no part of his empire gave him so much trouble as Quebec, and finally threatened that he would recall both Governor and Intendant. Anger and hatred were, however, by this time, too deeply seated for even self-interest to appease. All the Province was ranged on one side or the other of the struggle, and utter confusion reigned. The King's patience was finally exhausted, and in 1682, ten years after Frontenac's appointment, both he and Duchesneau were deposed and recalled to France.

As a parting shot to his enemies, Frontenac left it on record that all the disorders in the country had sprung from the ambition of the ecclesiastics, who, he wrote, "want to join to their spiritual authority an absolute power over things temporal and persecute all who do not submit entirely to them." They all openly rejoiced over his fall, and the merchants whose business had suffered by the quarrels of the authorities and perhaps by Frontenac's dealing with the men-of-the-woods, sympathized with them. By none was Frontenac's departure really regretted but by the Indians, by whom he was almost worshipped. His haughty bearing had impressed them as that of an almost supernatural being, and when he condescended to address them as his "children," to feast them and give them presents, they adored him. Few white men so thoroughly succeeded in winning their respect and confidence.

Returning to France, Frontenac, at the age of sixty-two, found himself almost friendless, in bad

odor at court and comparatively poor. He hung about the court, eagerly devouring the news from Canada and keeping himself well before the public gaze. To his satisfaction he learned that his successor was failing in his government. He had embroiled himself with powerful tribes of Indians; had quarreled with the English Governor of New York, and was menaced on all sides. Urgent appeals for troops were coming by every ship, to which the King gave small satisfaction. At last, to his delight, he heard that he had been recalled. The way, however, was not open for Frontenac's return. The King had a general in whom he had the utmost confidence, who was withal a pious man, who could be trusted to live in harmony with the Jesuits. This was General Denonville, a soldier of experience and of sterling probity. He was rapturously received by the ecclesiastics, but Frontenac soon learned that he was not the man to make peace with the Indians. They distrusted him, claimed that he deceived them, and made terms against him with Dongan, the English Governor of New York. He seemed to have a faculty for making enemies at a time when he most urgently needed friends. He assailed the English by a wily ruse, surprising isolated parties, killing some and taking many prisoners. Dongan, restrained by King James from retaliating on the representative of his beloved brother, the French King, incited the Indians to attack him, and gave them information and supplied them with ammunition. The Jesuits, who hated the British and had Denonville in leading strings, urged him to other acts of temerity, and finally induced him to make war on the powerful Indian tribe of Senecas, and later with the Iroquois. The French troops were ambushed and a terrible massacre ensued. The affairs of the colony were then deplorable. King Louis had lost the English

alliance and William of Orange had replaced James II on the throne. No help was now to be expected in that quarter, but rather hostility. The English Governor would no longer be restrained, and with his Indian allies might sweep the French from Canadian soil. In his bewilderment Louis thought of Frontenac, and offered to restore him to the Governorship. Though Frontenac was sixty-nine years old, he had confidence in himself and boldly accepted the commission.

The King had a plan suggested by Callieres, whom Denonville had sent to Paris for retrieving the French disasters. It was nothing less than the capture of New York by a combined attack of vessels sailing down the Hudson, and by sea by vessels sailing from Quebec. The plan was worked out in detail, the King deciding what should be done with the captives when they should be taken. The Catholics were to be released on taking the oath of fealty to the French King. Of the Protestants, the men who were good for ransom were to be put in prison, and the remainder driven away to Pennsylvania and other settlements. The colony at Plymouth was then to be destroyed and all the North would then be in French hands, and the Indians could be dealt with at leisure. It was comparatively easy to make these plans and to order Frontenac to execute them; but Louis could furnish neither troops nor money for the expedition. Frontenac sailed away, probably amused at the King's credulity but uttering no word that could endanger his own appointment.

Frontenac was welcomed as a saviour. Quebec was illuminated, cannon fired in welcome and a torchlight procession went to the beach to welcome him. The Jesuits alone were crestfallen. They made him an address of welcome, but they had no heart in it and Frontenac understood that it was

hollow. But the King had enjoined him to bury his old quarrels and not to wreck his administration on the rock that had ruined his former one. Besides, the crisis was too urgent to waste time in quarreling, and Frontenac settled down to the stupendous task before him.

The scheme to capture New York was dismissed without a second thought, and his first efforts were devoted to winning over the Iroquois and other tribes whom his successors had alienated. In this he was doomed to failure, the Indians received his messages but they had tasted blood, they had overcome the French and had learned to despise them and they no longer stood in awe of Frontenac. He then turned his attention to the English, and determined to strike a blow that would revive the spirit of his people. Three parties were rapidly organized; one at Montreal to attack Albany, one at Three Rivers to assail the settlements of New Hampshire, and the third, at Quebec, to march against the English in Maine. These expeditions were all successful. Schenectady was surprised and captured and its defenders slaughtered; Salmon Falls fell before the second party, and the settlement at the site of what is now Portland, Maine, after an obstinate defense was overpowered and the village burned. The Iroquois were amazed at this turn in the tide. The return of Frontenac, their venerated patron, had apparently brought back the old supremacy. They hesitated and wavered. Not so the English, who, exasperated by what they deemed treachery, thirsted for revenge. A fleet of thirty-two vessels with 2,200 men was hastily organized, and under the command of Sir William Phips sailed for Quebec. It was a bootless errand. Phips' artillery could do nothing against the heights of Quebec, his men could not attack the city and the English commander retired discomfited.

Frontenac had now opportunity to deal with the hostile Indians. He now entered on the conflict in which he won the title of "the Hammer of the Iroquois." He summoned a council of friendly tribes, and, after a feast, took up a hatchet and himself led a war dance. The Indians were wildly excited. Shouting and whooping like madmen they followed in the dance, vowing war to the death against the enemies of their French father. The conflict which ensued was terrible to think of. It lasted three years, the Indians succeeding in barring from the French colony all supplies by land, and stopping the trade in furs. Isolated massacres continued and the deadly enmity was sustained. At length, Frontenac, by a desperate attack, broke the line on the Ottawa and opened the way for the delivery of the skins and the passage of supplies. The Colony was delivered, the famishing people relieved, and the coveted beaver skins, the wealth of the merchants, received. Frontenac was hailed as the "Preserver of his Country," and was overwhelmed with gratitude.

In the following year, though seventy-six years of age, the veteran soldier led an invasion of the Iroquois country. The terror of his name overpowered the Indians. They left their villages and fled to the forests. Frontenac burned their chief towns, Onondaga and Oneida, and after vainly seeking to come up with the fleeing Iroquois, the expedition returned in triumph. Quarrels with the English and disputes with the priests filled Frontenac's last days. But Louis had signed the Peace of Ryswick, and imperative orders were sent to Frontenac to cease hostilities with the English, and as for the priests they should be let alone. It was well that the orders came. Frontenac's fighting days were over. He was prostrated with mortal illness, and on November 28, 1698, he peacefully breathed his last. His tried and troubled life was ended. B. J. F.

WILLIAM LITHGOW

WILLIAM LITHGOW was, in the spring of the year 1609, a young Scot of six-and-twenty; the possessor of a wiry frame, a slender patrimony, and a burning eagerness to see the world. It came into his head to make a pilgrimage on foot about the globe. At a period when no traveler ever thought of crossing Hampstead Heath without his pistols, it was certain that a pilgrim journeying among the dens of Cretan bandits, or steering with a caravan across the deserts to Jerusalem, would not fail to meet adventures. Nor was Lithgow at all the man to pass in peace through lands of Infidels. He was a burning Protestant, with his creed at his tongue's end, and ready—to his credit be it said—to be its martyr. For the rest, he was a man of generous heart and daring courage, but with a head as rash as Harry Hotspur's.

He took his life into his hands, and started. He got as far as Rome without disaster; but there he began the series of his perils by coming very near to being burnt alive. The brazen image of St. Peter in the great cathedral moved him to proclaim his indignation of what he called idolatry. The Inquisition sent to seize him, and would assuredly have doomed him to the stake and fagot, but for a brother Scot named Robert Moggat. This man, a servant in the palace of the aged Earl of Tyrone, smuggled Lithgow to a garret in the palace roof, and there for three days kept him hidden, while the hue and cry went up and down the streets. On the fourth night, at midnight, the two stole out together to the city walls, where Lithgow, with the help of

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his companion, dropped in safety to the ground, and escaped into the darkness, laughing at his baffled foes.

Alas! though he little dreamt it, there was a day to come, though yet far distant, when the Holy Office was to turn the laugh terrifically against him.

He made his way to Venice, stepped aboard a ship for Corfu, and thence set sail for Zante. Off Cape St. Maura a sail was spied: it was a pirate Turk in hot pursuit. The captain put it to the vote among the passengers whether he should fight the ship or strike his colors. Every voice but Lithgow's was for pulling down the flag and buying off the Turk with ransoms. But Lithgow had no money for the purpose, and nothing was before him but the prospect that the Turk would sell him as a slave. He therefore gave his vote for fighting; he called upon the company to pluck up spirit, to quit themselves like men, "and the Lord would deliver them from the thraldom of the Infidels." Captain, crew, and passengers took fire together at his words; they rushed upon the pikes and muskets, loaded their two cannon to the muzzle, and received the pirate with such fury that he durst not try to board. When, however, darkness parted them from their assailants, their plight was evil; seven men were killed, a dozen more were wounded, Lithgow had a bullet in his arm, the ship was leaking through the shot-holes, and a tempest was beginning to howl fiercely. It seemed as if he had escaped from slavery only to be drowned by shipwreck. But, by great good luck, the tempest drove them safely into Largastolo Bay.

At Zante a Greek surgeon took the bullet from his arm, and he resumed his wanderings. But he was soon in new disaster. As he was walking through a solitary region on the way to Canea in

Crete, four bandits, armed with cudgels, sprang upon him from a thicket. In spite of Juvenal's authority, the empty pilgrim does not always sing before the thief. It was not till after they had stripped and cudgeled him that the rogues discovered that his whole possessions consisted of two four-penny pieces. With the good-nature of contempt they let him go; and, penniless and smarting, he dragged his way for thirty-seven miles to the next village. There he endeavored, by the help of signs (for he knew nothing of the language), to beg a supper and a lodging of the natives. But among the simple villagers of Pichehorno, a stranger was a sheep among the wolves. They were preparing, without more ado, to plant a dagger in his heart, when a woman, more friendly than the rest, informed him of their purpose by a signal. He took to flight, and racing for his life into the darkness, gained the shore, and plunged into a cave among the rocks. There, famished, aching, and in peril of his life, he lay concealed till daybreak.

In the grey of morning he crept out, and made his way in safety to Canea. Again adventures were before him. While he was in the town, six convict-galleys put into the bay from Venice. One of the prisoners got leave to come on shore, attended for precaution by a keeper, and shackled with a heavy ankle-ring. Lithgow, who was as curious as a monkey, entered into conversation with the culprit, and soon learnt his story. He was one of four young Frenchmen who had been present at a duel between a friend of theirs and a Venetian signor for the love of some fair lady. The signor fell; the guards came down upon the duelists, who fled for refuge to the French ambassador's. Except himself, they all escaped; he stumbled in the street, was seized, was dragged before the signory, and was condemned to pull a galley-oar for life.

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The Frenchman chanced to be a Protestant. Lithgow's soul took fire with sympathy. He began to scheme to set the prisoner free. He borrowed from his laundress, who was an old Greek woman, a gown and a black veil. Then he drugged the keeper until he rolled upon the ground, struck off the captive's irons, dressed him in the gown and veil, and sent him with the old Greek woman past the sentries at the gate. Lithgow, with the prisoner's garments, met them in an olive-grove outside the city; and thence the Frenchman fled to a Greek monastery across the mountains, which was appointed as a place of sanctuary for all fugitives from justice, and where a man-of-war from Malta touched at intervals to take away the refugees.

The Frenchman was secure; but not so his deliverer. As Lithgow was re-entering the city, he met two English soldiers of his acquaintance, who were rushing out to warn him. The captain of the galleys, with a band of soldiers, was seeking for him up and down the streets. The danger was extreme: but by good fortune it so happened that the smallest of the city gates was guarded by three other English soldiers. These five men, who presently were joined by eight French soldiers, formed a little troop, and with Lithgow in their midst marched up the streets towards the monastery of San Salvator. The galley-soldiers, who were on the watch, rushed furiously upon the party; but too late. While the swords were flashing in the hurly-burly Lithgow slipped into the monastery, and was secure.

Here he stayed until the galleys sailed. He shared the lodging of four monks for twenty-five days. Then, the galleys sailing, he was comparatively safe. He one day made acquaintance with another Englishman, named Wolson, who had just arrived from Tunis. This man was a strange

character, and was bound by a strange vow. His elder brother, a ship's captain, had been murdered at Burnt Isle, in Scotland. Wolson, in reprisal, had sworn to take the life of the next Scotchman he should meet; and this happened to be Lithgow. Wolson resolved to lie in wait for him that very night; but luckily, he let out his secret. John Smith, who heard him, ran in search of Lithgow, whom he found just sitting down to supper at a tavern. The host, together with four soldiers who were there, resolved to see him home. The assassin, a true Bobadil, espied the party, and his heart forsook him. Finding that he could not take his victim by surprise, he slunk away to bide a better time.

Before he found his chance, however, Lithgow had set sail from Crete, to cruise among the islands of the Cyclades, on board a vessel which was little better than a fishing-smack, and carried only eighteen souls. At Eolida, a storm swept off the masts and sails, and drove the boat upon the rocks. Seven of the crew, insane with terror, leapt into the boiling surf, and were never seen again; the others with great labor worked the boat into a cavern, the back of which sloped upward from the sea. Lithgow was the last to disembark; for the sailors swore to put a bullet through his skull if he should dare to step before them. Scarcely had he landed when the boat went down.

The cave was cut off by the waters, and the wrecked men had no food. Three days passed, and the specters in the cavern were beginning to regard each other with the eyes of wolves, when a fishing-boat came by, and heard their hail. A little later, and Lithgow, who had so narrowly escaped already from the stake, the pirates, the banditti, the galleys, the assassin, and the shipwreck, would probably have furnished forth a meal for his companions.

He made his way at leisure across Turkey, and

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joined a caravan of pilgrims bound through Syria to Jerusalem. His dress was now a Turk's, with turban, robe, and staff; and while all the others rode on camels, horses, or asses, he walked on foot, according to his constant custom, beside his baggage-mule.

The caravan had hired a guide named Joab, who called himself a Christian, but who proved to be a traitor. This rascal planned to lead the caravan into an ambush of three hundred murderous Arabs of Mount Carmel, with whom he was in league, who were to butcher every man among them, and to gorge themselves with plunder. The plot was excellent; it seemed certain of success: but fortunately Joab feared to reach the place of ambush before the time appointed, and by lingering up and down through rugged spots and pools of water, he awoke suspicion. A Turkish soldier of the party then remembered having seen him send a Moor from Nazareth on some mysterious errand. At this, the guide was seized, was lashed upon a horse, and, under threats of death, confessed his treachery.

And now all was panic; every face was white with terror; for while to trust the guide was madness, night was falling, the ambush was in waiting, and they might walk into the trap. In the midst of the confusion Lithgow noticed that the polar star hung low, and judged that they had been conducted too far south. He cried out to the caravan to turn northwest, lest they should fall into the snare. But not a soul except himself could read the mystery of the star, and he was called upon to take the place of guide. And thus there came to pass a spectacle strange even to grotesqueness--the spectacle of thirteen hundred terror-stricken Turkish and Armenian pilgrims following a Scotchman all night long, across a moon-lit desert in the heart of Syria.

When day broke, the caravan was half a mile

from Tyre; the ambush was escaped. Another guide was taken, the journey was resumed, and in due course, Lithgow found himself before Jerusalem.

There was, within the city, a monastery of Cordeliers, whose duty was to welcome Christian pilgrims. The Prior came out to ask if any such were in the caravan. The only one was Lithgow. A pilgrim from so far a country was held a kind of saint; and the Prior, with twelve monks, walked before him through the streets, each carrying a huge wax candle, and chanting a *Te Deum*. Within the monastery, the Abbot washed his feet and the monks knelt down to kiss them. But in the middle of the ceremony Lithgow happened to observe that he was not a Catholic. In an instant the monk's faces grew a yard in length. They had lavished all this glory on a heretic!

Lithgow, however, could not well be ousted; he remained—a saint descended to a guest. One day a party from the convent, under the Abbot and a guard of soldiers, set out to view the Jordan. Before the pilgrims turned, they stripped to bathe, and Lithgow, before dressing, took a whim to climb a tree upon the margin and to cut a hunting-rod which he designed to take to England as a present to King James. As he sat concealed among the leaves, trimming "a fair rod, three yards long, wondrous straight, full of small knots, and of a yellow color," a strange sound struck his ears. He peered out through the leaves; his companions had gone off without him, and were now waging a fierce battle with a band of Arabs a quarter of a mile away. He was caught in a trap; for while to venture forth was deadly peril, to be left behind was certain death. Lithgow tumbled from his tree, and, rod in hand, but without a stitch of clothing, darted towards the place of combat. The thorns and sharp grass gashed his feet; a pikeman of his

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own side charged him as an enemy; but at last, to the amazement of the pilgrims, who scarcely recognized this light-armed warrior, he came rushing among them, panting to aid the battle with his rod. But the fight was over, and the beaten pilgrims were discussing terms of ransom. The Abbot, scandalized at his appearance, gave him his own gown; and Lithgow, who had started as a turbaned Turk, returned as a grey friar.

From Jerusalem he wandered up and down the earth until he chanced to meet, at Algiers, a French jewel-merchant named Chatteline, who was on his way to Fez to purchase diamonds. Lithgow joined him. The pair reached Fez in safety, and thence resolved to strike across the desert to Arracon. With a tent, a mule, a dragoman, and two Moorish slaves, the bold adventurers set out on foot. Lithgow was a man who never seemed to know fatigue; but in eight days Chatteline was so exhausted that his companions were compelled to add him to the baggage on the mule, and to carry him to Ahezto, where he fell into a fever and refused to stir. Lithgow, with a guide, the dragoman, and one of the two slaves, went on without him. When the guide had led them four days' march, he missed the track, stole off in terror in the night, and left them helpless in the middle of the desert.

Nothing seemed before them but a lingering death. In four days their food was gone. All night the wolves and jackals were heard howling, which, as soon as weakness forced them to let out their little fire of sticks, would pick them to the bone. One the eighth day a foe more terrible than wolves or jackals came suddenly upon them—a horde of naked savages, driving before them a vast flock of sheep and goats, and bloody with the slaughter of a neighboring tribe.

The wanderers were dragged before the savage

prince—a potentate appareled, to the awe and admiration of his subjects, in a veil of crimson satin and a pair of yellow shoes. To him Lithgow, through the dragoman, related his adventures. The effect was marvelous. His dusky majesty was so delighted with the story, that he not only spared the prisoners' lives, but granted them a guide to Tunis, and presented Lithgow, as a kind of keepsake, with his own bow and arrows.

This memento inspired him with a project. The rod for Jordon was designed for James I; he would present the bow and arrows to Prince Charles, the King's son.

But would he get those treasures—or himself—to England safely? It was his plan to traverse Poland. For a time he made his way without disaster; but one day, while passing, lonely and on foot, through one of the vast solitary forests of Moldavia, six robbers sprang upon him from a thicket, seized his money, stripped him naked, tied him to an oak-tree, and left him to the wolves.

Nothing seemed more certain than that the end of his adventures was at last at hand. But Lithgow, like some other rare characters, who came unscathed from perils which to the villains would be certain death, seemed charmed against destruction. All that night the voices of the wild beasts filled the forest; but not one approached to rend him. At break of day a band of shepherds found him. They cut his bonds, wrapped him in an old long coat, and bore him to the castle of their lord, a certain Baron Starholds, fifteen miles away. The Baron was a Protestant; he received the pilgrim with great hospitality, kept him for a fortnight in the castle, gave him a purse, and sent him with a guide to Poland.

Lithgow reached Dantzig; fell so ill of fever that the sexton dug his grave; recovered as by miracle;

and thence took ship to London. His curiosities, which the robbers had contemptuously discarded, were still in his possession; and Lithgow, who in that age was himself a greater curiosity, was presented to King James at Greenwich Gardens, and made to King and Prince his offerings of the rod from Jordan and the bow and arrows of the savage chief.

He stayed some time in London, where he wrote and printed an account of his adventures. But Ulysses was not worse adapted for a settled life. Ere long the ache for roving became irresistible, and he determined to set forth on pilgrimage once more. He had better, had he known it, have cut off his right foot; for now there lay before him an adventure to which all his previous perils were as nursery games—an adventure strange and terrible as ever mortal man escaped alive to tell of.

King James supplied him with safe-conducts, and with letters to the courts of foreign sovereigns. He wandered for a time in Ireland; then he crossed the Channel, and made his way into the south of Spain. On reaching Malaga he struck a bargain with a skipper of a French ship bound next day for Alexandria. But he was fated never to set sail.

That night the town was thrown into a tumult; a cloud of strange ships, vague as phantoms in the darkness, were seen to sail into the harbor and cast anchor. A rumor ran abroad like wild-fire that the ships were Turkish pirates; and forthwith the town went wild with terror. Women and children fled into the fortress; the castle bells rang backwards; the drums thundered an alarm. But when day broke, the English colors were seen flying at the topmasts; it was a squadron which had been despatched against the corsairs of Algiers.

The panic seemingly subsided. Lithgow took a

boat and went on board the *Lion* to salute the Admiral, Sir Robert Mainsell. Sir Robert invited him to join the fleet, with which were many of his old acquaintances from London; but time pressed, and Lithgow's clothes and papers were on shore. Accordingly, as soon as the sails spread, he stepped into a fishing-boat and put to land.

But jealous eyes had been upon him. As he was passing up a narrow street to gain his lodging, a band of soldiers burst upon him, seized him by the throat, muffled him in a black frieze mantle, and bore him to the governor's house, where he was locked up in a room. He could not guess the charge against him; but he was soon to learn. The governor, the captain of the guards, and the town-clerk entered, the latter armed with pen and ink to take down his confession. Lithgow, of course, had nothing to confess; but the captain, Don Francesco, "clapping him on the cheek with a Judas smile," bade him acknowledge that he had just arrived from Seville. On his denying this, the governor burst into a storm of curses. "Villain!" he cried, "you are a spy. You have been a month at Seville, keeping watch upon the Spanish navy, and have just visited the English fleet with your intelligence." Lithgow offered to call witnesses to prove that he was nothing but a simple pilgrim; but in vain. He produced his papers with King James's seal; but these the judges held to be a blind. It was resolved to force him to confession.

A sergeant was called in to search him. In his purse were found eleven ducats; a hundred and thirty-seven gold pieces were sewn into the collar of his doublet. This treasure-trove the governor put into his own pocket. The sergeant and two Turkish slaves then seized him, bore him to a cell above the governor's kitchen, threw him down upon his back, and chained him immovably to the stone floor. One

WILLIAM LITHGOW

of the two slaves, whose name was Hazior, lay down before the door by way of guard, and he was left to pass the first night of his misery.

Next day the governor came to him alone. He urged the prisoner, as he hoped for pardon, to confess that he had been a spy. At his denial, the governor roared out furiously that he should feel the rack. He then gave orders that the captive should receive three ounces of dry bread and a pint of water every second day—fare just sufficient to keep body and soul together, while his strength wasted to the lowest ebb. He also ordered that the window should be walled up, and the grating in the door stopped up with mats. The cell was turned into a tomb; and here, in pitchy darkness, gnawed by hunger, and in daily expectation of the rack, Lithgow wore away seven weeks of horror, chained motionless on the bare stones.

It was five days before Christmas; the time was two o'clock at night; when he was awakened from his feverish slumber by the sound of a coach drawn up outside his prison. The cell-door opened, and nine sergeants entered, who bore him, chains and all, into the coach. Two took their seats beside him, while the others ran on foot; and the coach, of which the driver was a negro, rolled swiftly from the city westward. At the distance of a league it pulled up at a lonely vineyard; the prisoner was lifted from the coach, was carried to a room within the building of the winepress, and was left, still chained, until the morning. He could only guess what was before him. He had been brought there to be tortured.

Late in the afternoon the three inquisitors came in; the victim, for the last time, was exhorted to confess that he had been a spy, and of course again denied it. He was then carried to another room. Against the wall was a thick frame of wood, shaped

HISTORIC DEEDS OF DANGER AND DARING

like a triangle, in the sides of which were holes, with ropes and turning-pin. This was the rack.

The tormentor stripped him, and struck off his ankle-rings; one with such violence as to tear his heel. Then he was lashed upon the rack.

It was about five o'clock. From that time till ten he lay there in agony. As if the torture of the cords, which cut the flesh into the sinews, was not fierce enough, at intervals his jaws were forced apart, and a stream of water from a jar impelled into his throat, so that he was kept half-drowning. When he fainted in his agony, a little wine was given him, to bring him round. At last, when it seemed likely that the victim, who was weaker than a child with famine, would escape their hands by giving up the ghost, he was taken from the rack, his gnashed and broken limbs were loaded with his irons; he was driven back to his old dungeon, and once more bolted to the stones.

As before, he was left to starve on bread and water; but now, by order of his persecutors, baskets of ants were emptied on his mangled body, from whose maddening irritation he could do nothing to relieve himself; for, even had he been unchained, his arms were broken and incapable. His misery was such as moved the pity even of the Turkish slave. Hazior, at the risk of his own safety, sometimes swept the ants into heaps with oil, and set them in a blaze. Occasionally he also brought the starving prisoner secretly a bunch of raisins or a handful of dry figs. It is probable that, meager as it was, this addition to the captive's pittance saved his life.

In the meantime the governor had discovered that he was no spy. Unluckily, he had, at the same time, been looking over Lithgow's papers. The latter had, when at Loretto, been shown the cottage of the Virgin Mary which is said to have miraculously

flown from Palestine, and had dubbed the story "a vain toy." To the governor the case was clear; the Virgin Mary, in permitting Lithgow to be tortured as a spy, had wrought a miracle against a scoffer. He went to Lithgow's cell, and told him bluntly that, unless he wished to burn alive, he must within a week turn Catholic.

But the governor knew nothing of his man. Lithgow, roused like a wounded war-horse who smells battle, instantly poured forth an argument to prove that the Pope was an impostor. The governor retired in anger. Next day he brought two Jesuits to assist him; but in a little while he lost his temper, kicked Lithgow in the face as he lay upon the floor, and, but for the two Jesuits, would have stabbed him with a knife. On the last day of the week he changed his tactics. Lithgow was assured that, at a single word, he should be taken from his cell to a luxurious chamber, to be nursed and fed on dainties—that he should regain his property, be sent to England, and receive a yearly pension of three hundred ducats. If, on the other hand, he still held out, he should that night be tortured in his cell; after which he should, at Easter, be removed to Granada, to be burnt alive at midnight, and his ashes cast into the air.

Up to this moment Lithgow, though a victim, had not been a martyr—his escape had not depended on himself. But now a syllable would set him free—and he disdained to speak it.

That night the torturer was brought into his cell. At first the water-tortment was applied. When he had suffered all the agony of drowning, he was strung up to the cell-roof by his toes until he fainted. Then, having been restored with wine, he was once more bolted to the floor. His enemies had left him just sufficient strength to lift up his weak voice and sing defiance in a psalm.

And now nothing was before him but the martyr's fire. It was Mid-Lent; in a fortnight he must mount the fagot. Nor is there any kind of doubt that Lithgow would, at the appointed time, have sung his psalm amidst the flames, but for the strange and striking freak of fate about to be described.

One night, it happened that a Spanish cavalier from Granada was taking supper with the governor, who, for the amusement of his guest, related Lithgow's story. The servant of the cavalier, a Fleming, listened from behind his master's chair. The tale of terror chilled his blood; all night it robbed him of his rest. At dawn he stole off to the English Consul and told him all he knew. The Consul went to work with speed. The case was laid before the King of Spain. On Easter Saturday, at midnight, the governor received a mandate which made him tear his beard. His victim was to be instantly set free.

The cell door was thrown open; but the captive could as soon have flown out of his prison as have walked out on his feet. Hazior took him on his shoulders and conveyed him to the dwelling of an English merchant near at hand, whence he was carried in a swinging blanket to a British man-of-war, the *Vanguard*, which lay at anchor in the bay. Three days later he was bound for England.

Lithgow was wavering between life and death. Every care that pity could devise was lavished on him; but when the ship reached Deptford seven weeks later, he had not risen from his couch. The fame of his adventure spread before him. King James himself desired to see him; and Lithgow, borne upon a feather bed, was carried to a private gallery, where the King, together with the lords and ladies of the Court, flocked eagerly about his mattress, and broke into cries of horror and com-

passion at the sight of the scarred, shrunk body, and the visage like a corpse's, which they had seen a few months earlier so full of life. The King himself was so much moved with pity that he ordered Lithgow, at his own expense, to be conveyed to Bath, and nursed back into strength.

In that pleasant city Lithgow passed six months. By slow degrees his health returned to him; but there were tokens of the wild beast's den which he would carry to his grave. The fingers of one hand were drawn into the palm by the contraction of the sinews; the crushed bones of one arm remained ill-set; and his right foot was lamed for life.

By the King's agency, the Spanish Envoy, Don Drego Sarmento de Gardamore, had undertaken that he should receive his property from Malaga, together with a thousand pounds as a solatium for his wrongs. When, however, Lithgow came from Bath to London, the Envoy seemed inclined to shuffle from the bond. Lithgow, never the most patient of mankind, waited and fretted, and at last went mad with passion. In the presence-chamber of the palace he flew at the astounded Don, and beat him with his fists. The lords-in-waiting pulled him off; but not before the Don had suffered severely.

The public sympathy was all with Lithgow; but the offense to the decorum of a Court was gross, and he was sentenced to be kept for nine weeks in the Marshalsea. The punishment was light enough; but he had made a deadly enemy of Don Drego, and of his thousand pounds he never got a shilling.

This was his last adventure and misfortune. From that time forth, until his death in 1640, he roamed abroad no more. During his life he was, by those who knew his story, regarded as a hero and a martyr. To those who know his story, he is a hero and a martyr still.

CASANOVA

ON the morning of the 25th of July, 1755, a prisoner, attended by a jailer and two archers of the guard, passed across the Bridge of Sighs at Venice to the cells of the *Piombi*. The captive was a man of thirty, tall and strong in figure, with a face of Mephistopheles, an African complexion, and a pair of glittering eyes. His dress was that of a Venetian noble—a flowered coat laced with silver, a yellow vest, breeches of red satin, and a hat with a white plume. The charge against him was a strange one. He had been condemned by the Inquisitors of State as a wizard who had sold his soul to Satan.

This man was Casanova, the tale of whose captivity and strange escape we are about to tell. But first we must glance back at the events to which his present plight was owing. What was the story of this man of magic?

Briefly, it was this:—

His father, Gaetan Casanova, a man of ancient Spanish race, having tossed away his property at twenty-eight, joined a troop of strolling players, in which he occupied a place so humble that a cobbler, with whose pretty daughter of sixteen he fell in love at Venice, disdained him as a son-in-law. Gaetan, in this predicament, ran off with the girl, whose name was Zanetta, and married her in secret; and on the 2d of April, 1725, their first child, Jacques, was born. The troop of actors was soon afterwards engaged to start for London, and the child was left at Venice with his grandmother—the cobbler's wife. He was brought up well and kindly;

but his constitution was not strong; and at eight years old habitual fits of bleeding at the nose reduced him to a specter. One of the earliest of his recollections was that of being taken, dripping blood, to the den of an old crone, who had the reputation of a witch, of finding the hag squatting on a mat amidst a circle of black cats, of being shut up in a great chest, chanted over by the sorceress, and half-stifled with the smoke of burning drugs. The incantation or the fuming spices seemed for a time to have restored him; but soon the bleeding fits returned more stubbornly than ever. As a last resource, it was resolved to try a change of air; and on the day when he was nine years old he was sent to school at Padua. There his life was far from happy. His food was bad and scanty; and at night he slept, with three or four companions, in an attic where the rats, which ran in swarms across his pallet, froze his blood with horror. But the air of Padua worked wonders; the fits of bleeding ceased; his health returned; his appetite became so ravenous that often he was forced to creep at dead of night into the kitchen, to prey upon the herrings and the sausages which hung drying in the smoke of the great chimney.

In school his ready wits soon made him the best scholar in his class; nor was it long before he knew as much of logic and of Latin as his master, as well as of an art, which afterwards proved much more useful to him, how to play the violin. At fourteen, his mother, who had prospered on the stage, placed him in the University of Padua. That great seat of learning then drew students from all parts of Europe; but Casanova fell in with a set of riotous companions, and added chiefly to his stock of knowledge how to gamble, how to run up debts with jewelers and tailors, and how to knock down watchmen in the streets at night. Nevertheless, at

sixteen he read the Latin theme for his degree of Doctor, and, at his mother's wish, at once took orders in the Church.

But Casanova was not destined to adorn the Church. Pleasure-loving, giddy, vain, with little conscience, clerical duties turned out by no means to his taste. The necessity of clipping off his locks hurt him to the soul; and having, on the feast day of St. Joseph, been selected to pronounce a sermon, he signalized the choice by dining with some gay companions instead, greatly to the scandal of his flock.

It was then proposed that he should spend a period of retirement in a college of theology at St. Cyprian. He entered; but, as he took no pains to keep the rules of the establishment, he found himself, in no long time, locked up for punishment in the prison of St. Andrew—a fort which stood, surrounded by the water, just at the spot where, on Ascension day, the Doges cast the ring into the sea. It was thought that here at least he would be out of mischief; but the notion was an error. Casanova got into worse scrapes than ever.

Then the Bishop of Martorano, who was acquainted with his mother, promised to look after him, and to push his fortunes; and Casanova, with money in his purse, and with a well-filled trunk, set out by way of Rome and Naples to the Bishop's See. He had, however, only reached Chiozza when he fell in with some evil companions, and lost every coin in his possession.

And now a certain natural gift of knavery began to manifest its presence in him. At Naples he came across a wealthy Greek, who had a stock of quicksilver to sell. Casanova took a jar of quicksilver, added secretly some lead and bismuth, and showed the Greek his quicksilver increased in bulk. The Greek, eager to acquire the art of conjuring three jars of quicksilver into four, pur-

chased the secret for a hundred sequins. It was left him to discover, what Casanova had omitted to inform him, that although he had increased his stock-in-trade, his quicksilver was spoilt.

In the meantime, Casanova traveled at his ease to Martorano. Already he beheld in his mind's eye the Bishop's palace, gay with company, with books and pictures and dainty dishes. He found the prelate in a crazy dwelling, of which the furniture was such that a mattress for himself had to be dragged off the Bishop's bed. The whole income of the See was eighty pounds a year. Cowkeepers and marketwomen were the sole society. Casanova cast a glance upon the congregation gathered in the chapel, besought the Bishop's blessing and dismissal, and, sixteen hours after his arrival, started back to Rome.

He was weary of the Church. Nature, he thought, in his opinion, had designed him for a soldier, and he determined to let Nature have her way. He left Rome as an abbé; but to the amazement of his friends at Venice, he reappeared there, blazing in a gorgeous uniform, with purple vest, gold epaulets, and red cockade. To account for those insignia, to which his only right was that of having paid a tailor for them, he proclaimed that he had just been serving in the troops of Spain. Nobody believed this story; and he speedily discovered, to his great vexation, that, like the jackdaw in the peacock's feathers, he ran some risk of being laughed at. To stop the mouths of scoffers, he bought an ensignship in one of the State troops, then posted at Corfu; but as he still desired to visit Constantinople, he was granted leave of absence for six months to make a trip there.

Accordingly, he sailed from Venice. The voyage at first was easy; but off the island of Curzola a storm sprang up which put the ship in peril. The

chaplain, an ignorant and superstitious priest, took his stand on deck, and, with his missal in his hand, prayed loudly to the demons of the storm. Casanova laughed, whereon the priest denounced him as an atheist, a Jonah who had called the tempest on their heads. The sailors, white with terror, were not long in acting on this hint. One of them crept stealthily to Casanova, watched his moment, and pushed him over the ship's side. Nothing but a miracle of fortune saved him. As he fell, the fluke of the ship's anchor caught his coat and held him swinging in mid-air. There the sailors left him, but a soldier who was on the vessel flung him down a rope and hauled him to the deck. The crew were clamoring to fling him back again, when the priest discovered that the culprit had about him a Greek parchment which professed to be a love charm. Here, plainly, was the reason of the tempest. A brazier was fetched, the charm was thrown upon the coals, and, as the burning parchment writhed and cracked, the priest cried out that it was a fiend in torment. Fortunately, at the same time the wind began to fall; the sailors lost their terror; and Casanova was allowed to live.

At Constantinople, Casanova, bearing the letter from the cardinal, called on Osman Pasha, whose help, however, he no longer needed. The Pasha was a curious character. His true name was Count Bonneval; he had been an officer at Venice, but had transformed himself into a Turk to gain the favor of the Sultan. He was now an old man, jovial, fat and lazy. His friendly welcome was succeeded by a dinner. At the Pasha's table Casanova made acquaintance with a fine old Turk, named Josouf Ali, a man of wealth and a philosopher. Ali conceived for Casanova an amazing liking, repeatedly invited him to his own house, and there discussed with him for hours the doctrines of the Prophet. At last this

curious friendship reached a climax. Ali had a daughter of fifteen, named Zelnie, whose lustrous eyes and skin of alabaster, the ease with which she talked in Greek and in Italian, the skill with which she painted, worked in wools, and warbled to her harp, charmed her friends. He proposed that Casanova should become a Turk, should marry Zelnie, and should, at the same time, become possessor of her dowry, a palace, a troop of slaves, and an abundant income.

Casanova was dumbfounded. The offer dazzled him; but still he wavered. To be a turbaned Turk, to learn to jabber a barbaric lingo, to hide for life his brilliance in obscurity, above all to run the risk of finding Zelnie, when the marriage-veil was lifted, not quite the paragon her father thought her—these things made him pause. It was not, however, till the eve of his departure that he decided to decline. Ali, so far from being piqued at this magnanimous refusal, piled the vessel's deck with rich mementos of his friendship—mementos which Casanova, when the ship touched Corfu, immediately converted into cash.

At Corfu, where he joined his regiment, everything seemed in his favor. He was rich, gay, popular among his comrades, welcomed in the best society. He passed there just a year. At the end of that time he had been ruined at the gaming table, had pawned his jewelry, was hopelessly in debt, and had lost his chances of promotion. Having made the town too hot to hold him, he arrived at the conclusion that the army was no place for a philosopher. He sold his commission for a hundred sequins, and returned forthwith to Venice. Soon all his money was gone. In order to keep himself from perishing of hunger, he was glad to earn a pittance as a violinist in the theater of St. Samuel.

His companions in this new position, when the

play was over, would sally, flushed with wine, into the streets, to bully quiet passengers, to skirmish with the guards, to cut the ropes of gondolas, to set the church-bells pealing an alarm, and to send physicians and confessors to the beds of men in perfect health. Casanova was, for nearly half a year, a ruling spirit of this gang of worthies. But a freak of fortune was again before him.

One night, on issuing from a palace where he had been fiddling at a wedding dance, he saw a signor in a scarlet cloak, who was descending to his gondola, drop a letter on the steps. Casanova restored the letter to its owner, who, in return, on finding that they were going in the same direction, invited him to step into his boat. Casanova did so, and they started; but as they glided up the long canal, the signor suddenly fell forward in a fit. Casanova sprang ashore, brought a surgeon running in his nightcap, and having seen the patient bled, conveyed him to his palace and took his post at the bedside. The surgeon applied a plaster made of mercury to the sick man's chest, and left him for the night; but by the action of the drug the patient in a little while was gasping in convulsions, and to all appearance dying. Casanova plucked the plaster off again—and by that simple action made his fortune. Next day the patient was much better. He vowed that the doctor was a quack, that he owed his life to Casanova, and that no other should attend him; and thus it came to pass, that when the doctor made his visit in the morning he found the upstart fiddler in his place, and rushed out of the house in rage and horror.

Thus, strangely turned into a sage, Casanova set himself to play the part. Signor Bragadin, though one of the most illustrious lords of Venice, was superstitious to the point of mania. Casanova delivered his opinions with an air so solemn, he quoted

from the works of learned writers (which he had never read) with such felicity and ease, that Bragadin believed his wisdom supernatural. He hinted this belief to Casanova—and Casanova was ready with a story. He confessed that an ancient hermit, whose cave was in the mountains of Carpegna, had revealed to him the mystery of Solomon's secret, which is the art of prophesying by the use of numbers—a secret which he himself was forbidden to reveal, under pain of dying suddenly within three days. Bragadin, to whom the art of sorcery was the most sublime of sciences, panted to consult the oracle. Under the promptings of the prophet it responded, as oracles in all ages have responded, sometimes clearly, sometimes darkly, but never so as to be caught in error. The signor was in ecstasies. As he could not work the augury himself, he resolved to keep possession of the augur; and forthwith Casanova, to his own amazement, found himself installed in rich apartments in the palace, his pockets full of money and a troop of lackeys at his service, proclaimed to all the world of Venice as Signor Bragadin's adopted son.

He had already been by turns an abbé, a beggar, an ensign, and a fiddler. He was now a combination of quack, prophet, and grandee. Except when called upon to work his oracle, he had no task but to amuse himself. It is perhaps not strange that he was soon in new disaster.

One of his acquaintances, a merchant named Demetrio, whose jealousy he had excited, contrived a trick to make him look ridiculous. Demetrio sawed the plank which ran across a certain boggy trench, with the result that Casanova, who was the first among a troop of gay companions to pass over, fell plump into the bog up to the ears. A crowd of rustics hauled him out with ropes, an indistinguishable lump of mud, at which his giddy comrades

screamed with laughing. Burning to requite this witticism, Casanova crept by night into a burial-ground, cut off the arm of a dead body, hid himself beneath Demetrio's bed, and at the dead of night began to tug at the blankets. Demetrio, waking, cried to the tomfool beneath him, that it was vain to try to scare him with a ghost; at the same time he made a snatch into the darkness, caught the dead hand, which Casanova suddenly released, and instantly fell backwards in a swoon of terror. He had literally been scared out of his senses.

This outrageous act aroused a perfect tempest. Demetrio's friends burst into vows of vengeance; the inquisitors prepared to seize the culprit on a charge of sacrilege. Casanova was compelled to flee from Venice. Being well supplied with money, he wandered from city to city at his ease. At Paris, where his younger brother, afterwards the famous painter, was then studying, he resided for some time; and as he was a scholar, a talker, and a boon companion, ever ready to play, to quote Ariosto, or to write a ballad to a lady's eyebrow, the society of wits and beauties opened to him readily. He also worked his oracle; and here again he found no lack of people panting to be dupes. Sober merchants consulted him about the safety of their argosies; and a cynic might find food for mirth in the reflection that the Duchess of Chartres herself sent for him to the Palais Royal, and demanded of his oracle how to cure her pimples.

At length, the danger having, as he thought, subsided, he returned to Venice. But in this he was in error. The charge of sacrilege was not revived against him; but reports of his prophecies had been noised abroad; he was accused of practising unholy arts; and the spies of the Inquisition were upon his track. One of these was ready with a proof that Casanova was in league with Satan. Another spy,

CASANOVA

who gained admittance to his chamber on pretense of showing him some jewels, observed some books on sorcery lying on the table—*Solomon's Charms*, *The Conjurations of the Demons*, *Zecor-ben*, and *Planetary Hours*. Casanova's purse was just then empty; and the spy, under the pretext of selling these rare works at a high price to a *virtuoso*, bore them straight to the inquisitors. The next day he returned them; but in the meantime Casanova's fate was sealed.

A few mornings later, before daybreak, as he was sleeping in his bed, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started up, and saw a guard of the Tribunal, with a group of archers, who had come to take him. At that sight a shiver thrilled him to the heart. And he might well shiver, for he was at the mercy of an awful power.

Casanova left his bed, dressed himself with care, and followed his captors; and thus in a few minutes he was on his way, as when we saw him first, across the Bridge of Sighs towards the cells of the *Piombi*.

These cells are the garrets of the Doge's palace—the name springing from the plaques of lead which form the palace-roof. Casanova was conducted by the jailer, a rough fellow named Lorenzo, who also, on occasion, served as hangman, along a corridor, from which opened half a dozen little iron-studded doors. Through one of these, so dwarfish that his head on entering was almost on a level with his knees, he was thrust into a cell in which it was impossible to stand erect, and in which the only light that entered glimmered through a narrow grating in the door. The cell was absolutely bare; but he was told that he might buy himself a chair, a table, and a bed. When these were brought, he was informed that food would be supplied him once a day, at daybreak. And he was left alone.

The time was in the dog-days, and the hot leads turned the cell into an oven, in which, although he stripped himself of every rag, the prisoner was half melted. At nightfall, when he stretched himself upon his pallet, his rest was broken by gigantic rats which scoured along the corridor, and by the great bell of St. Mark's tower pealing forth the hours. Nor were his meditations more consoling. How long this state of misery might last, he could not tell. He had undergone no trial—he had received no sentence. He might be left there for a week or for a year, or he might wither out his life-time in captivity.

Day by day went by; August and September passed; and with them passed all hope of swift release. Sometimes the solitude of his cell was broken by the entrance of a fellow-prisoner; first, a count's valet, who had been caught eloping with his master's daughter and a box of jewels; then, a wizen, little red-eyed money-lender, like a screech-owl, who had tried to swindle his own partner. These delectable companions came and went; but the months passed, and Casanova was a captive still. Gradually, his whole thought fixed itself upon another road to freedom. Was there no chance of scheming an escape?

At stated periods, when his cell was being swept, he was allowed to walk into the corridor, which was secured by a strong door. In a corner of the corridor was a heap of rubbish. Casanova pried into the heap and came across an iron bolt, an inch in thickness and some two feet long. This instrument, together with a fragment of black marble, he smuggled to his cell beneath his coat. There he set himself to grind the bolt into a point upon the piece of marble; and after a week's constant labor, during which his hands were worn to blisters, a long, sharp point was made.

Casanova was well acquainted with the palace buildings. He reckoned that his cell was situated just above the hall of the inquisitors, and he laid a plan accordingly. He resolved to pierce the cell-floor with his bolt, to descend into the hall by ropes made out of strips of bedding, to lie in wait until the door was opened, and then to make a rush for freedom. The project was a mad one; but the ache for liberty had brought him to that desperate temper which is ready for strange deeds—the temper which drove Baron Trenck to burrow like a mole beneath his prison-walls, and Monte Cristo, in the Château d'If, to stitch himself into the dead man's sack, in order to be cast into the sea.

He could not work, however, without light, and the wretched gleam which struggled through the grating lasted only about five hours a day; the rest was pitchy darkness. Casanova schemed again. He possessed a wooden bowl, from which he ate his broth, and a flask of salad-oil was part of his provisions; strips torn off his shirt provided him with tinder; while, by pretending that he had the tooth-ache, for which a gun-flint steeped in vinegar was esteemed a sovereign cure, he obtained a couple from the jailer. As soon as he was left in solitude, he struck his flints, and saw, with indescribable delight, his rude lamp flare out bravely on the darkness of his cell.

Armed with his bolt, and lighted by his lamp, he set to work to dig into the planks beneath his bed, gathering, as he worked, the fragments in a handkerchief, to be emptied into the heap of rubbish in the corridor. Except at the hour at which the jailer visited the cells, he labored night and day. The work was hard and slow; but in three weeks the planks were pierced, and through a tiny hole, which could be speedily enlarged, he was able to peer down into the hall.

His rope was made; and all was ready; and he was waiting, with a bounding heart,* for night to bring the hour of his adventure, when all at once he heard, outside his cell, the bolts which locked the corridor shoot back. His first thought was that he was free—that his order of release had come at last. Trembling with hope, he saw his door fly open. It was the jailer come to take him to another cell.

Casanova fell into his chair, half fainting. That instant was a bitter penance for his sins. All his work was lost, and it could never be repeated, for the hole would be discovered, and henceforth his actions would be strictly watched. In a stupor of despair, supported by the jailer, he tottered down the corridor, and along another gallery, at the end of which appeared the door of his new cell. His chair was carried with him by an archer. Under its seat he had contrived a place in which to hide his bolt; and, by good fortune, it was fixed there still.

The jailer went to fetch the prisoner's bed. Casanova sat there motionless, awaiting the discovery. The result might be to him a case of life and death. What if the inquisitors condemned him to the Wells? Those dreaded dungeons were pits sunk beneath the basement of the palace—dark, deep, and slimy dens, which the rising tides, flowing through the gratings, kept continually half full of water, over which the wretched captive passed his life supported on a tressel, from which he could not stir without the risk of being drowned. Few prisoners issued from the Wells alive. One wretched man, a soldier of the name of Beguelin, who had betrayed his orders, had passed there twenty-seven years of life in death. Casanova called to mind this story. What if such a fate were now before him!

As he sat quaking at the thought, he heard the jailer rushing headlong back. With eyes of flame he burst into the cell. "Where is your chisel?" he cried furiously; "where did you get it?—who brought it in to you?" An inspiration rushed on Casanova. "You yourself," he answered boldly; "who else has had the chance?"

The jailer was struck dumb; for if the inquisitors believed this story, which in fact seemed unassailable, he could not set his life at a pin's fee. Tearing his hair, he darted from the cell, stopped up the hole with desperate eagerness, and suffered not a word of the attempt to reach the ears of the Tribunal.

Casanova's wits had saved him from the Wells; but his chances of escape seemed gone for ever. The keeper, it is true, had failed to find his bolt; but how was he to use it? The cell was new—a scratch would have been visible; and moreover, every morning, when his food was brought, the keeper tapped the walls and floor, to ascertain that they were sound. In truth, his plight seemed hopeless. But fortune, who had tossed him up and down so often, was to give him one chance still.

The cell next his contained two prisoners—an old count, Andro Asquin, and a monk whose name was Balbi. Balbi had a shelf of volumes in his cell, and these, in the spirit of a friendly neighbor, he lent to Casanova one by one—the jailer, who could not read, and who conceived no danger, being gained by a small bribe to take them to and fro. Casanova let his finger-nail grow long, used it as a pen, and wrote with fruit-juice on a fly-leaf a letter to the monk. Balbi found the writing, and replied in the same manner; and thus a secret correspondence was established.

And now Casanova saw his way again. If Balbi had the bolt, he might make use of it without sus-

HISTORIC DEEDS OF DANGER AND DARING

picion; he might pierce the ceiling of his cell, might climb into the space beneath the palace roof, and might make a hole in Casanova's ceiling. Then the pair of them together might break through the roof, and so emerge upon the leads.

The monk agreed. But how was he to get the bolt? Casanova solved this puzzle also. He concealed the bar between the binding and the back of an immense old folio Bible; and the hoodwinked jailer bore it safely into Balbi's cell.

But how were the operations of the monk to be concealed? Casanova told him. He was to purchase, through the keeper, a number of wooden figures of the saints, tall enough to reach the ceiling of his cell, which was barely six feet high. Balbi gave the order, and the saints arrived. Thenceforward, when the jailer paid his visits in the twilight of the morning, he found invariably the pious monk telling his beads before St. Philip or St. Francis. Who could have dreamt that the Apostles' heads concealed a gaping hole?

The hole grew larger daily. In ten days the monk had pierced his ceiling, and had worked so far through Casanova's that a few hours' toil would end his task. No trace, of course, was visible in Casanova's cell.

It was Monday, the 16th of October; the monk was working overhead; when Casanova heard again, with freezing blood, the bolts which locked the corridor fly back. He had barely time to give three knocks, their preconcerted sign of danger, when his door flew open, and a prisoner was thrust in.

The new arrival was a little, skinny, ragged rascal, grasping a string of beads, and chattering with terror. Casanova, eager to discover whether this new comrade could be trusted, soon drew forth his story. His name was Sorodaci; he had been a

spy, devoted to the saints, and to the holy office; but having, in an attempt to ruin his own god-father, become suspected of false dealing with the Council, he had had the misfortune to find himself locked up instead of his relation. Here was a colleague for the plotters! This reptile, dying for a chance of crawling back to favor, would give his ears to get an inkling of their scheme. A wink or a word to the jailer, and their hopes were gone for ever.

Their work was at a standstill. For some days Casanova nourished the vain hope that Sorodaci would be speedily released; but after studying his man, who was a ninny eaten up with superstition, he resolved that he would fool him. Accordingly, he wrote to Balbi, directing him to set to work next day at three o'clock precisely. That night, he started from his bed, crying aloud that he had had a vision. The Virgin of the Rosary had appeared to him, and had assured him that an angel would descend to break their prison, and to set them free. At three o'clock that afternoon they might expect to hear him working at the roof above them.

Sorodaci was dumbfounded. In vain he made a feint of disbelief; as three o'clock drew near he gasped and trembled; but when, precisely as St. Mark's gave forth the hour, the angel was heard working overhead, he fell upon his face in mortal terror. There was no more danger of his playing false. The angel worked; the jailer paid his visits; but Sorodaci never dreamt of treason.

Two days passed; it was the last day of October, and Balbi set to work for the last time. At ten o'clock at night a hole appeared in the low ceiling, the monk came tumbling into Casanova's arms, and Sorodaci reeled against the wall in inexpressible amazement at perceiving that the angel had a thick black beard.

Casanova seized the bolt, ascended through the hole, and made a trial upon the palace roof. To his delight, the planks were crumbling with the rot. In half an hour he touched the plaques of lead, wrenched up the fastenings with his bar, and thrust his head out of the hole. To his concern, the moon was shining brightly; but it was near its setting, and by midnight would have disappeared.

Meanwhile the captives met in Balbi's cell. Count Asquin, Balbi's fellow-prisoner, old, fat, and suffering from a broken leg ill set, refused to risk his neck on such a venture. Sorodaci also, whose faith in this strange angel was much shaken, and who trembled at the thought that he might tumble into the canal, elected to remain. He would, he said, invoke St. Francis for their safety. The other two made ready. Casanova bound into a bundle the rich dress which he had brought into the prison; and each carried on his shoulder a coiled rope made out of strips of bedding.

Midnight pealed from St. Mark's tower; the moon was touching the lagoons. The adventurers bade farewell to their companions; and Casanova, bidding the monk follow him, lifted the plaque of lead, and issued through the hole.

The roof was steep and slippery. Casanova, on his hands and knees, digging his spike into the leads to keep himself from sliding, and trailing the monk behind him by his waist-band, crawled snail-like up the perilous slant, and at length perched panting on the summit. No sooner was the monk astride, than, in endeavoring to wipe his brow, he let his hat roll down the slope and plunge into the sea. His maladroitness might have been their ruin; for had the hat rolled down the other side, it would have dropped into the Piazza, and startled the sentries.

The next thing was to fix their rope. But here

an unexpected difficulty stopped them—they could find no means by which to fasten it. For a whole hour Casanova crept about the roof, seeking for a point to which to loop his cable, but in vain. He discovered nothing but a mason's ladder, far too short to reach the ground, lying beside a heap of plaster and a pile of plaques of lead. At length he was compelled to change his tactics. Several dormer windows opened on the roof, through one of which they might descend into the palace. To do so was to run their heads into the lion's den; but there was no alternative, and it was possible that, by some rare good luck, the lions might be caught asleep or hoodwinked. Casanova, with his bolt, wrenched off the light iron grill which barred a window, broke the narrow leaded panes, and the monk, while Casanova held the rope, slid down into the room below.

In order to descend in turn, Casanova dragged the ladder to the window; but in the attempt to introduce it, he very nearly put an end to his adventures. His foot slipped, he went rolling down the roof, and in an instant found himself suspended by his elbows over the abyss. Thus hanging between life and death, his only chance was in one desperate effort—if that failed him, he was lost. Collecting all his strength, he writhed his body upwards, and sank gasping on the gutter. Safe, but sick with horror, he lay there long without the power of motion.

At length, his strength returning, he lowered the ladder to the monk, who held it in his arms while he descended. The room in which they found themselves was pitchy dark. They groped and found a door, through which they passed into a room in which were several chairs and a great table, but from which they sought in vain to find an exit. At length they found themselves compelled to wait for

daybreak. Casanova, utterly exhausted, threw himself upon the floor, and, with the coil of rope for pillow, fell into a death-like sleep. It was the first which he had snatched for several nights. When he woke, the first gleam of day was stealing in, and the monk, in a frenzy of impatience, was shaking him with violence. In the grey morning light they found the door, and issued through a gallery, the walls of which were lined with niches, wherein the archives of the State were stored in parchment rolls, down a narrow flight of stone steps closed by a glass door, into the Doge's council chamber. The door of this was fastened, but the panels were not thick, and in half an hour the never-failing bolt had pierced a gaping hole at a height of five feet from the floor. The monk, whom Casanova held suspended by the legs, went through head first with ease; but Casanova, who had to follow without help, tore his legs and sides upon the jagged splinters, till they dripped with blood. Descending two more flights, they reached the massive doorway of the royal stairway. To their consternation it was locked. To break through it was quite hopeless. They might as well have tried to pierce the marble walls.

Nothing was left but to try stratagem.

Casanova, all in blood and rags, sat down, untied his bundle, and put on his gorgeous coat, his white silk stockings, and his gold-laced hat with the white plume. His rich embroidered mantle he bestowed upon the monk. Then he thrust his head from a side grating, and attracted the attention of some persons in the court. These men called the door-keeper, who, thinking that he must have locked in some one over-night in error, came hurrying up in trepidation with his keys.

Casanova, through a cranny, watched him coming. The instant the door opened, he walked out quickly,

followed by the monk; and before the warder had recovered from his stupor, the two had vanished down the Giant's Stairs, pushed across to the canal, sprang into a gondola, and were skimming over the water towards Mestro.

It was a lovely morning; the air was clear and pure, the sun was rising brightly. The contrast with the scene from which he had escaped struck Casanova to the soul; and, to the amazement of the stolid monk, he burst into a flood of tears.

They were free. But could they keep their freedom? The danger, as they knew, was far from over; the hue and cry was still to come.

At Mestro they hired a carriage for Treviso, where, having spent their stock of money, they plunged on foot into the woods. There, the better to escape detection, they parted company, and each took his way alone.

By two o'clock that afternoon Casanova had walked four and twenty miles. His plight was wretched to the last degree; though dropping with fatigue, and faint with hunger, he durst not venture near a public inn. Finding himself at length in sight of a large private house, he demanded of a shepherd, whose flock was feeding on a hillside, to whom the place belonged, and was informed that the owner's name was Captain Campagne, the chief of the Venetian Guards. At that name of terror, Casanova trembled; then, by an impulse over which he had no control, and which he was never able to explain, he walked straight down the hill towards the dwelling of the man of whom, of all others, he had the most to dread.

In the yard, a little boy was playing whip-top. On Casanova asking where his father was, he called his mother, a young and pretty woman, who informed the stranger that the captain had just been summoned for three days to Venice, in order to

hunt down two prisoners who had escaped from the *Piombi*.

Casanova breathed again. The situation was one after his own heart.

"I regret to find my godfather from home," he said; "but I am charmed to make the acquaintance of his lovely wife."

"Your godfather!" cried the lady, "why, then, you are His Excellency Monsieur Veturi, who has promised to be sponsor to our child—I am delighted to receive you. My husband will be distressed that he was not at home." And with a thousand such civilities Casanova was welcomed into the house and a feast was set before him—after which, as he explained the sorry state of his apparel, his wounds, and his fatigue, by stating that he had had a fall whilst hunting in the forest, he was conducted to the most luxurious sleeping-chamber in the house. From three o'clock that afternoon till six next morning he slept like a stone figure. Then he awoke, dressed himself, walked unperceived out of the house, and went his way—half trembling at his rashness, half laughing at the picture of the captain's face when he should hear the story, and wholly grateful to the captain's pretty wife.

And now the worst was over. Without much misadventure he begged his way to Bolzan, which was beyond the State of Venice, where he could laugh at his pursuers. Thence he despatched a messenger to Signor Bragadin for a supply of money. The signor sent him all he wanted; and Casanova was once more rich and free.

He was free! His great escape from the *Piombi* was a thing accomplished; and it was this of which we set ourselves to tell. At this point therefore we might leave him; but the color of romance which wraps the sequel of his story tempts us to let it pass before us rapidly.

From Bolzan he made his way to Paris, where he received an ardent welcome. The fame of his escape was there before him. All society desired to hear from his own lips the details of his unprecedented exploit; and soon, from the youngest page to Madame Pompadour herself, all tongues were talking of the bolt, the lamp, the monk's cell full of wooden saints, and Sorodaci gaping at the angel. For his own part, Casanova was resolved to run no further risk of such adventures; his life in future should be sage and steady. But as his purse grew light, his resolutions vanished. He looked about him for a victim; and in the Marquise d'Urfé, a dowager whose family was of the old nobility of France, he found one after his own heart. The Marquise was, in truth, a female counterpart of Signor Bragadin. Her whole soul was devoted to the magic arts; her library was crammed with books on sorcery; her laboratory contained a never-dying furnace, over which a mystic powder had for fifteen years been glowing in a crucible, in the confidence that it would turn at last into the philosopher's stone. A belief in genies, with a burning wish to have the power to summon them, was Madame d'Urfé weakness. Casanova showed her his secret charm, which he assured her that he worked by the assistance of a genie of the name of Parlis. From that moment Madame d'Urfé was his slave. Meantime he lived in the old lady's palace, drove about the city in her carriage, lived upon her purse, and was even reported to be about to marry her in secret.

But long continuance in one mode of living was against his nature. Sometimes in company with Madame d'Urfé, at other times alone, he rambled over Europe. City after city was the scene of his adventures. At Stuttgart he struck up an acquaintance with three officers, who invited him to supper,

put a drug into his wine, and in a short time fleeced him of his purse, his watch, a diamond snuff-box, and notes-of-hand for fifty thousand francs. But when the winners called next day to cash their notes, he told them bluntly that they were a gang of sharpers, and might whistle for their coin. The officers in fury flew to court and gained the Prince's ear; and Casanova, to his consternation, found himself condemned to pay the whole amount, under pain of having his possessions seized and sold, or of being made a common soldier in the Prince's petty army. Meantime he was kept prisoner in his rooms. By day, a sentinel was posted in the ante-chamber; at night, his door was locked and the key taken by the guard.

But, poisoned, tricked, imprisoned as he was, Casanova's wits were still his own. One night, before his door was locked, he sent his valet to the sentry with a gift. As the men were speaking, the valet, under the pretext of snuffing the single candle by which the ante-chamber was illumined, snuffed it out. Casanova was upon the watch; shoes in hand, with all his valuables about him, he stole out in the darkness past the sentry, crept downstairs, and darted forth into the night. The candle was relighted, the sentry locked the prisoner's door as usual, and departed. When he returned the next morning, he found the three creditors waiting for admittance; and the four men went into the room together. They saw a figure resting on the bed. They addressed it—but in vain; they shook it—and a wig-block covered with a wig rolled out upon the ground. Casanova, fearing lest the guard might peep into the room before he locked the door, had left a dummy to befool him.

While his bamboozled enemies, with faces a yard long, were gaping at his proxy, Casanova was *en route* for Zurich. A new desire possessed him; he

was weary of adventures; he sighed for a hermit's cell and a life of contemplation.

On the morning after his arrival he left his bed at daybreak and wandered forth into the mountains. Rapt in meditation, he had rambled many miles, when he perceived the grey walls of an ancient monastery, surrounded by the solitary hills. From the chapel came the voices of the monks at matins. Casanova entered. When the service ended he was civilly accosted by the abbot, who conducted him to see the convent; after which, in a luxurious chamber, a dinner for an epicure was set before them. Here was the life for Casanova! He determined to become a brother in the service of our Lady of Einsiedel.

The abbot proposed a fortnight for reflection. It was agreed that on its expiration he should call on Casanova at his inn. Casanova returned to Zurich in the abbot's carriage, and passed some days in pious meditations. But the night before the abbot's visit, as he was sitting in his window, Casanova changed his mind.

The renegade then resumed his wanderings. Again he was to be descried at city after city; at Lausanne, visiting Voltaire, and charming the great writer and his guests with the fire with which he quoted Ariosto—at Vaucluse, weeping at the fountain—at Rome, receiving from the Pope, for what merit is not clear, the cross of the Order of the Golden Spur—at Naples, blazing amidst courtiers, and kissing the hand of the child-king—again at the Eternal City glittering in the carnival—at Paris, wheedling Madame d'Urfé out of gold and gems. Then he took a whim to visit London. But his experience in England was not happy. The weather was all fog. King George III, to whom he was presented by the French ambassador, impressed him merely as a short, fat man with a red face and a

red coat, a plumed three-cornered hat, and a strong resemblance to a cook. The people were "pure savages." Nor did his ill impressions end there. An old dame and her daughter, who had fleeced him of some money, brought a charge against him, of having, in a fit of passion, thrown a pin-puff at the damsel. As Casanova was returning from a ball at daybreak, two watchmen stopped his chair and carried him before a magistrate at Newgate. Casanova eyed his judge with feelings of the liveliest curiosity—a curiosity which the other, had he known the history of the culprit, would have returned with interest; for the judge was Henry Fielding, the famous novelist.

Fielding bound the prisoner over in two sureties to keep the peace. His tailor appeared for him, and he was set at liberty. But his ignominious and absurd position was to be rendered still more galling. The insulted siren bought a parrot, taught it a phrase of words, and hung it in a public place; and Casanova, as he happened to pass by, heard its harsh voice screaming to a crowd of laughing loungers, "Casanova is a rascal." It need scarcely here be added that the parrot spoke the truth.

He had by this time spent his stock of money, and was about to sell his jewels, when he happened to borrow a hundred guineas from a chance acquaintance, Baron Stenau, who gave him a bill which bore the name of a respected firm at Cadiz. Casanova cashed the bill, which proved to be a forgery. Stenau had vanished; and Casanova found himself in signal danger of ending his career by being hanged.

He fled to Dover, crossed to Calais, and wandered from city to city to Berlin. He had some thought of taking service under the great Frederick—that is, he was prepared, for a sufficient recompense, to glitter like a popinjay about the court,

decked with a gold chain and his Order of the Spur. The king offered him a post as overlooker in a college of cadets. Casanova went to visit this establishment, and found a barrack thrust away behind some stables, full of great, gaunt rooms with beds of sacking, in one of which apartments, at the moment of his visit, the king himself was flourishing his cane and abusing an overlooker who had left a nightshirt on a bed. This did not altogether jump with Casanova's notions. He turned his back upon the city in disgust, and wandered to St. Petersburg. There he was presented by Count Panin to the Empress Catherine, and had the pleasure of listening to her Majesty's opinions on the reformation of the calendar, and of laughing at the statues in the royal gardens. But neither here did he obtain the offer of a post to suit him; and accordingly he left for Warsaw, where he was more successful. King Stanislaus Augustus, to whom he was presented, was struck by some of his remarks upon the classic poets, desired to study Ariosto with him, and would probably have made him his own secretary, but for the event which we have now to tell.

The king's chamberlain, Count Xavier Branicki, a young and dashing officer, picked a quarrel with him. The count insulted Casanova; and next morning Casanova sent a challenge to the count, which was instantly accepted.

In Branicki's coach-and-six, attended by some officers of the court, they drove to a sequestered region of a park. A trifling incident aided to decide the fortune of the day. One of the officers produced two huge horse-pistols, loaded them, and laid them cross-wise on the ground. Casanova chose one pistol; Branicki took the other, remarking as he did so, "That is an excellent weapon you have there." "I am going to test it on your head,"

said Casanova coolly; and probably this piece of braggadism saved his life. Branicki was a first-rate marksman; but Casanova's answer shook his nerve. In order to protect his head, he took up a position of constraint, which made his aim unsteady. The two were stationed at a distance of ten paces; the word was given, and the two shots were fired at the same instant. Branicki's bullet shattered the left hand of Casanova. Casanova's shot Branicki through the body.

Casanova hurried to his fallen foe, and raised his head with his wounded arm. As he did so, the count's attendants drew their swords in fury, and would have cut him down. But Branicki was an opponent worthy of the days of chivalry. He ordered the assailants to stand back and to respect the laws of honor. For himself, he believed that he was dying. "You have killed me," he said to Casanova. "The king will never pardon you. Look to your own safety. Take my purse, and my ribbon of the Aigle Blanc as a safeguard, and fly from Poland for your life." Casanova refused the generous offer; but from that instant the antagonists were friends. Branicki was carried to a neighbouring inn, where, after a long hovering between life and death, he recovered slowly. Casanova stole back into the city, and took refuge in a convent till his wounds were healed, which was not until he had been forced to quarrel with his doctors to prevent their cutting off his hand.

The king, at Branicki's entreaty, forbore to seize and hang him. But his career was over. He left the city, as he had left so many others, and once more rambled up and down the earth. At length he roved to Spain and to Madrid.

. . .

With this romantic episode the curtain falls for a long interval upon that drama of a thousand scenes,

CASANOVA

the life of Casanova. It is to rise once more for the *finale*; but more than twenty years have first to pass—years of the events of which we have no record. The freaks, the follies, and the adventures of that long term are wrapped from us in darkness, till suddenly, upon a certain day in the year 1789, the curtain of the night again flies back, and Casanova is discovered to us among the guests of the ambassador of Venice at Paris. Another of the guests on that occasion was Count Walstein, with whom he fell into a conversation touching the arts of magic and the old “*clavicula*,” or magic charm of Solomon. Walstein, delighted with his new acquaintance, offered on the spot to make him the librarian of his castle in Bohemia. Casanova, old, poor, and weary of adventures, grasped at the proposal. The very next day, in the count’s company, he left for Castle Dux, near Toeplitz—the abode in which he was to spend, in peace and quietness, the fourteen years of life which yet remained to him.

A librarian is not every day made out of an adventurer. But Casanova’s character was strangely mingled. He was, as the parrot summed him up, a rascal; he was a mixture of Gil Blas, Cagliostro, and the Wandering Jew; but he was also a scholar, a poet, and a wit. To the count he was in every way an acquisition. He had looked with his own eyes on every side of life; he was the prince of talkers and companions; and the count, and the gay guests who thronged the castle, were never wanting for diversion, when Casanova told, across the table or by the fireside, the many-colored tales of his career.

JOHN CHARLES FRÈMONT

JOHN CHARLES FRÈMONT holds a unique position among the explorers of Western America. Although he gained for himself the proud title of the "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains," his field of operations covered more than the territory indicated by this. He took the country west of the Mississippi and explored it thoroughly to the Pacific coast. He took a great territory, large enough for several explorers to win renown upon, and left little for any man to do who came after. As it would be impossible to give, outside of any extensive volume, anything like a history of this life of many events, only a few stirring scenes are given here, for the most part described in his own words. They show the daring character of the man and the dangers of the exploration period in the "Great West."

Frémont was descended from an ancient and distinguished French family, and was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1813. By the time he was sixteen he had been well grounded by his Scotch tutor, Ferguson, in Latin and Greek. Of the study of the latter language he was especially fond, and he tells in his fascinating memoirs with what delight he pored over the plays of the old Greek dramatists, and hailed with enthusiasm every new volume that came across the water to his instructor. Frémont entered the junior class at Charleston College. Here he distinguished himself by his brilliancy, disregard of college rules, and by falling desperately in love, at the age of seventeen, with a beautiful girl, whose father and mother came from the West Indies.

JOHN CHARLES FRÈMONT

After leaving college, Frémont found that it was necessary for him to carve out a career for himself, as an elder brother was already doing. A friend of the family, Mr. Poinsett, Minister to Mexico, and later Secretary of War, secured for the young man a position as teacher on board the warship *Natchez*, which was about to sail for South America. It was the first taste of travel that, later, was to become such a passion with him, and gave to the first half of the nineteeneth century one of its most illustrious names. While anchored off Rio Janeiro he, in conjunction with a young midshipman named Hurst, was able to save the lives of two young officers who had agreed to fight a duel with pistols, the combatants to fire at twelve paces. If the affair had been carried out according to the plans of the principals, it would probably have resulted in the death of both, firing at such short range. Two officers had fought but a short time before and one of them killed. Frémont and Hurst were chosen as seconds for the second duel, and they arranged to charge the pistols with powder only. If the duelists demanded bullets after the first fire, they decided that there would be nothing to do but to let them have their way, and to load the pistols in the customary manner.

The party of four got away from the ship without attracting particular notice, and found a sandy beach well suited for the bloody work in hand. The seconds made the necessary preparations with due solemnity, placed their men, and gave them the pistols. The seconds withdrew to one side and called, "Fire." A cloud of smoke burst from the muzzles of the heavy dueling pieces, but there was no hiss of bullets in the air, no prostrate forms upon the beach. The fighters were dumfounded, for, according to their aim, each was sure that the other must have a large hole bored through his

person, through which the traditional ray of "day-light" should be at that moment shining.

The seconds came forward and declared the affair off, as each had failed to make a hit at the first fire, and they also said that the cause of the quarrel was not serious enough to warrant a second encounter. After some protests, they carried the duelists off to the ship. Probably, if the ruse had been discovered, both Frémont and Hurst would have been challenged by the men for whom they had acted as seconds; but both felt it was worth the risk.

After his return from the cruise, he received an appointment as an assistant engineer in the United States Topographical Corps, and it was during his first year's work with this organization that he found out what was really to be his life's work.

"I gladly accepted the chance that fell to me," he says in his autobiography, "and spent a summer in congenial work among the mountains of South Carolina and Tennessee. There were several parties, each under an able engineer. That to which I belonged was under the direction of Lieutenant White, a graduate of West Point, who knew well how to make our work agreeable. We were engaged in running experimental lines, and the plotting of the field notes sometimes kept us up until midnight. Our quarters were sometimes at a village inn, and more frequently at some farmer's house, where milk and honey and many good things were welcome to an appetite sharpened by all-day labor on foot and a tramp of several miles backward and forward, morning and evening. It was cheery, wholesome work. The summer weather in the mountains was fine, and the cool water abundant, and the streams lined with azaleas. As often is with flowers of that color, the white azaleas were fragrant. The survey was a kind of picnic, with

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work enough to give it zest, and we were all sorry when it was over. The survey being suspended, I returned home, and only casually, if ever, met again the men with whom I had been associated. General Morrell, with whom many years after I lived as a neighbor on the Hudson, was the only one I remember to have met.

"It had been the policy of President Jefferson, suggested by his acquisition of the Louisiana Territory, to remove all the Indian tribes from the Eastern States to the west of the Mississippi. This policy was adopted and carried forward by Mr. Monroe, and completed under President Jackson. The last to be removed were the Cherokees, who inhabited a district where the States of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia cornered together. This territory was principally in Georgia, and consisted in greater part of a body of land ceded to the Cherokees by Georgia in 1783.

"For the good of the bordering States, and for the welfare of the Indians as well, this was a wise and humane measure. But the Cherokees were averse to the change. They were unwilling to leave their homes, where they had been domiciled for half a century.

"The country was mountainous and the face of it not accurately known. Looking to the contingency of hostilities already threatening with the Indians, Captain Williams was ordered to make a military reconnaissance of the territory they occupied. I went with him as one of his assistants.

"The accident of this employment curiously began a period of years of like work for me among similar scenes. Here I found the path which I was 'destined to walk.' Through many of the years to come, the occupation of my prime of life was to be among Indians and in waste places. Other events which intervened were incidents in this and grew out of

it. There were to be no more years wasted in tentative efforts to find a way for myself. The work was laid out, and it began here with a remarkable continuity of purpose."

Hardly was the Cherokee Survey over, when he was appointed, by President Van Buren, a second lieutenant in Topographical Corps at Washington. At about the same time the Secretary of War had invited Mr. Nicollet, a famous French scientist and explorer, to come to Washington and make arrangements for exploring the region between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Frémont was ordered west as Mr. Nicollet's assistant, and joined him at St. Louis. With the aid of the officers of the Fur Company and of the old French residents of the city, who took great interest in the expedition that was to be led by their distinguished countryman, they were soon fitted out with all necessary supplies. They were given an escort of trained Indian fighters and frontiersmen, mostly Canadians, who knew well the country, that was to be first traversed by the explorers.

This expedition was the first of many that was to give Frémont his well-earned title of the "Path-finder." The party went west by canoe and trail, until it reached the famous "Red Pipe Stone Quarry." Here they had planned to turn at right angles to their western line of march, and go northward. The country over which they were now making their way had been from time immemorial a battle-ground for contending tribes. Every year it had been crossed by war-bands of Foxes, Sacs and Sioux. The explorers had not been long on their way before they discovered that they were being followed by a party of redskins, who kept just within sight, but showed no disposition to close up with them during the day. Every night outposts were established by Frémont, to guard against a

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surprise and to prevent the possibility of their horses being stampeded from the camp, a favorite manœuvre with the red warriors. Strict orders were given that no one should get beyond the sight of the main party. After they had racked their nerves for some days with false alarms, the pursuing party came up, and proved to be a band of friendly Sioux, who, fearing that the explorers might be in their country with hostile intent, had been carefully watching them. The whites and Indians camped together at the quarry for several days, and Frémont and the rest of his party carved their names on a high pillar of rock that jutted above the quarry-bed, and there they may be read to-day as clearly as at the time when they were first chiseled. According to the legends firmly believed in by the Sioux, the quarry was guarded by a spirit that always sent a thunder-storm whenever a party appeared at the place. It is interesting to note that hardly had the camp been pitched, when every one was drenched and the pipe-stone walls echoed with peals of thunder.

Once Frémont went on a hunting expedition, accompanied by the whole village of Red Dog, an Indian chief. The motley party, men, women, children and wild dogs, trooped southward for several days to the hunting grounds, giving Frémont a good opportunity to study Indian ways and prairie-craft, that were to stand him in good stead in his own expeditions in later years. Once, three of the party were on a separate hunt after big game. Wearyed by their long ride they camped in the deep grass of the prairie, under the open sky. Shortly after midnight they were awakened by a loud crackling. All jumped to their feet, and were startled to find that their camping ground was encircled by a sheet of flame that was bearing down on them with frightful speed. They got their

horses and dogs tethered together, and then, from their own narrow space, sent out a prairie fire of their own. As soon as their own fire had burned over sufficient space, they led their horses and dogs on to the blackened ground, and the larger fire swept up to and around the hunters, leaving them unharmed.

Frémont made a second trip with Nicollet, and, after this had been brought to a successful conclusion, returned to Washington, where the results of the work was to be tabulated. He was soon making plans for an expedition of his own, for which he secured the sanction of the United States Government. The design was to make a thorough exploration of the Rocky Mountains, then practically unknown to the American people. It was the land of mystery, the *terra incognita*, to be spoken of in dread as the abode of relentless savages, and fearful beasts that had yet found no place in the pages of the natural histories of the day. He started in 1842, and explored the South Pass, through which tens of thousands were to find their way to California. He designated the points at which the United States forts were afterward built, and made an exhaustive study of the botany, geology and meteorology of the region. Later, he explored the Salt Lake region, discovered the great basin of the Sierra Nevada, and "determined the geographical position of the west portion of the North American continent."

On his third expedition he was nearly killed by the discharge of one of his own firearms. He was on his way to the Utah Pass, and the march had been a constant delight to the hunters of the party. Elk, buffalo, and deer were seen frequently. Frémont rode off one day by himself, in order to get the superb views from one of the nearby mountains. He came suddenly upon a small herd of buffalo,

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and putting spurs to his horse, he at once gave chase. After a brisk and exciting race over broken ground, he drew up beside one of the largest animals in the herd and drew his pistol from the holster to bring the creature down. Suddenly, before he could aim, the piece went off with a crash, and the ball sang by Frémont's ear. The pistol was of the old, heavy, hair-trigger type. "It is in this way," he wrote later, "that men have been sometimes lost in the mountains and never found. They lie like the trunk of a fallen tree, worn by the snow and rain, until the tall, rank grass covers and hides them. My trail would not have been taken in time, and it would have been by the merest chance that any hunter would have passed the spot."

One of the men on whom Frémont depended in his expeditions was Kit Carson, the famous scout. Both were in innumerable conflicts with Indians. When one reads the story of their lives, it seems almost incredible that they could encounter the perils they did—ambush and open battle—and escape to tell the tale. One scene from Frémont's own pen will well illustrate the Indian attacks to which they were constantly exposed.

They were on the third expedition, and were in the Mariposa River country.

"Continuing along we came upon broad and deeply worn trails which had been freshly traveled by large bands of horses, apparently coming from the San Joaquin valley, but we had heard enough to know that they came from the settlements on the coast. These, and indications from horse bones, dragged about by wild animals, wolves or bears, warned us that we were approaching villages of horse-thief Indians, a party of whom had just returned from a successful raid. Immediately upon striking their trail, I sent forward four of my best

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men, Dick Owens and Maxwell and two Delawares. I followed after with the rest of the party, but soon the Indian signs became so thick, trail after trail coming into that on which we were traveling, that I saw we were getting into a stronghold of the horse thieves, and we rode rapidly forward. After a few miles of sharp riding, a small stream running over a slaty bed, with clumps of oaks around, tempted me into making an early halt. Good grass was abundant, and this spot not long since had been the camping ground of a village, and was evidently one of their favorite places, as the ground was whitened with the bones of many horses. We had barely thrown off our saddles, and not yet turned the horses loose, when the intermittent report of rifles, in the way one does not mistake, and the barking of many dogs and sounds of shouting faintly reaching us, made us quickly saddle up again and ride to the sounds at speed. Four men were left to guard the camp. In a short half mile we found ourselves suddenly in front of a large Indian village, not two hundreds yards away. More than two hundred Indians were advancing on each side of a small hill, on the top of which were our men, where a clump of oaks and rocks amidst bushes made a good defence. My men had been discovered by the Indians, and suddenly found themselves in the midst of them, but jumped from their horses and took to their rocks, which happened to be a strong place to fight from. The Indians were shouting at them in Spanish, and the women and children at the village howling at their best. Our men were only endeavoring to stand them off until we should get up, as they knew we would not be far behind. The Indians had nearly surrounded the knoll, and were about getting possession of the horses when we came into view. Our shout, as we charged up the hill was answered by

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the yell of the Delawares as they dashed down the hill to recover their animals, and the reports of Owens' and Maxwell's rifles. Owens had signaled out the foremost Indian, who did not go any further up the hill, and the others drew a little back toward the village. Anxious for the safety of the men left behind, I profited by the surprise to withdraw towards our camp, checking the Indians by an occasional rifle shot, with the range of which they seemed to think they were acquainted. They followed us to the camp and scattered among the rocks and trees, whence they harangued us, bestowing on us liberally all the epithets they could, telling us what they would do with us. Many of them had been Mission Indians, and spoke Spanish well. 'Wait,' they said, '*Esperato Carrajos* (wait until morning). There are two big villages up in the mountains close by, we have sent for the chief, he will come down before morning with all the people, and you will die. None of you shall go back, and we will have all your horses.'

"I divided the camp into two watches, putting myself into the last one. As soon as it was fully dark, each man of the guard crept to his post. We heard the women and children retreating toward the mountains. Before midnight the Indians had generally withdrawn, only now and then a shout to show us that they were on hand and attending to us. Otherwise nothing occurred to break the stillness of the night, but a shot from one of the Delawares, fired at a wolf as it jumped over a log. In our experienced camp no one moved, but Delaware Charley crept up to me to let me know what had caused the shot of the Delaware, who, with hostile Indians around, instinctively fired at a moving thing that might have been an Indian crawling toward our horses.

"We were only sixteen men. Keeping in the oak

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belt on the course I was pursuing would bring us further among these villages, and I would have surely lost the cattle, and perhaps some men and horses from attacks from these Indians. In the morning, therefore, I turned down one of these streams and quickly gained the open country of the lower hills. We had gained but a little distance on this course, when an Indian was discovered riding at speed toward the plain where the upper San Joaquin reached the valley. Maxwell was ahead, and not far from the Indian when he came into sight, and knowing at once that his object was to bring Indians from the river to intercept us, rode to him. The Indian was well mounted, but Maxwell better. With Godey and two of the Delawares I followed. It was open ground, over rolling hills, and we were all in sight of one another; but before we could reach them, a duel was taking place between Maxwell and the Indian, both on foot, Maxwell with pistols, and the Indian with arrows. They were only ten or twelve paces apart. I saw the Indian fall as we rode up. I would have taken him prisoner and saved his life, but it was too late."

Frémont took an active part in bringing California under American control. He cleared the Mexican troops out of the northern end of that district. In 1846 he was made a lieutenant-colonel and governor of California, and it was he who finally received from Mexico the surrender of their claims on that territory. The next year he purchased a valuable estate in California, and settled there in 1849. In 1853 he made his fifth great expedition, enduring such hardships that he and his party nearly perished. In 1856 he was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and during the first part of the Civil War a major-general. He died in New York City in 1890.

